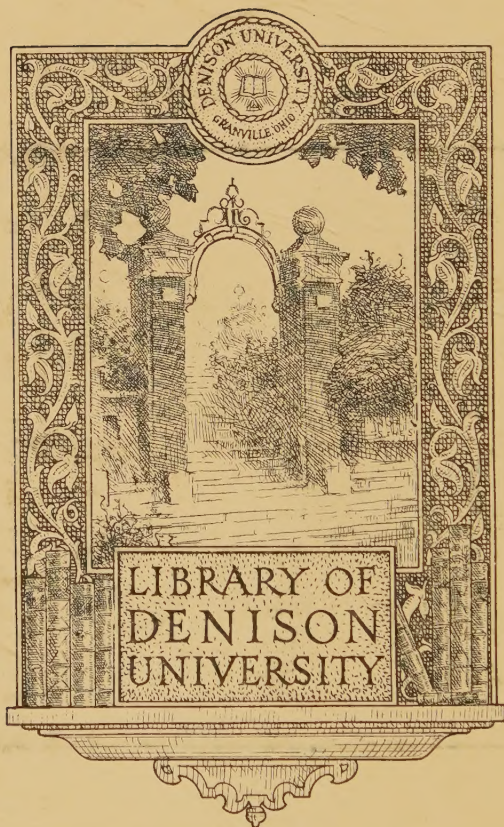


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“I DO not know of a single work of any length seriously devoted to a study of Newman as a man of letters except the volume of M. Faure which is accessible only in French. If Newman had a perfect style and wrote with persuasiveness, grace, and unfailing insight on subjects that hold an abiding interest for men and women wholly apart from creed, then it seems worth while to discuss him as a man of letters, to try to appraise his merits and defects; to estimate the value of his work as literature; to find his place, as Matthew Arnold would say, in his century; and finally, to consider his significance to our generation. Those are the aims of the present study.”—*From the Author's Introduction.*

Dr. Reilly discusses Newman as man, as preacher, as novelist, as poet, historian, and controversialist, takes up in detail the “Idea of a University” and the “Apologia,” and concludes with a chapter on “The Significance of Newman.”

NEWMAN AS A MAN OF LETTERS



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NEWMAN AS A MAN OF LETTERS

BY

JOSEPH J. REILLY, PH.D.

Author of "Lowell as a Critic"

New York

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To
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INTRODUCTION

THIS book is the result of fifteen years' study of Newman and is based to some extent upon a course of lectures given at Cliff Haven, New York, in 1916, and at St. Joseph's Summer School, New York, in 1918, and repeated in part before clubs at Yale, Harvard, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Radcliffe, Smith, Simmons, my own college, Holy Cross, and various others. Some phases of it were first written at the Graduate School at Columbia and others at the Graduate School at Yale, but all have been entirely recast in the meantime.

Much has been written about Newman from the biographical point of view, culminating in Ward's monumental life. Newman as a man of letters, however, has been treated for the most part only incidentally, in such books as Richard Holt Hutton's, and Canon Barry's, and in a number of short critical essays. I have read, I believe, substantially everything published on Newman either in England or in America, as well as the admirable French studies of Bremond, Faure, and Thureau-Dangin and I do not know of a single work, of any length, seriously devoted to a study of Newman as a man of letters except the volume of M. Faure which is accessible only in French. In the Lowell Lectures of 1914 (since published in *Last Lectures*) the late Wilfred Ward made the nearest approach to such a study, but his concern—whether he intended it so or not I cannot say—proved to be less literary than philosophical.

Many things have been said about Newman which

make the judicious grieve either because they have been dictated by inability or reluctance to understand him as a man, or because they spring from an admiration so fervent that it obscures critical judgment and concedes him merits as a writer which he neither claimed nor possessed. One critic, for example, praises his style for its color, a quality conspicuous by its absence; another finds no evidence of Gibbon's diction in Newman's style, though the *Arians* is full of it; a third lavishes praise upon this very *Arians* as literature, though it lacks the first essential of literature, that of holding the interest, and upon Newman for "his skillful ease as a master in the pictorial art," the last art to which he gave concern. These are but casual instances of the type of criticism whose soundness Newman himself, one suspects, would have been the first to question.

Of the lack of sympathy toward Newman's action in entering the Catholic Church on the part of such critics as Mr. Paul Elmer More, Mr. Hugh Walker, and Dean Inge, it is unnecessary to speak at length. This is a matter which always has provoked discussion and undoubtedly always will. Newman's "secession" cannot be passed over entirely by the student of Newman as a man of letters because it is bound up intimately with his type of mind, and in turn his type of mind and his personality were interwoven inextricably with his qualities as a man of letters. I am not concerned with Newman's conversion except as it bears upon his literary career and I have studiously avoided anything that might even have the appearance of touching upon the matter from the point of view of controversy. This is poles apart from my thought and I should regret anything that might becloud the real purpose of this study, which is always Newman, the man of letters.

It seems clear that there is room for an unbiased consideration of Newman which is not confined to essay

length nor merely incidental to his life, his philosophy, or his significance as theologian. As a matter of fact this study has nothing to do with Newman as philosopher or theologian, for in such aspects I am entirely unqualified to treat of him.

Newman has secured a place in most histories of nineteenth century literature, but the treatment of him there is hopelessly inadequate, leaving, as it does, the impression that he will be found an admirable stylist by those who have the courage to struggle through thirty-odd volumes of "theology." The result is obvious: Newman is in grave danger of sinking into that literary limbo where dwell the "great unread." He will find high company there, no doubt, Milton, Dryden, and Johnson among them; but that is meager consolation to those who decline to accept him as merely a tradition whose voice was music to our grandfathers and now has gone down the wind, forever. If Newman had a perfect style and wrote with persuasiveness, grace, and unfailing insight on subjects that hold an abiding interest for men and women wholly apart from creed, then it seems worth while to discuss him as a man of letters, to try to appraise his merits and defects; to estimate the value of his work as literature; to find his place, as Matthew Arnold would say, in his century; and finally, to consider his significance to our generation.

Those are the aims of the present study and I believe them to be worthy even though the study itself may fail to prove so.

In conclusion, I wish to thank the editor of the *Catholic World* for permission to reprint certain essays of mine which now appear as Chapters VI, VIII and IX of this book.

JOSEPH J. REILLY.

WARE, MASSACHUSETTS,
AUGUST, 1924.

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I

NEWMAN THE MAN

[I]

ABOUT eighty-five years ago at slumberous old Oxford University a moral revolution occurred which stirred England to its depths and entailed consequences whose end is not yet. It took its rise with a group of men unlike enough in type of mind but at one in a common enthusiasm and singleness of purpose, who felt that the hour of regeneration had struck for the Church of England and who devoted themselves to the task with an ardor which religious enthusiasm never fails to kindle.

Wherever they looked, they saw a great ecclesiastical organization long established by law and seated in majesty in every large center throughout the kingdom. It stood for British solidarity and British conservatism, and was as far removed from the challenge of men as the British constitution itself. It was as obvious as the dome of St. Paul's, as magnificent, as massive, as universally accepted, and seemingly as remote from the lives of the masses. Its livings appeared to be occupied chiefly by a complacent clergy who married and were given in marriage, who felt that the world was not an uncomfortable place to live in, and who revered the cult of respectability as something with which religion was bound by ties (by no means invisible) in an alliance which gave men a comfortable outlook upon this earthly existence as a presage of a no less comfortable one in the world to come.

To such an attitude of mind a conception of primitive Christianity, with its fiery ardor and its hunger for the

Kingdom of God, could not but be remote psychologically as it was historically. Persecution, self-sacrifice, the joy of being the least among the children of men, the divine fire of a love which soared as upon the wings of the morning to the heights of mystic contemplation—all these belonged to a past seemingly beyond recall when faith was the heritage of the poor and martyrdom the portion of the elect.

Thoughts such as these filled the minds of the ardent group at Oxford as they contrasted in indignant disapproval the deadening complacency of their day with the abounding fervor of the early Christian centuries. Why should there be an established religion if its churches were half empty on Sunday and wholly empty on other days? Did the congregation attend services because of the blessedness of foregathering in the Master's name or merely out of deference to the conventions of respectability? Were good men, churchgoing men, afraid of poverty and sacrifice and abnegation; would the very specter of persecution turn them sick with terror? Alas! how far they had wandered from the fire and the fervor of their forebears! How might they ever be thought of as spiritual children of Athanasius, Augustine, and Jerome?

The members of the little group at Oxford did not content themselves with drawing damaging contrasts or with idly yearning for a return to the living faith of early Christianity. They believed themselves charged with a mission as daring as a primitive apostolate; they must play a dynamic rôle and breathe life into the dry bones of Anglican belief, and they must do it by making Anglicanism conscious of the history, the psychology, and the dogma which were of its heritage. The lessons might not be welcome; perhaps on that account it was all the more necessary that they should be taught. When all was said, the fabric of the Church of England

was based upon the support of the State and, should the hour come when the State deserted her, she could hope to command veneration and escape collapse only if Englishmen were convinced of her apostolic descent, not passively but militantly. To arouse such a conviction would accomplish many things: it would awaken Englishmen to the spiritual significance of a heritage they had forgotten to think of and consequently to prize; it would bring them to a realization of the purity and vitality of religious faith as embodied in a Church they affected to believe of divine origin, but treated as a merely human institution; it would, finally, as an aftermath of all this, rekindle the dormant fires of a faith such as they knew who cherished it in the days of its pristine vigor, and once again the vision of peace, which is the love of God, would be among men.

To awaken the minds of Englishmen, to stir their hearts, to kindle in them such a religious fervor was a work to tax the genius of a very Loyola, but the group of eager Oxonians, who found the task a noble challenge, gave themselves up to it with an enthusiasm which for years smiled at all obstacles.

If they could have been easily discouraged they had only to look about them at the divergencies of beliefs among the very leaders of the Anglican Church who often clashed on fundamentals, regarded vital matters as of scant importance, and who were frequently doubtful in their own minds as to just what views they did entertain. But nothing daunted, they kept on their course, having before their eyes the new and no less pregnant purpose of unifying and solidifying belief so that shepherds no less than sheep might be as one.

Thus was born the famous "Oxford Movement," one of the most significant spiritual reactions since the Religious Revolt of the sixteenth century.

The movement could not remain inarticulate; it

sought an outlet for its message and so were started the *Tracts for the Times*. The *Tracts* were pamphlets issued at irregular intervals, each devoted to an important phase of religious history, tradition, or dogma, each the work of one of the Oxford group, and each playing some part in the great project of regeneration on which the Oxford Movement was embarked. The first *Tract* appeared September 9, 1833, and others followed on over a course of many years. They were distributed throughout the country, often in little wagons, and they awakened an interest among the clergy of the Church of England but probably found few readers outside their ranks.

This limited interest is not hard to account for. Most men found theological discussions hopelessly dry; besides, they accepted their religious tenets as they found them with little or no question as to their origin or their ultimate significance. As long as the churches remained open and the well-disposed foregathered there on Sunday, there seemed no reason for stirring up questions with which the clergy alone were concerned and which their ecclesiastical forebears were supposed to have settled with more or less finality generations earlier. To the clergy, however, the *Tracts* appeared in another light. At first with curiosity, then with tolerance, and finally with genuine interest they read them and found them quick with challenges to their faith. Steadily the *Tracts* reached an ever widening circle of readers until in 1838, after five years of existence, sixty thousand copies had been sold and their influence was causing a ferment among the thinking clergy.

The *Tracts*, however, scarcely reached beyond the surface of lay consciousness; indeed the unthinking many had never even heard of them. Suddenly, however, out of a clear sky Tract XC appeared and England awakened from her lethargy to find that a moral

Vesuvius had burst into flame and that the eruption was shaking her to the depths. The years of somnolence which had resisted eighty-nine tracts could resist no longer. Destruction seemed already at the nation's gates; peace and complacency gave way to panic and wrath. Here was a rude awakening indeed.

Tract XC in all truth was a blow which struck England in a tender place, for it wounded both her religious and her political pride at a time and in a fashion of which she had never dreamed. In effect it destroyed the value of the thirty-nine articles as the "Declaration of Independence" proclaimed by the Church of England against the Church of Rome *and minimized to the vanishing point the distinction between Catholicism and Anglicanism.*

To say that such a pronouncement as that of Tract XC was revolutionary, is to put it mildly. Men felt that the corner stone of their carefully wrought religious establishment was being torn from its place, and the anonymous author was assailed by a storm of invective. Demand was made on all sides that the name of the perpetrator of this "treacherous attack" be disclosed and his teachings disavowed without another hour's delay. The secret was not far to seek. Soon all England learned that the author was an Oxford man, a graduate of Trinity and a Fellow of Oriel, ordained in the Church of England, the idol of the undergraduates. He was tall, thin, slightly stooped, with a pale face and prominent features, wore glasses, had a head amazingly like Julius Cæsar's, and a voice like a silver bell. He was forty years old and his name was John Henry Newman.

[II]

John Henry Newman was born in London, February 21, 1801. His father was a banker; his mother was

Jemima Fourdrinier, descended of a well-known Huguenot family long known in London as engravers and paper manufacturers. John Henry was the oldest of a family of six children, three boys and three girls. One brother, Frank Newman, between whom and John Henry there existed "an amiable but persistent and universal antagonism," was later to be known to fame as an Orientalist and a Greek scholar whose rendition of the *Iliad* furnished the immediate reason for Matthew Arnold's brilliant essay *On Translating Homer*.

Precocious child as he was, Newman made rapid progress in study. He was a solemnly serious little boy who never experienced the rough-and-ready life of a public school, but in the spring of 1808 entered the excellent private academy of Dr. Nicholas at Ealing. During the eight and a half years that he spent here he scarcely ever took part in sports or games, but his maturity and balance frequently made him arbiter among his fellow students in matters of boyish dispute. While they played cricket, he wrote poems and attempted a tragedy which was probably as hopelessly bad as the boyhood effusions of most other men who were afterwards to be known to literary fame. His diligence and keen mind won him a scholarship at Trinity College, Oxford, where he matriculated at the age of fifteen, followed by the confident predictions of his tutors that his University career would be a succession of triumphs.

As an undergraduate, Newman was well known in the University. Some men were as brilliant as he, a few as mature in mind, and many vastly less diffident, but there was something about the young scholar with his lean face, his prominent features, and his rare smile which even in his teens marked him out from among his fellow students. His intellect showed a rare development and a many-sided power. Had he lived in Renaissance England he would have challenged the universally-

minded More on his own ground and been equally conspicuous for intellectual avidity and genius in satisfying it.

Newman was an omnivorous reader and paid the penalty by suffering from precarious health for many years and from defective vision all his life. But his brilliancy as a student experienced no setback and it was confidently predicted on every side that he would carry off the highest honors in his final examinations. He was not, however, the first man of genius to disappoint his friends. The anxiety caused by his father's unexpected financial reverses, the reaction from overstudy, and perhaps the anxiety of living up to the expectations of his friends had a disastrous result: Newman passed his examinations for his degree at Michelmas, 1820, while still in his twentieth year, but failed to gain the high honors which he sought.

Newman's friends were more disappointed at this unexpected reverse than he himself. He wrote his father: "Since I have done my part, I have gained what is good. . . . I have done everything to attain my object; I have spared no labor, and my reputation in my college is as solid as before if not as splendid." It is significant, however, of Newman that, despite his brave attempt to smile at failure, his feeling of disappointment was so keen as never to be forgotten even through the long and eventful years which followed.

The paramount question which now confronted him was the choice of a profession. His father had destined him for the bar and up to the threshold of graduation, Newman himself preferred the bar to the Church. But after his showing in his final examinations both changed their minds and the predilection which young Newman had for years felt for religion, never far removed from his thoughts, decided his course in favor of Holy Orders.

Meanwhile he had not long to wait for a vindication

of his friends' confidence in his scholarship. He won the universally coveted election to a fellowship at Oriel College, one of the highest of scholastic honors, and by his triumph more than atoned for the anticlimax of Trinity. No wonder the quiet scholar thrilled with the joy of it. Years after, indeed, when the shadows of his sixties were lengthening, he recalled it as one of the happiest events in his career. It was that and something more: it proved in fact to be a turning point in his life. He would remain at Oxford, he told himself, take Holy Orders, and through whatever years might be vouchsafed, he would devote himself soul and mind to the call of religion and scholarship. He entered upon his new life with a feeling of profound satisfaction. His rooms at Oriel became a sanctuary of study and the only luxury ever seen there was a clean towel always at hand to dust the books on his shelves.

The bashful boy of 1821 steadily matured into the brilliant man of 1825, and while the influence of Hawkins taught him toleration, he owed most to the keen and magnetic Whately, to whom in later years he confessed his debt of friendship and abiding affection. His favorite pursuits were mathematics and church history. His sense of taste was so delicate that he was assigned the choosing of the college wines. Now and then books and study were set aside to good purpose: he played the violin for the sheer joy of it, took excursions into the country, and found delight in the beauties of nature.

His spiritual side developed steadily. Conscious though he must have been of unusual endowments of intellect, he was untouched by that ambition which was to stir his fellow Oxonian, Manning, in his early years, and indeed he prayed hard that he might not achieve wealth or advancement in the Church. In the midst of almost incessant study he found some time for writing and for the amenities bound up with generous friend-

ships, the stimulus of which was to give him a buoyant self-confidence throughout all the ripening years of young manhood.

Already there was gathering about him that mysterious veneration which made it seem as if some Ambrose or Augustine of old time had reappeared to walk the ways of men once more. No one who came within the sphere of his influence could resist him and his very presence incited others to unusual endeavors sufficient to tax their energies and their faith. His students worshipped him and it was one of them, James Anthony Froude, who later paid him this striking tribute: "He seemed always to be better informed on common topics of conversation than any one else who was present; he was never condescending with us undergraduates, never didactic or authoritative, but what he said carried conviction along with it. When we were wrong, he knew why we were wrong and excused our mistakes to ourselves while he set them right. Perhaps his supreme merit as a talker was that he never tried to be witty or to say striking things. Ironical he could be, but not ill-natured. . . . He was lightness itself—the lightness of elastic strength—and he was interesting because he never talked for talking's sake but because he had something real to say. . . . The simplest word which dropped from him was treasured as if it had been an intellectual diamond. For hundreds of young men 'Credo in Newmannum' was the genuine symbol of faith."

In May, 1824, Newman took Orders in the Church of England and was assigned to the curacy of St. Clement's. Four years later when he became Vicar of St. Mary's his powers as a preacher had ripened and his restrained but passionate fervor kindled the ardent souls of young Oxford and brought them worshipping to his feet.

The time was ripe for hero worship. The Napoleonic wars were over and the enthusiasm which the younger generation had felt for the brilliant Corsican withered at his downfall. The glamour of tense years when the fate of Europe hung in the balance and kingdoms were at stake on every battlefield was gone forever, leaving only a deadening "Cui bono?" in its wake. It was time for a new and saner enthusiasm and it was well for young Oxford that the idol before its eyes was the nobly scholastic one embodied in John Henry Newman.

It was an amazing thing for a man scarcely out of his youth to become the object of veneration to critical minds all about him. Pericles used to say that the Athenians retained their respect for him as long as they saw him but rarely. Newman's exits and entrances were frequent enough and it was not uncommon to see one undergraduate pointing out to another the tall, slender form as it walked swiftly by, deep in thought, with the awesome whisper, "There's Newman!" On his side Newman seemed quite unconscious of this homage, living as he did a life incredibly detached from all things except those of the mind and the spirit.

In spite of the swiftness with which he was yielded a position as of one having authority he was never an object of jealousy among his peers. His friends always conceded him first place without a question. 'Ο Μέγας Henry Wilberforce called him, and 'Ο Μέγας he was to remain even in the vastly larger sphere into which the tide of undreamed events was one day to sweep him. With him work was a sacred thing; life was short; there was much to be done; only ceaseless diligence could insure accomplishment. Every Tuesday evening, however, he set aside for a reception in the common room which undergraduates largely attended, glad to pay tribute to the power of his intellect and the appeal of his personality.

Not only at Oxford but all his life, Newman had a genius for winning that kind of friendship which gives all but asks nothing in return. The greatest friend of his young manhood was Hurrell Froude, spiritual, ardent, and bubbling over with the buoyancy of youth. As in the case of Hallam and Tennyson, theirs was a friendship which defied the years and remained as a sacred memory even after death had loosed its bonds. Though the lassitude of disease crept steadily upon Froude, doomed as he was to an early death, he struggled gallantly against it, contributing funds from his fellowship to important causes, offering surprisingly acute judgments on men and things, and working with enthusiasm to the last.

As Froude's health declined, it was decided to try the effects of a Mediterranean voyage, and Newman was invited to accompany him. Scarcely less than Froude he had need of a holiday, for he had been slaving to the point of exhaustion upon a book to be called *The Arians of the Fourth Century*, which had demanded exacting research and now at last was ready for the press. In September, 1832, they set out accompanied by Froude's father, sailed through the Mediterranean as far as the coast of Greece and doubling back journeyed into Italy where they found on every side evidences of Catholicism which, for better or worse, affected them deeply.

It is part of the irony of circumstance that Newman recorded in his correspondence at this time more than one bitter criticism of what he regarded as the "pagan character" of Rome and the "despicable frivolity connected with its religious observances." It is worth noting on the other hand that he found the Roman clergy to be decorous and orderly, and expressed his conviction that there was "a deep substratum of true Christianity there." Most significant of all perhaps is his comment: "Rome as the scene of sacred history

has a part of my heart and in going away from it I am as if tearing it in twain."

The friends separated in April, the Froudes to set out on their return journey through France, Newman to visit Sicily with its rich historical memories. It was in Sicily, at Leonforte, that he fell violently ill of fever; and the three weeks during which he battled against death left an indelible impression as a crisis in his life. As he lay tossing on his sick bed, he kept sobbing out, though why he could not tell, "I shall not die for I have a work to do home in England." What that work was, he was soon to learn.

[III]

Early in July, 1833, Newman was back in England, his energies restored and his spirits exuberant as never before. Among the friends whom he held dear and always revered was John Keble, a man of tender and sympathetic nature with lofty ideals and a distinctive poetic gift. Scarcely had Newman returned to Oxford, than Keble in a powerful sermon on "National Apostasy" sounded the clarion call to a purer and higher ideal of religious life than the Church of England was known to observe. Keble's passionate earnestness found a swift response in Edward Pusey, Isaac Williams, Copeland, Bowden, Hurrell Froude, and, greatest of all, John Henry Newman. It was this group, quick with the apostolic spirit, that began the *Tracts for the Times*. As Newman wrote later in his *Apologia*: "We were upholding that primitive Christianity which was delivered for all time by the early teachers of the church and which was registered and attested in the Anglican formularies and by the Anglican divines." For few causes have such learning, such enthusiasm, and such sacrifices ever been offered.

Among so many brilliant and distinctive minds, Newman was soon conspicuous. He was indeed heart and soul in the Movement and his letters at this period are full of it. None the less with characteristic modesty he wrote to Froude: "You and Keble are the philosophers and I the rhetorician of the Movement." This was all very well in its way, but a hopelessly inadequate statement of the facts. In the calm of after years, when the battle was "lost and won," Mozley made a truer appraisal in his *Reminiscences* when he wrote: "With the exception of Keble, I do not think that one of this group of which Newman was the center would be a living name a century hence but for his share in the light of Newman's genius and goodness." Beyond a doubt, Mozley was right. It was Newman's enthusiasm, his scholarship, his absorption in the task of revitalizing Anglicanism, his potent personality, which few men were ever able to resist, that endowed this so-called Oxford Movement, whose expression was the *Tracts*, with most of the power which it steadily grew to exert.

The *Tracts* did not leave clerical complacency completely undisturbed. More than one Anglican divine shook his head gravely over what he conceived to be their "Roman tendency," but it was not until Tract XC appeared that doubts became terrifying convictions and complacency grew white with anger. Curiosity sent the sale up to 12,000 copies in a few months and the disturbing effects kept pace with the sale.

These effects were manifold. Those men who had followed unquestioningly the views of the Tractarians (and especially of Newman) found themselves suddenly on the verge of an abyss, the ground cut from beneath their feet, their faith in the Church of England threatened with destruction, the logic of Tract XC seeming to turn their faces toward Rome. This last result,

almost universally undreamed of, left them bewildered and helpless. In their perplexity, they looked for guidance to the man whose personal sanctity and deep-rooted faith in the Church of England, despite the laxity of her children, they had believed in as in a prophet of old time, but they looked in vain. Newman himself was brought to a dead halt. He intended to upset no one's faith nor was he even conscious that his own was no longer running in its accustomed channels. The truth was that during his years of study and thought he had advanced so far that he had completely lost step with his associates and his following and, like a leader who dashes far ahead of his troops, he found himself suddenly alone, as much to his own amazement as to theirs. In a single hour the place which his genius and enthusiasm had won him in the Movement was lost. Public confidence in him was at an end and the fathers of students who before had rejoiced in his influence over their sons, now viewed the possibility of continued contact with alarm, and attacked him in letters to the newspapers. He was leading them out of the bosom of their church—where, and to what?

At the University, Newman found himself the object of open suspicion. A condemnation of Tract XC was posted up in every dining hall and the shop windows of the town were hung with caricatures of its author and with guideposts pointing the way to Rome.

The charge implied in all this cut Newman to the heart and he emphatically denied even the remotest notion of "going over to Rome." Moments of desolation overwhelmed him and the bitterness of being misunderstood left an indelible mark upon his face. He writes to his sister: "You will think me vastly aged in this year and a half. I begin to think myself an old man." Again, reflecting upon the tremendous influence

he had exerted but lost at a stroke he says dejectedly, "My life is done before it seems well begun."

General opinion was swift and merciless, and went so far as to proclaim him a wolf in sheep's clothing. This he could brook from enemies but not from those he loved. "Somehow," he wrote at last, in bitterness of spirit, "somehow I do not care about the attacks of strangers; it is only when friends fall upon me that I am touched." When he believed himself to be considered as beyond the pale of his Church, he wrote a protest against such injustice to the Bishop of Oxford, consenting to discontinue the *Tracts* but refusing to withdraw the opinions he had expressed. The offending tract, as a matter of fact, was neither suppressed nor condemned and a new issue sold faster than it could be printed, while the man whose genius had given the Tractarian Movement its power wrote in anguished irony: "One step alone is wanted—to say that I am the Pope Ipsissimus in disguise."

[IV]

The two following years were full of suffering for Newman. He felt himself as one abandoned in the desert, now blown upon by the winds of doubt, now sick with anxiety, now jubilant in the consciousness of a peace at heart which soon proved to be but a false dawn and left him sunk in a new darkness, seemingly more impenetrable than before. But he refused to despair. He kept on with his studies resolutely, preached on occasion, and felt his way haltingly, like one afraid lest the first misstep be fatal. But the day came when he could no longer retain the pulpit of St. Mary's, blind shepherd as he deemed himself to be, and in the face of contradictory advice from his friends, he gave it up and retired to the nearby village of Little-

more. "It is a dreary village," wrote Matthew Arnold, "and the retreat which he built there was a mean house such as Paul might have lived in when he was tent making at Ephesus." St. Mary's heard him no more. "His going," says Principal Shairp, "was as when to one kneeling by night in the silence of some vast cathedral, the great bell tolling solemnly overhead is suddenly gone still." At Littlemore he established a kind of modern-day monastery where with a handful of students, his devoted followers, he lived a life of close retirement, still studying and praying, battling, with how much anguish of soul we can only imagine, against the irresistible impulse which was turning the tide of his convictions toward Rome.

Herein lay Newman's heroism. Rome to him held no allurements, while in the Church of England, should he but cleave to her, he could hope not only to pass his life as he had once expressed the wish in the academic peace of Oxford, the acknowledged leader in her spiritual and intellectual life or, should he prefer it, he might even hope for the loftiest honors which the Anglican Church could confer. Should he abandon Anglicanism, he confesses manfully to Manning in November, 1844, he has no schemes of action in any sphere more suited to him. "I have," he adds, "no existing sympathies with Roman Catholics; . . . I know none of them. How much I am giving up in so many ways! and to me sacrifices irreparable, not only from my age, . . . but from my especial love of old associations and the pleasures of memory." His friends saw that he was struggling against the current and with a clairvoyance denied to him foretold his secession to Rome long before the event. The thought of such an end to his struggles filled them with pain, and his sister summarized their feeling when she wrote him that his going over to Rome would be "like hearing that some dear friend must die."

The anguish of long days of uncertainty told heavily upon Newman. "I am giving up so much I love," he wrote when he felt he could no longer command his convictions; and again he confesses that he is still kept back from going over to Rome by availing himself of every chance "to find out if I am in the power of an illusion." In one pathetic sentence he sums up all he has been compelled to endure from the conflict between doubts, inclinations, and a stern sense of duty, for he writes: "My mind and heart are tired out."

Wrapped up in his own problems, Newman forgot the world at large. But the world at large did not forget Newman. All England kept its eyes upon this pale ascetic who thought himself in his retreat at Littlemore quite out of the public gaze. The newspapers wrote strange tales of the "Mystery of Littlemore" and curious strangers hung about the place annoyingly. One day the *penetralia* were invaded by a host of prying undergraduates, whose visitation lent nothing of joy or satisfaction to the self-effacing anchorite.

This was the period during which, as Newman confessed in later years, he was "on his Anglican death-bed." His time was not given entirely to searchings of soul nor to a weighing of the difficulties which beset him. He devoted himself with passionate energy to a study to be called *The Development of Christian Doctrine*, persuaded that the researches it involved would lead to a solution of the lingering vestiges of his problem.

This study was never completed. Midway through it conviction swept him from his last Anglican moorings and the object for which he had undertaken it was accomplished. Mind and heart were at peace at last and in the great stillness which followed his years of storm he lingered over *The Development of Christian*

Doctrine only long enough to write the exquisitely pathetic page with which he brought it to a sudden end.

[V]

In reaching his decision to enter the Catholic Church, Newman was free of every outside influence. He had shown no sympathy for those of his friends who whispered that he would "wind up in Rome" and he did not attempt to conceal his resentment at what he suspected to be an effort on the part of Cardinal Wiseman to hasten his secession. To him there were but two "luminously self-evident beings, himself and his Creator," and in seeking out the Divine will toward himself, however tortuous or dolorous the quest, he must needs undertake it alone. Being John Henry Newman he could do nothing else. Up to the very last, his most intimate friends were perplexed by his condition of mind, and Mozley remarks in his *Reminiscences* that, much as he was in Newman's secrets, "I could not have said until he actually went over to Rome whether he was even likely to go over."

When Newman's final convictions were stabilized and he felt that he should embrace Catholicism, he acted quickly. He sent word to Father Dominick, an Italian priest then resident in England and a member of the Passionist Order, to come to him, and one rainy night in October, 1845, in his little "monastery" at Littlemore, Newman, sobbing with emotion, made his submission and was formally received into the Catholic Church.

The news of this event swept over England like wild-fire and a storm of denunciation which would have broken a weakling or terrified a coward followed in its wake. This step, the change of religion of one man, rocked the Church of England to its foundations, for Newman alone in three centuries succeeded in awaken-

ing a "serious doubt in the minds of his countrymen as to the wisdom and excellence of the Reformation."¹ It was Gladstone who, unconsciously perhaps, expressed the feelings of the best and most devoted of Anglicans in his letter to his friend, Archdeacon Manning: "I stagger to and fro (at the news) like a drunken man and am at my wit's end." As for Newman's secession he says it "could not but look ominous, like the rattle of departing chariots that was heard on the eve of the downfall of the Temple of Jerusalem."

Amazement and condemnation were not confined to private letters or even to statements made upon the floor of Parliament. Newspapers, magazines, and tracts flooded the country with denunciation of the new convert. They said he was a Jesuit in disguise, a knave who had secretly leagued himself with Rome and had postponed his conversion until he could lure unsuspecting youths to follow him into the bosom of the scarlet woman; they denounced him as a villain who abandoned his freedom of thought to the keeping of a Church which forbade men to think; they branded him as a coward who surrendered his soul into the keeping of the Pope because he lacked the courage to save it for himself. All of this from his foes was bitter enough to Newman, but it was gall and wormwood to find the devotion of several of his closest friends changing to a chill indifference or hostility. If now at last he had secured harbor-age and calm after "long voyaging through strange seas of thought alone," he was compelled to pay the price. Had he purposely deferred his conversion with the hope of winning a large following, he might have more securely accomplished his desire by seceding three years earlier when his power was at its flood and when he might have taken almost all the flower of young Oxford with him. But his critics gave no thought to all this. They saw

¹ Cecil: *Six Oxford Thinkers*.

only that he had abandoned the Church of his birth and of his friends, and that he had taken this step after many denials even in the teeth of men who had early sensed the outcome of his difficulties and questionings. They regarded his act as the treacherous abandonment of Anglicanism when it was sorely beset by its enemies. This is the charge voiced by Anthony Trollope through the mouth of one of the characters in *Barchester Towers*, and even in our own day critics with as little in common as Paul Elmer More and Hugh Walker reëcho it with less of anger but with equal injustice.

There were not wanting, however, even before the *Apologia*, men whose sympathetic appreciation of Newman's *sturm und drang* was not denied him. Thackeray in *Pendennis* paid him a beautiful tribute as one who in his quest of truth "gave up friends, fame, dearest ties, the respect of an army of churchmen, and the recognized position of a leader." It needed a heart like Thackeray's to understand.

To be torn out of his setting in the English Church was nothing if not revolutionary for Newman. His academic type of mind, his long-standing conviction that he would best serve God as a churchman, his belief dating from his fourteenth year that he was marked for celibacy—all these things pressed upon him for new consideration when he became a Catholic. At first he thought of a secular calling, and the study of law which had occupied his thoughts on his graduation from Oxford appears to have attracted him. But only for the moment. The rooted inclinations of many years scored a swift victory and Newman stepped out of the storm of contumely which raged about him and went to Rome where he made his course in theology and whence two years later (December, 1847) he returned to England as a Catholic priest.

[VI]

At Rome Newman had been a marked man, and a marked man he was to remain for the rest of his days. No act of his, however slight, escaped attention. Indeed it is part of the irony of life that he, who detested the limelight, should have everlastingly found it playing about him, his innermost thoughts proclaimed by men who affected to know them, and his opinions looked upon with suspicion often before they were voiced; his utterances frequently called ambiguous and then subjected to misinterpretation; his privacy invaded, his very silences misunderstood.

We think of him as dwelling in a sphere apart, serenely indifferent to the market place, unconscious of the inquisitive prying of the world, and wishing only to be left in peace; not idle, but busy with the multifarious things of the mind and the spirit.

But entire serenity he was never to know. Constituted as he was he frequently found himself driven by the urge of what he considered his duty into courses of action which were personally distasteful. One of these now presented itself. He was reminded that many men had followed him through the Oxford Movement up to the threshold of Rome only to halt there, on finding some tenet or dogma insurmountable, and he was urged to resolve their doubts as only he could who had formerly shared them. It was for this group primarily that he designed his lectures called *Anglican Difficulties* delivered in London in 1850. He confessed to Faber that he wrote them "intellectually against the grain," but there is about them a unique tone of exultant optimism like the joy of a new bridegroom who finds his bride all tenderness and the ways of life serene. He points out the power and the truth of Catholicism; insists that though difficulties exist a thousand of them do not make

a single doubt; states objections candidly, meets them brilliantly; is tender, stern, persuasive as becomes the moods, the emotions, the mental attitudes of his hearers. Distinguished men were among his audience—Dickens, Thackeray, Richard Holt Hutton, and James Anthony Froude, and for the first time the average Englishman became acquainted with the simplicity of diction, the grace of style, and the personal charm which were so inalienably Newman's.

He was not purely the academician with books to read and lectures to deliver. He was a priest with a ministry to perform even though it took him to Bilston when cholera had made it a charnel house. He came out unscathed, for his course was far from run and tasks were to do which only he could perform.

With the permission of Pius IX he had introduced into England a branch of the Oratorian Order, founded by St. Philip Neri, and he became head of the House at Birmingham. The event was not without its touch of humor. The residence of the Fathers in Alcester Street was a gloomy old place which had formerly been used as a distillery, and it is told that the paint, scaling from the walls, exposed flamboyant and bibulous invitations to secure refreshment within!

The petty and humiliating acts of which Newman was the victim in Birmingham reminded him of the abuse he had been forced to undergo at his "secession" and were an earnest of a new storm which broke out when England denounced as "papal aggression" the reconstruction of a formal Catholic hierarchy within her borders. Such violent denunciation was an obvious betrayal of the bitter and centuries-long hatred of Protestant Englishmen toward Catholic Englishmen, and so absurd and unjust was it that Newman resolved upon the heroic task of attempting to break it down. Thus was begun in June, 1851, the series of lectures

called by the awkward title (Newman was as unhappy in his titles as he was happy in his dedications) *The Present Position of Catholics in England*, in many ways the most masterly work which as man of letters he ever produced. There will be more to say about this volume later on; it is sufficient to remark here that the lectures were racy with wit, humor, and irony, and that their brilliant satire won the applause of so keen a critic as George Eliot.

[VII]

It was in the midst of these lectures that a bolt suddenly came from the blue, charged with consequences beyond any man's surmise. Birmingham was invaded by an Italian named Giovanni Giacinto Achilli, an unfrocked priest, who was exploited by the prurient as able to present a harrowing exposé of the Catholic Church from within. It was a piece of dramatic irony that while Achilli sought to fan the flames of misunderstanding by atrocious charges, Newman, scarcely a stone's throw distant, should be devoting the finest efforts of intellect and rhetoric to quenching those very fires. Achilli's sordid past left him but too vulnerable and Newman, soon apprised of it, was swiftly ready.

In laying himself open to the Oratorian's attack, Achilli had thought his danger slight. What harm could a gaunt, stoop-shouldered priest of fifty inflict, hidden away in the slums of Birmingham? What could he know and what would he dare to say? What indeed! His crimes were behind him, hidden and unsuspected he believed, and as he stood up before men's gaze in Birmingham, smooth, smiling, oleaginous, who could know him as a whited sepulchre? Suddenly to his surprise he had drawn the full force of Newman's attack, and he was forced to witness that it was the most destructive

which the nineteenth century ever knew. Newman's deadly indictment occupies scarcely a page in a printed volume, but when like a flash of fire it was over Achilli was left only the alternatives of confessing that it was true or of attempting to evade it by suing Newman for libel. He chose the latter course and one of the most remarkable cases in the annals of modern English law was begun.

England was deeply stirred; again John Henry Newman was the cynosure of all eyes. There was more at stake than the reputation of an insignificant and degenerate foreigner; there was more at stake than even the veracity of the famous convert. The issue indeed lay at the heart of English Protestantism's hatred of Catholicism, and Catholicism was on trial in the person of John Henry Newman.

The accused left nothing to chance, but aided by some of the ablest lawyers in England, he built up an impregnable defense. Witnesses were even brought to London from Italy, some of them mothers of families, against whom no breath of scandal had ever been breathed but who now laid bare their secret lives and pointed accusing fingers at their countryman. Against a flood of irrefutable testimony, Achilli had nothing to offer but a mere denial, and as he stood in the courtroom, with dark, snake like eyes and lank black hair, he offered that denial smilingly as if confident that the Nemesis of Bigotry would vanquish Justice. And he was right.

Lord Chief Justice Campbell who presided at the trial gave to the jury a charge which later became notorious as an example of unfairness, and Newman, adjudged guilty, was sentenced to pay a fine of £100 and costs amounting to £12,000 additional. During the few moments required to pay the fine a circle of chairs was placed about him, constituting a technical imprisonment, and thus with Shakespeare and Bunyan, his name stands on the records of English law-breakers.

The unhappy business proved an enormous tax on Newman's energies, and so markedly had his anxieties preyed upon him that more than one physician predicted a premature old age and sudden death. He emerged from the ordeal, however, physically unscathed though his difficulties were by no means over.

To have been found guilty by what the *Times* called a flagrant miscarriage of justice was bad enough, even though some of the shame of this wrong was mitigated by the thought that his worst fears, those of imprisonment, were not realized. But the staggering burden of the costs was more than he could bear. He did not know where to turn; the community was poor, the expenses already borne were large, and the payment of this added debt was hopeless on the face of it. But at the very hour when his anxieties were at their height, this pressing problem was being solved. Funds were raised as if by magic in every quarter of the globe. America, India, Ireland, Australia, as well as England and the Continent, sent to the harassed Newman their cheering wishes in a golden tide, and in a few months the entire sum had been raised which lifted forever the load of debt from his shoulders. Religious provincialism had convicted him, but he stood vindicated in the eyes of a world that still loved truth.

As Newman stood, so stood Catholicism, technically guilty, morally innocent. England herself felt the reaction and there began a turn in the tide which was to reach its flood, though only after long years, with the publication of Newman's *Apologia*.

[VIII]

While the trial was dragging on an important educational event had taken place. The Catholics of Ireland established a University in Dublin, of which Newman

was invited to become first rector. He brought to the office the endowments of his many-sided genius, his learning, his courage, his contagious helpfulness, and his idealism, and was unconscious for long that he bore the burdens of a project foredoomed to failure. His conception of the heritage of culture which belongs to a modern-day University and of that University's proper function is embodied in some of the most thoughtful and brilliant lectures ever delivered in the cause of education, and the collapse of the Dublin movement is robbed of much of its tragedy when we remember that without it there would have been no *Idea of a University*, no *University Sketches*. All his life, Newman was conscious of the irreligion of his day and he believed in counteracting it less by mere repression than by a University training which should give theology its rightful place. And in his noble dreams of the new University's curriculum and the range of its appeal, he dared hope to see it the intellectual center for all the Catholics of the United Kingdom.

For seven years Newman held his post. No phase of his duties was too trivial to command his attention. He even waited on table with his own hands. Ireland needed to be stimulated when the first enthusiasm over her great educational adventure began to cool and Newman travelled far and wide, "flattering, disarming, captivating," refusing to concede that the very stars in their courses fought against success. When at last he gave up the struggle and returned to Birmingham it was to reflect sadly that his dearest dream of self-consecration was shattered and to wonder if the miter, half proffered but never bestowed, was a symbol of a life whose highest ends seemed ever to be tantalizingly near yet always unattainable.

It is not strange that the years which followed were the most unhappy he was ever to know. His life seemed

fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf. His books failed to sell, his health was wretched, misunderstandings tortured him, stories were whispered about that he regretted his secession to Rome, and it was even said that he contemplated a return to the Church of England. He did indeed write, "Since I have become a Catholic I seem to myself to have had nothing but failure personally," but he never intended that this should be construed as regret over the step he had taken, and when the rumors of intended return reached his ears he quieted them forever in an open letter to the *Times*.

To expect Newman to resist the temptation of contrasting his saddened life in his early sixties with the golden period of his late thirties would be to exact of him more than human restraint. He could not but remember that in those earlier and wonderful years he wielded an influence which would have intoxicated a man of less perfect poise. Oxford was at his feet; his was a name to conjure by among the undergraduates of his day; his influence as a moral factor was supreme, his lightest word a thing to treasure; the future held for him honors beyond the reach of any churchman of his generation. All these things he had given up, and for what? For a pearl of great price, he answered, for such peace of soul as he had not known for years and having once won, was never to lose again. But in a purely human sense his genius had missed fire. His career as a Catholic seemed but as a chapter of the Everlasting Nay. He had dreamed of achieving much for the Church but alas! he had done so little. His lectures on *Anglican Difficulties* had left so many cold whom he had hoped to kindle; the rich fruits of his brilliant lectures on the *Present Position of Catholics* were still remote from the garnering; the Achilli trial had been a very agony of humiliation; the University project in Ireland had crumbled like a thing of sand; somewhere out of the

air had come the whisper of a miter but it died away as mysteriously as it had come, leaving in its wake no disappointment (for Newman was free of personal ambition) but the bitterness of another humiliation in the lees of his chalice. Perhaps by way of contrast there came to mind the career of another Oxford man, who had turned to Catholicism later than he, had studied in Rome, and been ordained to the priesthood. Manning's rise had been swift and brilliant and under the ægis of Wiseman he was already a shining light in Catholic affairs in England. To the doing of his capable hands were turned those tasks which he was conspicuously able to perform while Newman, with unlike but equal gifts, was left standing all the day idle though on every side were services which he seemed born with the unique genius to execute. The years were passing tragically fast, the night was coming when no man might work, and yet his hands alone were empty of all tasks. Verily, he told himself, my day is done; I am a broken reed; and it was only with an effort that he fought off lethargy and addressed himself on each new morning to a petty round of concerns and duties.

To say this is in no way to accuse Newman of envy or egotism. He was guilty of neither. But he was supersensitive to a painful degree, and he paid the penalty which that cruel weakness entails. Moreover, like every genuinely gifted man of letters, he was aware of his own genius and to that even his spiritual humility could not blind him.

He uttered no complaint; before the world he bore his disappointments bravely, and it was only now and then in a letter to an intimate or in his Journal, hidden from all eyes but his own, that he disclosed his despondent thoughts. Looking into his mirror he beholds deeply plowed lines across the brow and about the mouth, and sadly tells himself that they have deepened since they

first marked the agony of his vacillation between Anglicanism and Rome. Such thoughts stirred old memories, for Newman was one who loved the past and let no anniversary go unrecorded. He recalls his Oxford graduation, his appointment to the coveted fellowship at Oriel, his return from his Mediterranean voyage, his brilliant leadership of the Tractarian Movement, the publication of Tract XC, his withdrawal from Oxford, his conversion; and as the past recedes into the distance it gathers about it, despite its unhappy phases, a golden glamour as from an August sunset. In the heyday of his late thirties the future was rich in promise; there was no poignant sadness in the past; and the present was buttressed by potent friendships and set in the appealing beauty of the Oxford which he loved. But that was all over now. He had crossed his spiritual Rubicon; he had made his great renunciation; and now, putting the past resolutely behind him he told himself that, in spite of what he regarded as humiliations and failures, he felt no regret at the course he had followed.

[IX]

It was in the midst of Newman's sadness and desolation of spirit that an event occurred which was to rekindle the fires of mind and soul and by supplying him with an occasion for vindicating his intellectual honesty was to reëstablish him forever in the respect and affection of England.

In *Macmillan's Magazine* for January, 1864, appeared a review of Froude's *History of England* written by the Rev. Charles Kingsley. Had the reviewer contented himself with a *critique* of Froude's work his article would have been forgotten in a week, but his evil genius moved him to write the following three sentences: "Truth, for its own sake, has never been a virtue with

the Roman Church. Father Newman informs us that it need not, and on the whole ought not to be; that cunning is the weapon which Heaven has given to the saints to withstand the practical male forces of the wicked world which marries and is given in marriage. Whether his notion be doctrinally correct or not, it is at least historically so."

This pronouncement of Canon Kingsley came upon Newman with the suddenness of a thunderbolt. Alas! even in the retirement of the Oratory at Birmingham he was not forgotten, it seemed, when the arrows of outrageous fortune sought a target. After his first moment of amazement he wrote to a friend summarizing the Canon's charge against him and its unquestionable effect: "Kingsley called me a liar in a simple, a broad, an intelligible, and to the English public, a plausible arraignment." Newman was not alone in his surprise at this attack. James Anthony Froude voiced a widespread sentiment when he wrote: "Newman's whole life had been a struggle for truth. He had neglected his own interests; he had never thought of them at all. He had brought to bear the most powerful and subtle intellect to support the convictions of a conscience which was supersensitive. To represent such a person as careless of truth was neither generous nor even reasonable."

Kingsley's charge, though ludicrously untrue, was not an isolated expression of opinion; and Newman, whose psychological insight was unequalled, realized that the Canon was but the voice of the mass of the British public which hated subtleties and scruples and introspection because it could not understand them and which had never forgiven John Henry Newman the events of a certain stormy October night back in 1845.

Newman's indignation was not merely a personal matter. He felt that he owed it to his Church as well as to himself to take up Kingsley's statement. He

promptly wrote to Kingsley challenging his charges but the letters which passed between accuser and accused got them nowhere. Finally Newman as a last resort published the correspondence in full, adding a summary in dialogue form which proved to be one of the most brilliantly ironic pages ever penned since Pascal.

But to beat Kingsley in a scintillating passage at arms was not to banish the ghost. It was all very well for Newman to attempt to deny that "Wisdom and Innocence," the sermon on which Kingsley based his charges, did not mean what the Canon professed to read into it; the fact remained that English popular opinion held Newman to be devoid of honor, ever since his secession to Rome—and Newman was aware of it. There was but one way to answer Kingsley adequately, and for Newman, self-centered, supersensitive, delicately organized, that way was a very *via dolorosa*. It was necessary for him to trace out for the world the evolution of his mind and heart through the years preceding his conversion and to make clear his hesitations, his searchings of soul, his difficulties. He must lay his heart bare and dissect it as if upon the clinical table for men to mark its throbbing, perhaps in sympathy, perhaps in derision; and though every instinct revolted he drove himself to his task in a kind of ecstasy of pain. His was not the first martyrdom to be begun in tears and consummated in victory.

[X]

The *Apologia* appeared in seven parts, on successive Thursdays, selling for a shilling an issue, and the public could scarcely wait to devour this fascinating romance of a human soul. It was a tale such as only one other man had ever dared to write, and the annals of England could not show its fellow.

Newman's data were scrupulously exact, and where his own letters or papers failed him he appealed to his friends. As he reread those records of hopes and fears, of aspirations and struggles, of darkness and doubt and emotions in conflict, he lived over again the years whose passing had seen his childhood, his school days, his Oxford triumphs, his vast spiritual influence, the eclipse of his Anglican faith, and the dawn of his belief in Catholicism. Few men were as susceptible as he to the "tender grace of a day that is dead," and memories that lay too deep for tears stirred him as they were never to stir him again. Often unable to sleep or eat he continued at his task sheerly by force of will, working at his high desk on one occasion for twenty-three hours without intermission, while his tears stained the sheets on which he wrote. His task, finally completed, found him worn to a pallid shadow. Physically he was on the verge of collapse; morally he achieved the triumph of his life.

The *Apologia* was discussed on every side; not to have read it from week to week was to be dead among the quick. The clerk and the workingman no less than the cleric and the parliamentarian felt the thrill of a passionate sincerity, the utter candor of a self-revelation which the world had not seen since Augustine. And the *Apologia* triumphed, doubly, for England and for Newman. For England, because she listened to a noble defence and, convinced of error, righted a long-standing wrong; for Newman because, single-handed and alone, he revolutionized a nation's opinion and transmuted hostility into admiration.

Such a triumph could not be without its effects on Newman. The *Apologia* indeed marked a turning point in his life. From seeing his books unread, his supreme literary powers ignored, and his honor challenged, he found himself once more accepted for what he was,

passionately a lover of truth, to whom honor was sacred, and to whom all things that are lovely and of good report were beyond rubies. The moods of self-distrust into which every man of academic mind falls at times left him never to return. His powers as a man of letters had been put to a supreme test and had achieved a supreme victory.

The *Apologia* brought other consolations in its wake. The quest of essential data put him once more in touch with old friends whom he had loved in his Oxford days and whose distrust or coldness had been one of his deepest sorrows. Expressions of delight at the book's success came from former intimates like Church, Williams, Rogers, Pusey, and Keble, with whom, after long years of estrangement, he resumed a correspondence on something approaching the old terms. Even strangers attested their personal satisfaction at his triumph and he notes joyously in his journal the words of an Anglican correspondent who wrote: "You occupy a unique place in England. There is no other man whose mere word would be more readily taken without the necessity of having it confirmed by any other testimony." Never again did he lose public confidence or his sense of literary power, or the love of those friends whose bonds were once more drawn about his heart. This does not mean that he never again was tortured by misunderstandings or that his capacity for suffering diminished. He was still supersensitive, and he still had the misfortune, typical of strong men, of arousing antagonism.

[XI]

The name of Henry Edward Manning has appeared before. Oxford graduate, man of the world, Anglican clergyman, friend of Wilberforce and Gladstone, convert to Rome within whose fold his career had been

dazzling; handsome, brilliant, unshakable of will, he was a marked man all his days, to be hated by a few and beloved by many. Newman and Manning had a genius for misunderstanding each other; they were antipathetic types. Each was strong-willed, each was self-centered, as genius always is, and each was conscious of his own powers. Manning was the administrator, Newman the recluse; Manning the doer of deeds, Newman the thinker of thoughts. Manning, swift in decision, grew impatient with Newman whose more subtle mind, delicate and sensitive to impulse, to difficulty, to question, felt its way to a decision often through tortuous channels which Manning never dreamed of. Manning wrote with the vigor and force of a man more concerned with the thing to be said than with the way to say it, and he was a stranger to that exquisite sense of literary values which made Newman a master of style. Their lack of sympathy was less a clash of individuals than of types, as old as the world and as inevitable. With the passing of the years each came to recognize the other's powers with an understanding more nearly sympathetic, and Manning's beautiful tribute to his brother Cardinal, dead at eighty-nine, has become a classic.

One of the most important matters on which Newman and Manning disagreed was the establishment of a Catholic college at Oxford. To provide English Catholics with the culture of the great University and at the same time with adequate protection for their faith would have been in Newman's judgment a consummation devoutly to be wished and he supported the movement eloquently. But as he had failed to achieve his most perfect hope for Catholic education in Ireland, so, too, his plans for a Catholic college at Oxford incurred Manning's opposition and went down to defeat. But his pedagogical interests were not wholly thwarted. He established a school for boys in connection with the

Birmingham Oratory and derived a profound satisfaction from studying the effects of his curriculum upon the students' minds and the effects of the Oratorians' influence upon their characters. He loved to go about from room to room chatting with the boys about the great Walter Scott and giving them advice about their reading. At times he turned a favorite comedy of Plautus or of Terence into English and released it to the boys in expurgated form to be presented in their tiny theater.

In spite of such immediate interests, Newman's thoughts frequently went back to his Oxford days and to the friends whom he had loved there. After the lapse of many years a meeting was arranged at Keble's house which Pusey and Newman attended. It must have been a pathetic reunion for this triumvirate, who in their earlier days had dominated Oxford on its spiritual and intellectual sides, who had fought the good fight with the ardor of apostles and a confidence born of mutual devotion, and who now as the shadows lengthened found their gallant struggle the merest memory, their sympathies weakened, their interests poles apart. With sun-dering floods between, their thoughts must have gone wistfully back to the influence they had wielded in the heyday of the Oxford Movement, the high hopes they had entertained, the bright dreams they had dared to dream.

Once Newman revisited the scene of his early apostolate and spent an hour wandering about Littlemore. Thronging memories must have stirred him deeply, for some one sought out the rector to tell him that a white-haired old man, poorly dressed, was leaning over the lych gate, his head upon his arms, weeping. Newman's memories never ceased to cling lovingly about Oxford, for the University held an abiding and tender place in his heart which endured until the end. For many years after his secession in 1845 he never saw it except for

occasional glimpses of its spires from the railroad train. Exquisitely sensitive as he was, the very thought of a rebuff perhaps restrained him from paying it a visit; or it may be that he felt unable to bear the poignant memories which the scene of his early successes would surely have evoked; or perhaps he feared lest Oxford had forgotten him, or thought of him, if at all, as merely the shadow of a name. The time, not far distant, however, was to come when Oxford was to show how deeply she held him in reverence.

Meanwhile Newman's life was a busy one. He had an enormous correspondence to which he gave careful attention and in which he found abiding pleasure up to the very last. He kept careful journals and diaries and when past seventy he transcribed all the pencil notes in them from beginning to end. He confessed in a letter to Henry Wilberforce that strange feelings arose in his mind as he thought of what hands these private papers might come into and "things most interesting and dear to myself may be worthless in the eyes of those to whom my papers fall." He never dreamed that every record which concerned him would be precious and the destruction of his hastiest note regarded as a sacrilege.

His days were planned out carefully, prayers, ecclesiastical duties, study, work, and recreation (usually an afternoon walk), each having its allotted hours. In theology and literature he read widely and constantly and he lent attentive ear to the conversation of professional men on all kinds of subjects. He might have said with Terence, "Nothing that concerns men fails to appeal to me" for, according to Father Ryder, "Everything interested him,—literature, politics, the trade and stipulations of the merchant, the circumstances of persons and places known to him; rural life; the studies of the young men; the thoughts of the simple and the

lowly, no less than the most difficult problems and controversies."

Occasionally some visitor with more curiosity than tact would seek to draw him out with a pertinent question on matters of controversy only to be answered with a "By the way, have you seen the new quay at Chelsea?" or with an observation on the growing of grapes, or (delicate hint) the relative speed of trains to London! The calm of life was too dear to him to be lightly risked. "I like going on my own way," he wrote a friend in 1869, "and having my time my own, living without pomp or state, or pressing engagements." And largely through his later years, even when a Cardinal, he had his wish.

[XII]

Newman emerged from his cloistral peace at the call of the Vatican Council of 1870. The Dogma of Papal Infallibility was pronounced with Manning a striking and potent figure in all deliberations, while Newman deprecated this pronouncement, not, as he explained, "because its acceptance gave me a moment's hesitancy," but because he felt that at the time it would be "a luxury of faith" and might better wait for a more favorable moment.

A storm of non-Catholic criticism greeted the action of the Council and found expression in an onslaught by Gladstone who professed to see in Infallibility a divided and hence a lost allegiance on the part of Catholic Englishmen to the crown. Manning replied but received scant consideration from the former premier and his erstwhile dear friend. Other champions rallied to Manning's support, but it was felt in many quarters that the man supremely able to make the most masterly defense should be urged to break his silence. Newman was

reluctant, not because his heart and his intellect were not at one on the question at issue, but because he did not wish to trespass upon other apologists, and because, as he wrote Dean Church, he had no wish to permit controversy to break the peace of his remaining years. He was not the man to flinch, however, at the call of duty, and Gladstone, who had met the reply of Manning with a contemptuous smile, acknowledged with deference a more worthy foeman when Newman published his masterly answer known as *A Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*. This letter scored an immediate and pronounced success and won Newman encomia even from men who had held aloof from him before. Letters of appreciation and congratulation poured in from all sides, even Protestant friends like Lord Blachford, Copeland, Dean Church, and Lord Coleridge assuring him of the powerful effect his defence was having throughout England in allaying the jingoistic fears which Gladstone's misinterpretation of Papal Infallibility had stirred up among the masses. Once again Newman had accomplished a difficult task with brilliant success.

The excellent effect of this work gave him more profound satisfaction than any other event in his Catholic career except the triumph of the *Apologia*. But his joy that the clouds had lifted was darkened by an unexpected grief; for Ambrose St. John, his brother Oratorian, dear friend, and "angel guardian," broke down from overwork and died suddenly in May, 1875. Other friends were dear to him but none so dear as this man with charming ways and boyish spirits who had been his life, under God, for thirty-two long years. Reading Newman's allusions to St. John in his letters to friends, we can realize readily how his spirits sank to the depths in the anguish of this loss and we read again with new understanding his exquisite tribute to this tenderest of spiritual brothers in the closing pages of the *Apologia*.

Had St. John lived no one would have rejoiced more deeply than he in the honor which Newman received in December, 1877. Trinity College, his Alma Mater, "the one and only seat of his affections at Oxford," made him an Honorary Fellow and invited him to visit the University. Oxford had not forgotten him, after all, for he was unforgettable, whether by those who loved him, or feared or distrusted him, and she stirred in him again something of the same joy he had known when at twenty-one he was elected to the coveted fellowship at Oriel. He paid a visit to his old rooms only to find them occupied by an undergraduate with an obvious eye for theatrical beauties, and his old tutor, now nearly ninety, greeted him affectionately. Among the notable group assembled at dinner was Viscount Bryce, who recalled in after years the deeply lined face, the wistful smile, and the musical voice which in Tractarian days had touched the soul of Oxford as it had never been touched before and which now in words exquisitely fitting paid tribute to the noble old University that had never lost its place in his affections.

[XIII]

Since St. John's death Newman's letters bore evidence of a growing lassitude. The power and vigor of the *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk* were on the wane. He is the aged man now who daily approaches the valley of the shadow and, always the man of letters, is eager to complete the definitive edition of his works. "I have only the *Athanasius* to publish now," he writes to a friend, "in order to get all my books off my hands. Then, as far as I can tell, I shall have no more to do with writing books." He thought the end not far away and often surmised that paralysis might seize him as it had stricken so many of his friends and acquaintances.

He did not dream that a new and signal honor was awaiting him nor that for another decade his light would shine among men with a new luster.

In February, 1878, Pius IX died and his successor turned sympathetic eyes toward the ablest champion of Catholicism in the English-speaking world. Leo XIII had known, like Newman, the bitterness of being misunderstood, and one of his earliest acts was to summon this quiet, studious old man, whose name had marked an epoch in England, out of the cloisterlike seclusion of his Oratory to be honored in the eyes of the world. White-haired and tremulous but with his rare smile and his bell-like voice, Newman journeyed to Rome, where he was the object of such deference as even Rome beheld but rarely. When it was all over, he returned by slow stages to England and Birmingham amid the quiet and seclusion which he loved, and only his tiny, red skull-cap marked him as a Prince of the Church.

Throughout England his elevation was hailed with acclaim for he was looked upon not merely as a great Catholic, but as a great Englishman. An Anglican clergyman wrote: "There is hardly a Protestant in the country who does not feel that he himself is personally honored by this distinction." The "city of the dreaming spires" added its rejoicing, and his own Trinity College fêted him with a cordiality he was never to forget. The devotion of his friends was unflagging; each vied with the other in showing him gracious deference. One dispatched a superbly bound set of his works to the Pope; others collected the funds necessary for maintaining his new dignity; and his erstwhile antagonist but sincere admirer, Gladstone, sent him a reading desk.

After so many stormy years his life was filled with serene peace. He wrote letters to friends, among them those especial Protestant friends whom he loved with

a peculiar devotion—Blachford, Lord Coleridge, and Dean Church. Occasionally he slipped up to London and remained overnight at the home of one of the three whom he met with a freedom from restraint which went far to cement their bonds even more strongly than before. Blachford and Church had given him a fine violin, knowing that he no longer owned one and remembering, no doubt, the joy he had had from playing in the old days at Oxford. At first he lamented the stiffness of his fingers so long unaccustomed to the strings, but soon after he confessed to a thrill of joy when he took the instrument up, conscious of the delight he had been missing so many years. When Dean Church's daughter, Helen, was married, he presented it to her as a wedding gift, writing her at the same time a tenderly playful note in which he recalled how much of the joy of it he owed to her father and how much of the same joy he wished for her. He fears she may be reluctant to deprive him of it and assures her that his fingers are getting so stiff that soon, in any event, he will be compelled to give it up entirely. A short time before he had received a letter from a stranger who challenged him to a debate upon the merits of the Catholic Church, and he had answered playfully, "I am now so old and feeble that I must decline your invitation to a public debate; but if you wish to send me a challenge to a contest on the fiddle, I shall be glad to accept it."

He spent long hours among his books in his study, which even now remains as he left it, not a volume disturbed and with his pens still where his stiffened fingers last laid them down. The lads in his school, with that boyish freedom which is no small part of the irony of reverence, referred to him among themselves as "Jack," while to the people of Birmingham he was still "the Father," and to the community "the Padre."

[XIV]

Honors and beautiful friendships made his last years serene and when the end came, in August, 1890, all the world did reverence to his memory. His life just failed to span the century and had been almost equally divided between the English and the Roman Church. He had done many things and played many parts. He was theologian, novelist, historian, orator, controversialist, educator, and poet. He had profoundly influenced other men, sometimes without their knowing it and sometimes against their will. To whatever cause he espoused he devoted his energies ardently, spending himself with superb generosity, never counting the cost. Men who agreed with him to-day, often found themselves disagreeing with him to-morrow and, finding it hard to understand how this difference occurred, thought him neither sincere nor consistent. But they did him injustice. After his great renunciation in 1845, no considerations in later years could make Duty, as he saw it, anything less than the "stern daughter of the voice of God." Subtle-minded, supersensitive, conscientious to the point of scruple, self-centered as every great mind has always been, Newman was certain to fail to make his personal point of view and his mental processes clear except on rare occasions and to a limited number of men. True, he succeeded in the *Apologia*, but we must remember that the *Apologia* represents the triumph of literary genius combined with such an utter sincerity as has never been surpassed of its kind and only once equalled in any age.

Newman as a man has always been an enigma. But he knew his own honesty of motive, and the suspicion or the lack of confidence of some of his best friends hurt him cruelly. Now Newman was not an easy man to understand; to realize that is a prime essential to under-

standing him at all. Mostly we think of him as cold, restrained, self-centered, aloof, and to a certain extent that characterization is true. But it is a mistake to call him a modern-day anchorite. The affairs of the world interested him keenly and in ways that surprise us. Though a "man of peace" he read the despatches of the Duke of Wellington and "burned to be a soldier"; during the Crimean War he would not breakfast until he had read the *Times* account of the news from the front.

It has been said of Newman that he received rather than gave friendship and the implication is of aloofness and perhaps even of lack of heart. But this is unfair. There was, it is true, a certain isolation about his life which was inevitable for a man to whom the unseen realities were ever the authentic realities and to whom his Creator was the most supremely self-evident of beings. But Newman never was lacking in heart. He gave his affection to his friends with an almost feminine ardor though its manifestation, as was natural, became rarer with the years. His love of Hurrell Froude, that blithe spirit who brightened even his most serious moods, was exquisitely tender. On his Mediterranean voyage, he read at Palermo of the election of Rogers to an Oxford fellowship and he "kissed the newspaper rapturously." When St. John died he lay beside the body all night clasping it in his arms, and he directed that in death he should share the same grave. Frequently in writing to Henry Wilberforce and to Dalglairns, no less than to St. John himself, he addressed his letters "Carissime." When the day dawned that was to see him depart from St. Mary's forever, he said farewell in words whose tenderness left his congregation in tears. Even in the case of Kingsley, "It is difficult," Newman said, "to be angry with a man one has never seen," and in subsequent editions of the *Apologia* he ordered his ironic analysis of his correspondence with the Canon to be stricken out,

while at his death he hastened to say a Mass for the repose of his soul.

His friendship with uncompromising Protestants like Dean Church, Lord Coleridge, and Lord Blachford (Frederick Rogers) once renewed—and with him it had never really faltered—struck deeper root, if that were possible, as time went on, and they shared with him the grief of such a loss as St. John's death, and the joy of such honors as his Trinity Fellowship, and his elevation to the purple.

[XV]

On his mother's side there was a French strain in the English Newman which it is important to remember, for we have here, I believe, an explanation of seeming contradictions in his character, temperament, and type of mind. In his delicate supersensitiveness we see the reaction of the French upon the English blood. Every wind of criticism or of opposition or even of misunderstanding blew upon him like a March blast upon a hot-house flower. And yet Englishman as he was, he had true English tenacity and where he felt himself right, he clung to his purpose, unshakable and uncompromising. Of the French influences which were a part of his heritage, impregnated by his delicate conscience, was born his introspection, which shows itself in his diaries, often in his letters, most keenly and relentlessly in the *Apologia*.

He was English in the persistency with which he pursued a thought to its conclusion; French in the peculiar insight with which he followed its ramifications and appreciated its subtleties. He was English in the slow, tortuous evolution through which he compelled himself to pass during the years preceding his conversion; he was French in the ardent sense of duty which spurred him to that pursuit and in the almost feminine warmth

with which at the end he embraced his new faith. He was English in the steady, unfaltering restraint which he enjoined upon his followers at Littlemore; he was French in his affectionate devotion to their welfare. He was English in the impatience with which while on his "Anglican deathbed" he viewed what he deemed the intrusion of Wiseman upon his most private affairs; he was French when, having made his momentous decision and taken the decisive step, he became not only a Catholic among Catholics but embraced the priesthood and sought the confines of a religious order. He was English in his hatred of self-revelation, in his fear of appearing ridiculous; he was French when he cast restraints aside, on realizing the necessity of justifying his conversion, and laid his heart bare as no other man had ever dared to do in the course of fifteen centuries. He was English in the cold aloofness of his relations with Talbot, Vaughan, Faber, and Manning, most apparent when Manning sought a "reconciliation"; he was French in the almost feminine affection which he felt as a young man for Keble, Rogers, and Hurrell Froude, and in the tenderness that made his relations with Ambrose St. John one of the most beautiful of friendships. He was French when he cast in his lot with the gloom and smoke of Birmingham, after the beauty of Oxford; and he was English when, having made the plunge from pole to tropic, he accepted the change with seeming stolidity. He was French when he looked with mournful eyes from the railroad train to the ivy-crowned towers of Oxford and felt stirred to the heart by the memories they evoked, just as he was French when on being received into the Catholic Church he kissed with delight the volumes of Athanasius and Basil as well as the very furnishings of his room. He was English when he wrote his *Plain and Parochial Sermons* with their almost Puritanic austerity;

he was French in that book of ardor and imagination, the *Sermons to Mixed Congregations*. He was English in following unflinchingly whatever *via dolorosa* Duty might point out to him; he was French when he revisited Littlemore after thirty-two years and wept at the parsonage gate. Newman, the Englishman, could do divine violence to his own heart; Newman, the Frenchman, cherished throughout his life the memories of men and things and places which were hallowed to him because they had once been a part of his life and, being dear, had won sanctuary in his imagination and his soul.

In the mutual antagonism of English stolidity and French impulsiveness, we often see Newman wavering Hamlet-like before alternative courses, unable to make an election because unable to free his mind of some remote but not utterly impossible ill consequence which might follow this line of action or that. On the threshold of decision his active imagination conjured up some casual conjunction of isolated circumstances, which, by one chance in a thousand, might arise to upset the most delicate of calculations and at that chilling thought decision was once more arrested. Weighing, pondering, balancing, always with the intention of discharging that duty which was the highest and, if duty were not involved, of accomplishing the greatest good, he found his very genius for viewing a problem from every angle an obstacle to decisive action.

It has been said of Newman, "He always gave one the impression that he might have been great in any department of life; that he might have been a great general, a great lawyer, a great parliamentary debater." Beyond doubt he had the gifts necessary to be great in any one of many spheres but not as a leader of men in the sphere of action. More than once in the *Apologia* he confesses that he never could manage a party, that

"he had not a sufficiently strong wrist." His own verse, "Thou couldst a people raise but could not rule" was applied to him—and rightly so. For his lack of swiftness of decision without which the business of the world comes to a standstill stood always in his way despite his supreme endowment of mind.

Men of decision like his great rival, Manning, who by a kind of intuition saw swiftly the right path to pursue, often viewed the hesitancy of Newman with disgust, finding it impossible to understand why he should take what appeared to them the wrong road when the right one seemed so clear, or, if he chose the right road, why his choice had not been sooner made. Frequently, too, they were amazed at his reasons for electing a certain line of action. Newman's reasons were arrived at by mental processes which few men of his time took the pains to investigate or had the insight to understand. They felt none of the contradictory impulses of the Anglo-Gallic Newman and were untroubled by those inhibitions which in his case a supersensitive conscience, a subtle intellect, and sensibilities femininely delicate conspired to impose.

Newman, in a word, was not a man of action; he was the victim, no less than the beneficiary, of two antipathetic strains. His striking gifts lay in other fields. On this score we who admire him as a man of letters need have no regrets, because in the stress of a more active life Newman would undoubtedly have lost some of that instinctive sense of literary values, that glow of the imagination, that mastery of rhythmic prose which helped to make him a great writer.

Subtle as Newman was he was certain to antagonize men whom he mystified from the very nature of his intellect. And their progeny is neither small nor amiable to this day. But it is one of the most interesting of psychological facts that many men who quite failed to understand him should none the less have conceded his

fascination, his intellectual powers, and his devotion to the noblest ideals, even though they felt it impossible to agree with his processes of thought, his opinions, or his course of action.

Like all great men he had a magnetic personality. Types as widely unlike as Cardinal Manning, Matthew Arnold, and James Anthony Froude paid eloquent testimony to his charm which persisted through all his years, reaching out in book and sermon and letter to men of diverse minds. Some men bowed to that personality and obeyed its impulse like Faber; others feared it and withdrew from the range of its influence like Pattison; still others acknowledged its potency but declined its guidance like Hutton; but all felt its charm and its appeal. Nor was it a personality which died with Newman. It is present still throughout his work, magnetic, pervasive, gracious, inescapable. It baffled his contemporaries and, as they pass away, the newer generations seek to surprise its secret only to confess in their turn that "the mystery of Newman" still remains—alluring and baffling.

II

NEWMAN AS PREACHER

IN the early 80's a man whose name was written high among the prophets of light in nineteenth century literature spoke thus:

"The name of Cardinal Newman is a great name to the imagination still; his genius and his style are still things of power. . . . Forty years ago he was in the very prime of life; he was close at hand to us of Oxford; he was preaching in St. Mary's pulpit every Sunday; he seemed about to transform and to renew what was for us the most national and natural institution in the world, the Church of England. Who could resist the charm of that spiritual apparition, gliding in the dim afternoon light through the aisles of St. Mary's, rising into the pulpit, and then, in the most entrancing of voices, breaking the silence with words and thoughts which were a religious music,—subtle, sweet, and mournful?"

Thus spoke Matthew Arnold who in the forty intervening years had turned his helm into strange seas and for whom the great Tractarian had long ceased to be a loadstar; but the enchantment of his manner, his style, his voice, still haunted his memory.

Others, too, who had felt that same enchantment, Gladstone and Manning, Doyle and Shairp, spoke of it in later days as something they could never forget, so potent was it and so beautiful. And Froude, whose brother Hurrell was the friend of Newman's bosom in young manhood and who had been led captive by the preacher's fascination only to drift far beyond his horizon

in after years, Froude, too, in a long since forgotten book recalled him, the Master, and that voice of his "so keen, so preternaturally sweet, whose very whisper used to thrill through crowded churches, when every breath was held to hear; that calm grey eye; those features so stern and yet so gentle!" Thus runs the testimony of men whom Newman's looks had subdued and his voice melted; but a later generation for whom both looks and voice have passed forever may wonder and, wondering, ask if Newman, the preacher, were as impressive as we are led to believe, or if Froude and Arnold were merely giving a local habitation and a name to some idol of their youthful worship. And was Canon Kingsley wrong, too, when he accorded to Newman the honor of being "the most perfect orator" of his generation?

[I]

Perhaps the casual observer who found himself at St. Mary's on a Sunday afternoon at four would have seen nothing that might appeal to him as unusual. He might have remarked that the church was not crowded, without being aware that the congregation was largely made up of undergraduates, who were giving up their dinner to attend. He would have looked unmoved upon the tall and stoop-shouldered preacher with his low voice, his unoratorical manner, his rapid enunciation, who scarcely raised his head but kept his eyes fastened upon his manuscript. With a shock of disappointment and surprise, he might well have asked himself if this man were actually the voice of the moral aspirations of young Oxford, if he were the head and front of the greatest spiritual movement in generations, or if, by a trick of chance, he might not be some callow curate whose diffidence must be overcome by practice.

Perhaps but few of Newman's accustomed hearers

could have made clear to our inquirer the real state of their feelings on listening to a sermon at St. Mary's. They might have felt that the veil which concealed their inner hearts from human sight had for the first time in their lives been lifted and its hidden places searched by an eye which noted minutely, relentlessly, all that it beheld. Perhaps an ambition lurked there so deeply buried as to be almost forgotten, or a desire long concealed, or a complacency too slight for notice. Awakened by the spell of the speaker's words, that ambition, that desire, that complacency, seemed to glide from their hiding places like serpents under flowers and to take on strange and repulsive shapes. The ambition became greed of power and place; the desire, lust; the complacency, the self-adulation of the Pharisee. Then, as the listener bowed his head in sudden shame at the thought that this strange man had explored the very secrets of his heart, the silver tones fell upon his ears as if the balm of Gilead were in their cadence.

"O how great a good will it be, . . . if the time shall one day come, when we shall enter into His tabernacle above, and hide ourselves under the shadow of His wings; if we shall be in the number of those blessed dead who die in the Lord, and rest from their labour. Here we are tossing upon the sea, and the wind is contrary. All through the day we are tried and tempted in various ways. . . . But in the unseen world, where Christ has entered, all is peace. . . . 'There is no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither any more pain; for the former things are passed away.' Nor any more sin; nor any more guilt; no more remorse; no more punishment; no more penitence; no more trial; no infirmity to depress us; no affection to mislead us; no passion to transport us; no prejudice to blind us; no sloath, no pride, no envy, no strife; but the light of God's countenance, and a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal.

proceeding out of the Throne. That is our home; here we are but on pilgrimage, and Christ is calling us home."

The voice ceases; and in St. Mary's all is silence. The listener raises his head; the speaker has gone. Slowly the congregation rises and departs, to return again on the following Sunday, once more to hear that silvery voice and feel those calm gray eyes searching out the hidden places of their souls.

[II]

The man who once fell under the enchantment of Newman's sermons found it impossible to resist their appeal. And he wondered at this himself. He had heard sermons before, many a time, but somehow these were different. His ear had been soothed by rounded periods, his imagination awakened by glowing pictures of rewarded virtue, his eye pleased by graceful gestures; and the religious principles of his childhood had been stated anew with taste and discretion. And he had praised, perhaps with generous condescension, the good judgment of the preacher and the elegance and forcefulness of the sermon, quite without knowing that it lacked the one thing necessary to his heart. Thus the years had passed and he had come to regard a sermon as an essential part of divine service, an exercise of oratorical skill on the part of the preacher and of amiable acquiescence on the part of the congregation.

But with this tall, ascetic-looking Newman it was different. Here were none of the affectations of the practised speaker, the studied intonations, or the measured gestures. Indeed, there was a kind of angularity about him that in some strange way was all of a piece: with his appearance, his manner, his seeming diffidence, the almost naked simplicity of his style. Yet somehow he fascinated you; he seemed almost to be following you

around with his eyes, even though they were lowered upon his manuscript. You grew hot with shame for fear he might suddenly raise his head, point his finger at you, and say in a voice that would transfix you with its accusive calm: "Thou art the man! It is thy kiss that betrayeth Him, not thy brother's nor thy friend's, nor thy neighbor's, but *thine!*" Once you gave yourself up to him you could no more escape him than you could escape your shadow. His voice haunted you; the words he uttered were winged and lodged themselves in your memory, and, (triumph of the preacher) in your conscience, too. And they aroused in you emotions more poignant than any you had ever known before, shame perhaps, or fear, or grief, or remorse, and you could not stifle them or forget them, for *he* was always following you with his eyes, his finger pointing you out among all the world, his voice, sunk to an accusing whisper, always declaring, "Thou art the man!"

Was it any wonder that to those who had once listened, the memory of the unforgettable Seer of St. Mary's should "persist above the conquered years?"

[III]

In the *Apologia* Newman gives us the key to his spiritual life in his celebrated declaration that to him there were two and only two luminously self-evident beings, himself and his Creator. This realization had dwelt with him from boyhood; it was to remain with him all his long life, gaining in strength and depth with the years. He spent his days under the very eye of God, not afar off but always as if face to face, and in the light of His countenance the world grew dim, as the stars pale before the sun at dawn; its voices seemed but distant whispers faintly heard; and all its multiform realities became but pallid shadows, like things seen in dreams. It is our

blind eyes that mistake the shadow for the substance; it is only the unseen realities that are authentic; and the very stirrings of the wind are the waving of the robes of Angels whose faces see God in heaven.

A mind like Newman's, with its sensuous vision, is rare in any age, and in literature we can find its like only in St. Augustine. But St. Augustine did not live in an era of railroads and scientific formulæ, nor had material prosperity, expressed in steam and steel, with the complacency which attended it, become the golden calf of national worship. He addressed a people to whom the Omniscient was very near, His power seen in the doings of every day, and the visitations of His wrath beheld in the barbarian hordes in whose wake were violence and death. Newman had to pierce the crust of sophistication and complacency and get at whatever innocence and sincerity and faith dwelt in the heart beneath it. He had to arouse emotions long dormant, to make ears hear that for long had not heard and eyes see that for long had not seen. He did not have to appeal to dull minds (for the minds he addressed were not dull) but to cold hearts that accepted religion, when they thought of it at all, with a well-bred tolerance as of something not acceptable for its own sake but only as belonging to the conventions of respectability.

Thus it was that Newman sought moral, not doctrinal, subjects and sharpened them like the point of an arrow. Thus it was that he discoursed on such things as "Secret Faults," "Profession without Practice," "The Danger of Accomplishments," "Moral Consequences of Single Sins," "The Religious Use of Excited Feelings," "Love the One Thing Needful," "The Individuality of the Soul," "Religious Cowardice," and "Unreal Words." Thus it was that the wider aspects of his themes failed to attract him, for they aimed at men in general while he was concerned with men as individuals. Thus it was, finally,

that "the aspects of things unseen" which to him were luminously self-evident, became his object as a preacher, to make as actual and therefore as tremendously significant to his hearers as they were to him. To bring men to hear and see and understand—and then to live the years through to the end, as under the very eyes of God and in the shadow of His wings,—this, in a word, was Newman's mission as a preacher. He succeeded because he possessed four gifts in consummate degree, personality, psychological insight, its concomitant, imagination, and literary powers, and he made these the handmaids of a passionate sincerity which burned beneath his outward calm with the deathless fire of an apostle.

[IV]

In calling Newman a great preacher I do not mean that he was a great pulpit orator. It is to France, not England, that you must turn for your Bossuet, your Massillon, and your Lacordaire. They did not glide like shadows into their pulpits, nor read from manuscripts in a low voice that their listeners could barely hear. They carried into the pulpit that majesty of voice and gesture and diction which belongs to the tradition of great oratory from Demosthenes to Webster, and they produced those admirable "effects" which Mme. de Sévigné records on hearing Bossuet's funeral sermon on Turenne or which Bourdaloue, "logic on fire," achieved when his hearers burst into applause.

Newman was not a pulpit orator. That magniloquence was lacking which belongs to oratory and which Bossuet, for example, possessed in abundance. The eye was not appealed to nor gratified by the appearance and the gestures of the speaker, nor were his subjects of the kind that allowed the broad treatment in which Bossuet's genius took delight. Newman's appeal was to the heart

and the imagination; or rather to the conscience through the imagination and the heart, and in the white radiance of his spiritual message the listener seemed scarcely to be aware of the speaker, but only of his own unworthiness and the overwhelming nearness of God. I do not mean by this that Newman's personality did not count for him as a preacher. It counted and counted heavily. There was a magnetism in this stoop-shouldered, slender man to which all Oxford paid homage and which was to become one of her abiding traditions. Its secret, like the secret of personality all the world over, was too elusive to fathom. But its appeal was potent, and as Newman lifted up his voice for holiness he became, in the reverent eye of young Oxford's imagination, the chosen one on whose shoulders the mantle of the prophets of old time had fallen.

And now it is necessary to speak of Newman's psychological insight, of what his sister once called "a sort of spiritual perception." It was this, fundamentally, which gave his sermons their uncanny power of holding his hearers almost against their will and of fascinating them as he held up to their startled gaze the mirrored image of their souls.

Newman is not conversant with one type of mind only, nor limited to the easily read. He knows them all even to their "labyrinthine ways"; their subtleties fail to baffle him; he sees through their affectations and poses. From those keen gray eyes they can conceal nothing and the procession passes endlessly, with naked souls whose last hidden secret has been laid open to his gaze. There are the man of the world, the narrow-minded man, the man of speculative mind, the academician, the man content with spiritual mediocrity, the religious partisan, and a hundred others.

Here (from the *Parochial Sermons*) are the complacent intellectuals of the day, with whom it would be a mark

of ill-breeding to neglect the profession of religion. Note the icy calm which but thinly conceals his disgust: "They argue that it is our duty to solace ourselves here (in moderation, of course) with the goods of this life,—that we have only to be thankful while we use them,—that we need not alarm ourselves,—that God is a merciful God,—that amendment is quite sufficient to atone for our offences,—that though we have been irregular in our youth, yet that is a thing gone by,—that we forget it, and therefore God forgets it,—that the world is, on the whole, very well disposed towards religion,—that we should avoid enthusiasm,—that we should not be overserious,—that we should have large views on the subject of human nature,—that we should love all men."

Note the undercurrent of irony that runs through the entire passage and especially the ironic aside, "in moderation, of course," at which Newman was to become an adept in later years.

Here is a different type, the lecherous man of the world. He has a certain intelligence, is proud of his worldly position but unconcerned with the improvement of society or indeed with any matter which does not minister to his pleasures. With him sin is not a brutal debauch but a subtle refinement; he has learned to "fling a grace over sin and a dignity over unbelief." Of him and of his kind, says the preacher, were the companions of the dissolute Dives. They "were doubtless such as became a person of such pretensions; they were fashionable men; a collection of refined, high-bred, haughty men, eating, not gluttonously, but what was rare and costly: delicate, exact, fastidious in their taste, from their very habit of indulgence; not eating for the mere sake of eating, or drinking for the mere sake of drinking, but making a sort of science of their sensuality . . . ; with exquisite correctness of idea and judgment, laying down rules of sinning;—heartless and selfish, high, punctilious, and

disdainful in their outward deportment, and shrinking from Lazarus, who lay at the gate, as an eyesore, who ought, for the sake of decency, to be put out of the way." Note the exactness of the depiction; every word is precision itself; nothing is overdone. Here is La Bruyère in a soutane, with no less impersonality and an even keener insight.

Other and diverse types come beneath Newman's penetrating glance. He depicts the man whom the world accounts "respectable and religious," who trespasses against divine commands only when some occasional personal advantage requires and excuses it as "unusual." Again, with fine scorn and nicety of analysis, which is both subtle and pitiless, he exposes that type of mind falsely called spiritual, whose religious emotion is almost sensualism. Read "The Strictness of the Law of Christ" (in *Parochial Sermons* IV) and see how he follows the respectable and religious man in his attitude toward his fellow men and divine law, in his pleasures and his travels, in his private and his public life. It is impossible to escape him: he sees the hearty and generous manner and the petty and selfish heart; the public piety and the private sin; the solicitude about the body and the indifference to the concerns of the soul; the outward profession and the hidden denial; the vesture of respectability cloaking the petty theft, the whispered slander, the vain pretence. Read his sermon on "Intellect, the Instrument of Religious Training" (*Sermons on Various Occasions*) and watch him trace the evolution of a young man's mind from his early consciousness of power through his first taste of evil, his distaste for good, his aversion to the quiet of the family circle, his curiosity over what is "said" against religion, his gradual drift into scepticism, his impatience of religion and authority, his final realization of his own loss of faith: then a feeling of misery, to be succeeded by regret as over a pleas-

ant dream; then an expansion and elevation of mind—an emancipation from his early bonds; a feeling of conscious strength and freedom; finally a vain search among theories for truth to satisfy, and at the end—the loss of faith. Every touch adds to the truth of the likeness—the distaste for home, misery yielding to regret over the loss of faith, the sudden elevation of mind at the new-found freedom, the final acquiescence in uncertainty. How carefully it is done, stroke by stroke, with a convincing deftness and certainty as if he knew every phase of the heart and mind on which his glance was resting.

There is no bitterness here—for toward the young as toward the wavering Newman is never bitter—only an undertone of pity and tenderness; for to him beyond any man of his generation was given the gift of tears, and never, throughout his long life, whether as Anglican or as Catholic, could he forget for one little hour the infinite pathos of a world which lives its life as if One had not died for it and which regards the promise of His second advent as a thing to dread.

At times, as in his sermon on "The Religion of the Day," Newman's indignation (and how burning that indignation could be, for all his outer calm, like red-hot coals beneath gray embers!) is but thinly disguised and he seems to forget the tenderness of Mercy and remember only the violence of Wrath. Indifference, lukewarmness, complacency, intellectualism without heart were always objects of his aversion and when he preaches on them scorn and irony smoulder beneath his cool and measured words.

But at last he softens; he will not send us away with the chill of fear or despair upon us but warm with a new hope. Whose closing paragraphs are comparable to his! Whose so full of understanding, so rich in sympathy, so tender! It was after forty long years had

passed that Matthew Arnold seemed to hear him still, saying:

"After our soul's anxious travail; after the birth of the Spirit; after trial and temptation; after sorrow and pain; after daily dyings to the world; after daily risings unto holiness; at length comes that test which remaineth unto the people of God!

"After the fever of life, after weariness and sickness, fightings and despondings, languor and fretfulness, struggling and succeeding; after all the changes and chances of this troubled, unhealthy state,—at length comes death, at length the white throne of God, at length the Beatific Vision."

Thus gifted was this strange man, whose eyes beheld things unseen and invested them with an awful reality; who could plummet the depths of men's hearts and search out their hidden places; who could be so coldly pitiless and so infinitely tender.

[V]

Insight such as Newman's is, of course, impossible without imagination. But in the instances which I have just given, typical and brilliant though they are, his imagination did not reach its highest achievement. He had imposed restraints upon it, permitting it to sustain his insight when it searched the hearts and minds of men, but never daring to set it free to take its flight across the frontiers of life or look upon the countenance of the Divine. But there were times, all too rare, when he allowed it to soar as he was later to do in *The Dream of Gerontius* and once (and to what a height!) when it winged its way even to Gethsemane itself and gazed upon Divine agony in the hour of its desolation.

"There knelt the Saviour of the world, putting off the

defences of His divinity, dismissing His reluctant Angels, who in myriads were ready at His call, and opening His arms, bearing His breast, sinless as He was, to the assault of His foe,—of a foe whose breath was a pestilence, and whose embrace was an agony. There He knelt, motionless and still, while the vile and horrible fiend clad His spirit in a robe steeped in all that is hateful and heinous in human crime, which clung close around His heart, and filled His conscience, and found its way into every sense and pore of His mind, and spread over Him a moral leprosy, till He almost felt Himself to be that which He never could be, and which His foe would fain have made Him. Oh, the horror, when He looked, and did not know Himself, and felt as a foul and loathsome sinner, from His vivid perception of that mass of corruption which poured over His head and ran down even to the skirts of His garments! Oh, the distraction, when He found His eyes, and hands, and feet, and lips, and heart, as if the members of the Evil One, and not of God! Are these the hands of the Immaculate Lamb of God, once innocent, but now red with ten thousand barbarous deeds of blood? Are these His lips, not uttering prayer, and praise, and holy blessings, but as if defiled with oaths, and blasphemies, and doctrines of devils? Or His eyes, profaned as they are by all the evil visions and idolatrous fascinations for which men have abandoned their adorable Creator? And His ears, they ring with sounds of revelry and of strife; and His heart is frozen with avarice, and cruelty, and unbelief; and His very memory is laden with every sin which has been committed since the fall, in all regions of the earth. . . . Of the living and of the dead and of the as yet unborn, of the lost and of the saved, of Thy people and of strangers, of sinners and of saints, all sins are there. . . . It is the long history of a world, and God alone can

bear the load of it. Hopes are blighted, vows are broken, lights quenched, warnings scorned, opportunities lost; the innocent betrayed, the young hardened, the penitent relapsing, the just overcome, the aged failing; the sophistry of misbelief, the wilfulness of passion, the obduracy of pride, the tyranny of habit, the canker of remorse, the wasting fever of care, the anguish of shame, the pining of disappointment, the sickness of despair; such cruel, such pitiable spectacles, such heartrending, revolting, detestable, maddening scenes; nay, the haggard faces, the convulsed lips, the flushed cheek, the dark brow of the willing slaves of evil, they are all before Him now; they are upon Him and in Him. They are with Him instead of that ineffable peace which has inhabited His soul since the moment of His conception. They are upon Him, they are all but His own; He cries to His Father as if He were the criminal, not the victim; His agony takes the form of guilt and compunction. He is doing penance, He is making confession, He is exercising contrition, with a reality and a virtue infinitely greater than that of all saints and penitents together; for He is the One Victim for us all, the sole Satisfaction, the real Penitent, all but the real sinner."

You do not behold here the white and blood-stained Figure of Sacrifice, but you look as it were into the very mind of the Divine One and His anguish becomes yours. Your imagination falters, your heart grows sick, your very being is stabbed as with an exquisite agony. . . . You have known something of the terror and the pity of the world's Great Tragedy.

It is in such passages as this that Newman's imagination outsoars Donne's and even Jeremy Taylor's, and if Newman falls short of the Eagle of Meaux in sweeping magnificence he surpasses him in delicacy of vision, in perfection of touch, and in passionate intensity.

[VI]

There is another side of Newman's imagination which is so rare and delicate that it would be unjust to pass it by. We have seen him trying to realize for us in words things of the mind and the spirit, things that are so subtle and unusual and elusive that only men endowed with spiritual insight may sense them and only a master of words can express them adequately. It is so easy, so fatally easy, to ruin an effect by a word whose connotation is not delicate enough or poetic enough or which overstresses by a shade the suggestion it seeks to convey. In two instances he has done the almost impossible: he has not sought to *realize* the unseen in words but to *suggest* it merely, as something too tenuous, too elusive, too gossamerlike to sustain the weight of any language but that of the most delicate implication. One instance is that exquisite passage on the death of the Blessed Virgin in "The Fitness of the Glories of Mary"; the other, and more exquisite, example occurred years before, when Newman was only in his thirties. And here it was that he reached the zenith of this strange power. He was to approach it in *Gerontius*, but even in *Gerontius* his witchery never equalled this passage where his insight became supersensuous vision and his words seemed as if to *distill* their meaning. He is on one of his favorite subjects, the reality of the unseen world, which is in and around our own, enveloping it and penetrating it and pressing in upon it on every side. He goes on: "A veil is spread between this world and the next. We, mortal men, range up and down in it, to and fro, and see nothing. . . . In the Gospel this veil is not removed; it remains; but every now and then marvellous disclosures are made to us of what is behind it." And now:

"At times we seem to catch a glimpse of a Form which we shall hereafter see face to face. We approach,

and in spite of the darkness, our hands, or our head, or our brow, or our lips become, as it were, sensible of the contact of something more than earthly. We know not where we are, but we have been bathing in water, and a voice tells us that it is blood. Or we have a mark signed upon our foreheads, and it spake of Calvary. Or we recollect a hand laid upon our heads, and surely it had the print of nails in it, and resembled His who with a touch gave sight to the blind and raised the dead. Or we have been eating and drinking; and it was not a dream surely, that One fed us from His wounded side, and renewed our nature by the heavenly meat He gave."

Notice how at first, for the vivid moment when the veil is drawn aside, it seems to be a reality which we behold; but it swiftly pales again, melting away as the veil falls and leaving us only a faint memory as of a dream.

Surely the hand of the enchanter is here, moulding words with an exquisite touch till they seem to bear the impress of things beyond our ken. Only one other man in the nineteenth century could have written (I shall not say *that* passage, because Newman alone could do it, but) anything as delicately tenuous, as elusive, as remotely in that shadow-land where our senses falter and fail, as that. Who but Hawthorne, in the ardor of transcendent faith, could have invested words with such delicate implications, wooed them into yielding connotations beyond their seeming power, and enriched them with an emotional magic akin to that of music itself?

[VII]

Whether in pulpit or forum the spoken word depends for its immediate effect, as we all know, on the personality or magnetism (call it what you will) of the speaker. He must be a part of it, if he is to deserve the name of

orator at all, and his living voice with its cadences, now lowered in pathos, now lifted up in passion, has an immeasurable power all its own. But when the voice is silent, perhaps for a day, perhaps for long years, what then? Do the speeches or the sermons still have power to stir us, do they touch our emotions, and by some enchantment awaken them as they awakened those of men long gone? Do we feel shame or indignation or fear or penitence; are our hearts stirred or do the tears well up in our eyes? Who reads today a speech of Chatham or Fox or Henry Clay or Gladstone? Their personal magnetism held their audiences spellbound, but now that nothing remains but the printed page, the words that once glowed with fire are cold and the rounded periods repellently artificial.

Burke, with his poor voice and long-windedness, could not arouse and hold an audience, but Sheridan could. As good a judge as Byron called Sheridan's speech against Warren Hastings the finest in the language; but who reads it now? The speeches of Burke, which would have bored us to listen to, are among the classics of English. Perhaps there is about them too much of the heightened rhetoric and stately rhythm of spoken eloquence, but the passion of the man has survived in the printed page, in language that still glows with his fervor, stirs the imagination, and is beautiful with the beauty of a great style. Only when it possesses such power as this has the spoken word, no matter what the time or place or tongue, been granted a reprieve from oblivion.

We have ample testimony of Bossuet's powers in the pulpit and his sermons have survived among the classics of French literature for reasons similar to those which, in the field of political thought, have kept Burke from the dust of bookshelves. The most enthusiastic devotee of Newman cannot claim for his sermons as he gave them

the vigor and magnificence of Bossuet. It was never intended that the dove should challenge the eagle. But Newman's voice, like that of Bossuet, is hushed forever while his many volumes of sermons remain. Will they survive as Bossuet has survived or have they the qualities against which the tooth of time shall be unavailing? One might, of course, ask this question of all his works, of all the works, indeed, of all writers. But of the spoken word the question seems peculiarly pertinent, since so little remains from any age with power still to stir those who now may only *read* what once stirred those who heard it.

As one bearing witness to things unseen Newman's task was a difficult one. He must bring truths within his hearers' ken which only the eyes of faith can behold; he must talk in terms of the matter-of-fact world we live in about the spiritual realities of a world we cannot see, and bring home to our comprehension those actualities which are invisible, but eternal. The rhetoricians would say that he had to illustrate the abstract by the concrete. Which is another way of saying that he had to possess the resources of the poet. He was equal to the task; he made analogy his ally and he gave it a range of beauty and delicacy of suggestion which haunt the memory as do the "inevitable" figures of speech of the great poets.

In his sermon called "The Invisible World" Newman summons analogy constantly to his aid and suggests, as his custom is, relations with ordinary—I had almost said *commonplace*—things and typical experiences. All about us, he says, the vastness and mystery of the world; how little we know of it; how meager is our knowledge even of the animals on every side of us who are a part of it!

"Can any thing be more marvellous or startling, unless we were used to it, than that we should have a race of

beings about us whom we do but see, and as little know their state, or can describe their interests, or their destiny, as we can tell of the inhabitants of the sun and moon? It is indeed a very overpowering thought, when we get to fix our minds on it, that we familiarly use, I may say hold intercourse with, creatures who are as much strangers to us, as mysterious, as if they were the fabulous, unearthly beings, more powerful than man, and yet his slaves, which Eastern superstitions have invented. They have apparently passions, habits, and a certain accountableness, but all is mystery about them. We do not know whether they can sin or not, whether they are under punishment, whether they are to live after this life. Is it not plain to our senses that there is a world inferior to us in the scale of beings, with which we are connected without understanding what it is? And is it difficult to faith to admit the word of Scripture concerning our connection with a world superior to us?"

How homely this figure is, but how telling: Simon, the Pharisee, is giving a feast and in pomp and pride beholds the dishonored Magdalen enter to his guests. Clad in his complacent righteousness he "suffered her to come, so that she touched not him; let her come as we might suffer inferior animals to enter our apartments, without caring for them."

He is not always content with homeliness in his figures, but now and then lets his imagination have freer rein. He is speaking of the visitations of God,—how silent, sudden, unforeseen they are, whether in the deliverance of His people or in the destruction of His enemies:

"His operation has been calm, equable, gradual, far-spreading, overtaking, intimate, irresistible. What is so awfully silent, so mighty, so inevitable, so encompassing, as a flood of water? Fire alarms from the first: we see it and we scent it; there is a crashing and downfall, smoke and flame; it makes an inroad here and there; it

is uncertain and wayward;—but a flood is the reverse of all this. It gives no tokens of its coming; it lets men sleep through the night, and they wake and find themselves hopelessly besieged; prompt, secret, successful, and equable, it preserves one level; it is everywhere; there is no refuge. And it makes its way to the foundations; towers and palaces rear themselves as usual; they have lost nothing of their perfection, and give no sign of danger, till at length suddenly they totter and fall. And here and there it is the same, as if by some secret understanding; for by one and the same agency the mighty movement goes on here and there and everywhere, and all things seem to act in concert with it, and to conspire together for their own ruin. And in the end they are utterly removed, and perish from off the face of the earth. Fire, which threatens more fiercely, leaves behind it relics and monuments of its agency; but water buries as well as destroys; it wipes off the memorial of its victims from the earth; it covers the chariot and the horsemen, and all the host of Pharaoh, and sweeps them away; ‘the waters overwhelm them, there is not one of them left.’”

Thus one might go on indefinitely, citing instances, each different, each pregnant with poetry, each (such was Newman’s passion for lucidity) a very lamp unto the feet of them that tread with him the narrow ways of peace. There is one more example, however, that it is hard to resist quoting, though it is among the best-known passages of Newman’s sermons. Newman loved music and it was but natural that he should find in it a beautiful analogy, unsurpassed of its kind since St. Augustine, in which, as Hutton says so well, “he dwells upon the wonders of musical expression, as suggesting that, in spite of its limitations, human nature contains within itself elements capable of expansion into infinite and eternal meanings.” Says Newman:

"There are seven notes in the scale; make them fourteen; yet what a slender outfit for so vast an enterprise! What science brings so much out of so little? Out of what poor elements does some great master in it create his new world! Shall we say that all this exuberant inventiveness is a mere ingenuity or trick of art, like some game or fashion of the day, without reality, without meaning? We may do so; and then, perhaps, we shall also account the science of theology to be a matter of words; yet, as there is a divinity in the theology of the Church, which those feel who cannot communicate, so is there also in the wonderful creation of sublimity and beauty of which I am speaking. To many men the very names which the science employs are utterly incomprehensible. To speak of an idea or a subject seems to be fanciful or trifling, to speak of the views which it opens upon us to be childish extravagance; yet it is possible that that inexhaustible evolution and disposition of notes, so rich yet so simple, so intricate yet so regulated, so various yet so majestic, should be a mere sound, which is gone and perishes. Can it be that those mysterious stirrings of heart, and keen emotions, and strange yearnings after we know not what, and awful impressions from we know not whence, should be wrought in us by what is unsubstantial, and comes and goes, and begins and ends in itself? It is not so; it cannot be. No, they have escaped from some higher sphere; they are the outpourings of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound; they are echoes from our Home; they are the voice of Angels, or the Magnificat of Saints, or the living laws of Divine Governance; or the Divine Attributes; something are they besides themselves, which we cannot compass, which we cannot utter,—though mortal man, and he perhaps not otherwise distinguished above his fellows, has the gift of eliciting them."

It would be unfair to imply that Newman's figures ceased with analogy. There are similes, beautiful ones; vision (the one which brings "The Second Spring" to its climax is unforgettable); metaphors (the titles of many of his finest sermons are metaphors), and many another. Here is a metaphor, striking in its boldness, and too brief to require an apology: Who, asks Newman, shall question the powers of Omnipotence? Verily:

"He who could walk the waters could also ride triumphantly upon what is still more fickle, unstable, tumultuous, treacherous—the billows of human wills, human purposes, human hearts."

[VIII]

Newman the preacher, like Newman the writer, in whatever field, had command of an almost flawless style. And a beautiful style we know is the preserving amber of great thoughts and noble emotions. It is his, and his alone, in these twelve volumes of sermons, simple in diction, sinuous, graceful, exquisitely cadenced, but it undergoes certain significant changes which it is interesting to note.

Newman's sermons fall into three divisions. The eight volumes of *Parochial and Plain Sermons* were preached between the years 1836 and 1841 and the woof of them is the golden thread of scriptural phrasing and quotations. Their ardor is concealed by a calm style of the utmost simplicity, almost too coldly chaste, which at times glows with a living warmth when reticence is cast aside and Newman yields himself up to his imagination or to spiritual passion.

The second group of sermons comprises *Sermons on Subjects of the Day* and *Oxford University Sermons*. The latter volume is made up of fifteen discourses delivered at various times between 1826 and 1843. They

gain unity from their basic theme which is the interrelation of faith and reason and they were written primarily for a University audience. They are closely knit, show Newman rather as academician and theologian than as priest and preacher, and make appeal, more than any other sermons he ever wrote, to the head rather than to the heart. Here his La Bruyère-like portraits are most subtle and most numerous; here are obvious foreshadowings of what was later to be the *Grammar of Assent*; here is that sermon on the *Development of Christian Doctrine* which was soon to expand into a celebrated but never finished volume. But when all is said, these *Oxford University Sermons* may be classed with the eight volumes of *Parochial and Plain Sermons*, for it is the same reserved though ardent Newman who speaks through them and whose heart and imagination even when most repressed make them thrill with life.

The volume called *Sermons on Subjects of the Day* is made up of twenty-six sermons, one written as early as 1831, and all but four of the others between 1840 and Newman's final farewell to St. Mary's in September, 1843. The style is still interwoven with biblical phrasing, is still chaste, and wrought with a fine simplicity; but the sentence structure begins to show signs of that opulence of accumulation and parallelism and even of varied cadence which were to become definite hall marks of his prose. Many of the sermons in this volume were preached during the two final years of the period when Newman was on his "Anglican deathbed," and his own spiritual suffering suggested more than one of the subjects, just as it accounts for certain aspects of their treatment. Indeed, Newman illustrates with a kind of pathetic adequacy his own belief that style is the reflex of the writer; for the uncertainty of those unhappy days of doubt and searching of heart is unmistakably reflected in the deeper qualities of its style. The tears of things,

never far from his thoughts, were then always with him and found voice in passages that made the eyes of his hearers dim and even now stir us with their haunting pathos. Here is the close of "Wisdom and Innocence," the sermon which Canon Kingsley was to seize on after twenty years and use to notorious purpose:

"May He, as of old, choose 'the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty!' May He support us all the day long, till the shades lengthen, and the evening comes, and the busy world is hushed, and the fever of life is over, and our work is done! Then in His mercy may He give us a safe lodging, and a holy rest, and peace at the last!"

It was in his last sermon, "The Parting of Friends," when he felt he could no longer retain the pulpit of St. Mary's, that the pathetic passion and the pathetic tenderness of the man (for it was the *man* no less than the *preacher* who spoke) reached a climax which he never attained before and never surpassed (perhaps never equalled) again. The pathetic passion was in his beautiful lament, its very texture woven of biblical imagery and diction, in which he bade farewell to Oxford and to the Church of England.¹ The pathetic tenderness was in his last word to his flock in that same valedictory sermon:

"O my brethren, O kind and affectionate hearts, O loving friends, should you know anyone whose lot it has been, by writing or by word of mouth, in some degree to help you thus to act; if he has ever told you what you knew about yourself, or what you did not know; has read to you your wants or feelings, and comforted you by the very reading; has made you feel that there was a higher life than this daily one, and a brighter world than that you see; or encouraged you, or sobered you,

¹ Quoted on p. 301.

or opened a way to the inquiring, or soothed the perplexed; if what he has said or done has ever made you take interest in him, and feel well inclined toward him; remember such a one in time to come though you hear him not, and pray for him, that in all things he may know God's will, and at all times he may be ready to fulfill it."

In the third division of Newman's sermons belong those written after he had become a Catholic, *To Mixed Congregations*, and *On Various Occasions*. It has been well said that Newman's titles are unfortunate. They suggest so little the rich stores they hold and threaten rather to repel than attract the reader. From the commonplace titles of these two volumes one would never suspect that like Portia's leaden casket they contain jewels of rich beauty. In the one we have "Divine Calls and Warnings," "The Mental Sufferings of Our Lord," and "Purity and Love"; in the other, "Christ Upon the Waters," "The Mission of St. Philip" and the "Second Spring"; and the entire range of English sermons, regarded as literature, cannot disclose their equal. They need neither the silver tones nor the subtle magnetism of the speaker; they abide by virtue of their imaginative appeal and their perfect style.

The earlier of the two volumes, *Discourses to Mixed Congregations*, appeared in 1849; the second, *Sermons on Various Occasions*, in 1857. The sermons in the former were preached during the first few years of Newman's Catholic ministry (his "honeymoon" years, as they have been called), while most of the latter were delivered in the chapel of the Catholic University in Dublin; and to these, three others were added in later editions, one of them, the last in point of time, that which he pronounced in 1873 at the funeral of the great lawyer and his dear friend, James Hope-Scott.

These two collections show a distinctive difference

between that Newman who spoke from the pulpit of St. Mary's and that other Newman, who had become the disciple of St. Philip. Forced no longer to reconcile things seemingly irreconcilable, no longer the prey of contending emotions, Newman showed in his two final volumes of sermons a maturity, a vigor, and a self-confidence which brought out all the more distinctly the fourfold phases of his power. His personality, though losing none of its persuasiveness, gained something in dominance if not in subtlety; his psychological insight appeared at its keenest in "Divine Calls and Warnings"; the most sustained flight of his imagination is found in "The Mental Sufferings of Our Lord"; the triumph of his rhythmic prose in "The Second Spring."

These two volumes must not be confused. As a matter of fact they represent distinctive stages of Newman's development as a writer. The earlier one shows an ardor, one might almost say a passion, an imaginative fervor, a colorful quality in the style and at times an almost conscious rhetoric which remind us that Newman had but lately completed his seminary studies among Italian surroundings. In his later volume there is a certain return to his Anglican reserve. He is no longer Newman, the new convert, the ardor of whose spiritual joy glows with a southern warmth; but he is Newman back once more in an English atmosphere, grown accustomed to Catholicism, and held in leash by that self-repression which marked him as fundamentally neither Attic nor Hebraic, but English.

The style of *Sermons on Various Occasions* is substantially Newman's final style, which he had reached with *Anglican Difficulties* in 1850 and whose qualities, except for such concessions as the needs of occasion required, persisted in all his subsequent writings.

One passage, justly celebrated, from *Sermons on Various Occasions*, will serve to show how perfect this prose

was at its best. Newman is speaking of the conversion of England from paganism, whose idols crumbled and whose mummeries flitted away.

"The fair form of Christianity rose up and grew and expanded like a beautiful pageant from north to south; it was majestic, it was solemn, it was bright, it was beautiful and pleasant, it was soothing to the griefs, it was indulgent to the hopes of man; it was at once a teaching and a worship; it had a dogma, a mystery, a ritual of its own; it had a hierarchical form. A brotherhood of holy pastors, with miter and crosier and uplifted hand, walked forth and blessed and ruled a joyful people. The crucifix headed the procession, and simple monks were there with hearts in prayer, and sweet chants resounded, and the holy Latin tongue was heard, and boys came forth in white, swinging censers, and the fragrant cloud arose, and Mass was sung, and the saints were invoked; and day after day, and in the still night, and over the woody hills and in the quiet plains, as constantly as sun and moon and stars go forth in heaven, so regular and solemn was the stately march of blessed services on earth, high festival, and gorgeous procession, and soothing dirge, and passing bell, and the familiar evening call to prayer; till he who recollected the old pagan time, would think it all unreal that he beheld and heard, and would conclude he did but see a vision, so marvellously was heaven let down upon earth, so triumphantly were chased away the fiends of darkness to their prison below."¹

In all Newman's sermons, whether as Anglican or as Catholic, there runs like a thread of gold the unity of his conviction of the unseen realities, of the ever present "face to face with God," and of the need of that living faith which alone can move mountains. So, too, there is unity in his style which is always his and his alone

¹ From "Christ Upon the Waters" preached Oct. 27, 1850.

though it be Doric in the *Parochial Sermons*, Corinthian in *Mixed Congregations*, and Ionic in the *Discourses on Various Occasions*. Which of these phases of it is the most perfect remains, despite the critics, a question not of judgment but of individual taste. Which is most truly representative of the real Newman may not be so difficult to determine. But, certain it is, at all events, that in those qualities which are more abiding than the moment, Newman lives equally in all three,

III

NEWMAN AS NOVELIST

CARDINAL NEWMAN wrote two novels, *Loss and Gain*, published in 1848, and *Callista*, a sketch of the third century, published in 1855. These stories were by-plays of genius, done *en passant* by a man who was a preacher, a controversialist, a poet, an historian, and a theologian before he was a novelist. Neither tale was a spontaneous expression of a talent for story writing, but each was evoked, as were virtually all his works, by a more or less pressing sense of obligation. In the advertisement to the sixth edition of *Loss and Gain* he says that as an aftermath of the Oxford Movement a story had been published directed against "Oxford converts to the Catholic Faith," so "wantonly and preposterously fanciful" as to be unjust. And he adds:

"The suitable answer lay rather in the publication of a second tale; drawn up with a stricter regard to truth and probability, and with at least some personal knowledge of Oxford, and some perception of the various aspects of the religious phenomenon, which the work in question handled so rudely and so unskillfully."

In the advertisement to the first edition of *Callista* he says: "It (the story) is an attempt to imagine and express, from a Catholic point of view, the feeling and mutual relations of Christians and heathens at the period to which it belongs, and it has been undertaken as the nearest approach which the author could make to a more important work suggested to him from a high ecclesiastical quarter."

In fairness to Newman, then, one ought to study him as a novelist with the fact in mind that he made no pretence of turning out a finished story or of telling a tale purely for its own sake. In both novels Newman's chief interest was in the spiritual development of an individual.

[I]

Charles Reding, the only son of an Anglican clergyman, is sent to Oxford where his attendance at courses of lectures on Church subjects only serves to stir up difficulties which the lecturers and his own personal friends fail to allay. The difficulties grow; efforts to settle them only involve the boy more deeply in a tangle of contradictions. His anxieties increase, for some day, distant, it is true, but certain, he must either sign the Thirty-nine Articles, about whose truth and significance he cannot feel satisfied, or be denied his degree. His friends protest that he is conjuring up difficulties to no purpose; that if let alone they will settle themselves; that in two years' time, when he is to come up for his degree, he will see things differently. . . . Reding continues his studies with such peace of mind as he may only to receive the unexpected news of his father's death. At home for the last sad rites he forgets his religious perplexities in the pain of his bereavement.

In due time Charles returns to the University, the very air of which is fast becoming electric with religious controversy and in spite of himself his mind undergoes a steady evolution. Contrary interpretations of formulæ and creed evoke new difficulties and awaken old ones. . . . The time for taking his degree steadily approaches: how is he, in a maze of doubts, to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles? "I really cannot

understand them," he confides to his tutor, Carlton, "and their history makes matters worse." Carlton's efforts to settle Reding's difficulties are futile, but meanwhile the lad, in spite of his anxieties, studies hard for his final examinations.

But matters are unexpectedly brought to a head.

Word of Charles' doubts regarding the Articles has reached the ears of his Vice-Principal, the Rev. Joshua Jennings, who summons him to his room, questions him on justification and the invocation of saints, and in disgust at what he regards as the heterodox tone of the boy's answers, sends him summarily home. This exile, though unforeseen, is somehow endurable since it in no way prevents Charles from coming up for his examinations in due time. But as the days and weeks pass a whole train of religious perplexities besets him and he comes to realize that he cannot in conscience subscribe to the Articles. In his circle are three men from whom, without opening his heart to them, he seeks an answer to his problems, Willis, who has "gone over" to Rome, Bateman, a young Oxonian recently ordained, and Campbell, an Anglican clergyman, travelled, intelligent, and tactful. Reding is anxious to have his mind at peace and to remain in the Church of England. Bateman's efforts to help him are fruitless; Campbell's, though better directed, are equally without avail; while Willis, on the other hand, has an enthusiasm for Rome which is infectious.

Charles takes up his residence under the same roof with Campbell, and though for two years he reads the great English divines and apologists with his patient mentor he feels himself drifting, none the less, out of the established pale. At last his fears that he must in conscience give up the Anglican for the Catholic Church become certainties and his certainties get to be irresistible. He says farewell to his downcast mother

and the reluctant Campbell, sets out for Oxford, where he visits his favorite haunts for the last time, and then proceeds to London to be received into the Roman Catholic communion at the House of the Passionists. There the story ends.

Loss and Gain has no essential plot, except in the sense in which we may speak of a "plot" in the *Apologia*. It is the record of an individual's spiritual evolution wherein the purely human element as an influence is negligible. Nobody influences Reding; he might have referred his difficulties, not to Bateman, or Carlton, or Campbell, or Willis, but to the pages of Butler or of Hooker. There is no struggle of will against will; there is no passion and little sentiment. The dialogue serves merely as a medium for threshing out religious problems and is as far divorced from the essential demands of a novel as a dialogue of Plato. It serves to express what might be called the "static" views of the various speakers, without in any sense disclosing a transition of purpose or belief actually going on. The book gives us some few details of Oxford life and customs, of Charles Reding's daily doings, and a glimpse or two of Reding family life. In these respects only is it more nearly a novel than the *Apologia*. *Loss and Gain* has not the ardor which makes many a page of the latter book glow with subdued emotion, nor that intensity which a great soul betrays when pleading against the injustice of being misunderstood. And yet the stories are essentially the same and Reding is Newman himself. Indeed had *Loss and Gain* not been written before the *Apologia*, it would never have been written at all; for *Loss and Gain* after the *Apologia* would have been an anticlimax, the aim for which it was written having already been accomplished.

In the long run Reding is in no sense influenced by either his friends or his family except as Newman

was influenced against any ill-considered decision. His chief business in life concerns the relationship between himself and God. We read: "Charles' characteristic, perhaps above anything else, was an habitual sense of the Divine Presence; a sense which . . . was the pillar of the cloud before him and guiding him. He felt himself to be God's creature and responsible to Him—God's possession, not his own." Substitute Newman for Reding and you might think yourself in the midst of the *Apologia*. Here was an idea so fundamental and so potent in all its bearings, that it set John Henry Newman apart from most men not merely of his own time but of all times. And this same idea by its very possession stamps Charles Reding as the *alter ego* of Newman himself. Many a man has followed out his convictions to a difficult goal and made his great renunciation, but how few have come, almost from infancy, to so perfect a realization of that Other Being?

With this as a starting point it is not hard to understand that Reding like Newman was essentially a solitary. "Wherever I go," says Reding to his sister, "whomever I talk with, I feel him to be another sort of person from what I am." There is a familiar echo here which we can trace to a self-revealing moment in Newman's letters. When the Tractarian finally abandoned Littlemore (and the *via media* forever) it was with such an almost feminine display of emotion as Charles in his last farewell to Oxford: "He crossed to the meadow and walked steadily down to the junction of the Cherwell with the Isis; he then turned back. What thoughts came upon him! for the last time! There was no one to see him; he threw his arms round the willows so dear to him and kissed them; he tore off some of their black leaves and put them in his bosom."

There are other points of likeness, too many in fact to take up in detail. Both Reding and his prototype

inclined to celibacy from youth; both hoped eagerly but vainly that the sorrow they experienced on the death of a dear friend might yield as by a revelation a way out of their perplexities; both, disappointed, spent two soul-searching years before taking the final step, studying, inquiring, and pondering.

The points of similarity (I had almost said "identity") are not confined to essential things, but are sometimes humorously exact. Both Newman and Reding are impatient of "party men," a fact which offers an amusing sidelight on Newman who had been regarded as just that by a large section of the British public; both failed to take first honors in their University examinations; the reasons for their failure were substantially the same; and both accepted their disappointment with manly acquiescence. Newman did not stop here but pushed the similarities so far as to make Reding express a love of Gregorian music and a detestation of "mere talkers." Finally, the "Father Dominic," a Passionist born in Italy, who received Reding into the Church, was the same even to the name and antecedents, as he at whose feet Newman himself made his submission one stormy October night at Littlemore.

Not the least interesting pages of the book to us of today are those which touch upon the Tractarian Movement. Pusey is several times referred to by name and once there is a veiled but unmistakable reference to Newman himself. White, one of the characters, has been to hear "him," as most men have, and (it is comforting to find proof that Newman had a sense of humor) thinks him "very injudicious or worse." . . . Sheffield is confiding to Reding, on his return from vacation, the current gossip of the University: "The report," he says, "is that some of the men have turned Romans. . . . The Dons have met several times; and several tutors are to be discommoded and their names

stuck up against the buttery door." One can imagine Newman smiling as he wrote those words, perhaps a little bitterly, for a like degradation which he had himself suffered for Tract XC was comparatively fresh in his mind.

[II]

Callista was begun in 1848 soon after the completion of *Loss and Gain*. It was laid aside, resumed in 1855, and published that same year.¹

Callista is a beautiful pagan Greek who lives at Sicca in northern Africa with her brother Aristo whom she aids in modelling statues and idols. Agellius, a Christian who owns a small farm outside the city, is in love with her and eager that she may become converted and marry him. His uncle Jucundus approves the plan of marriage, but not that of the girl's conversion. He prefers that she remain outside the pale, for then she may win Agellius away from a religion to which "only fools and slaves belong" and which has fallen under the ban of the imperial government at Rome. Agellius seeks out *Callista* whose brother, for mercenary motives, favors the match, and declares his love only to be put to confusion on finding that *Callista* resents his attitude as lover and repels his offer of marriage. She has always believed him a superior being, she says, lifted up by his religion above the selfishness and passions of ordinary men and now she finds him commonplace enough, centering his highest interest far more in her, a mortal woman, than in his Master, Christ. . . . Taken by surprise, humbled, torn by a strange feeling as of remorse and humiliation, Agellius departs. The pitiless sun of midday overcomes him; and it is only

¹ *Callista* "was written as he (J. H. N.) informed us, chiefly with a pencil in railway carriages, during a continental tour." De Vere, *Reminiscences*, p. 272.

with painful difficulty that he finally reaches his cottage.

During the feverish illness which follows he is tended by a Christian priest whom he is at last to know as Cæcilius, the exiled Bishop of Carthage. Scarcely has he recovered, when the country is ravaged by locusts, and during the days of starvation and pestilence which follow, the ignorant populace lay the blame for these visitations upon the Magistrates who have neglected to carry out the recent imperial edicts against the Christians. "Christianos ad leones" is the cry raised on all sides, and the mob, once assembled and flinging all restraint aside, is determined to do pillage and murder. Agellius is singled out for destruction and the mob sweeps on toward his dwelling.

Meanwhile Callista has taken alarm and, bethinking her of her admirer, Agellius, sets out for his cottage to give him warning. But Agellius is not there; his wily old uncle Jucundus has guessed the mob's purpose and spirited him away. But in his place Callista finds Cæcilius, who, undaunted by the swiftly approaching menace of death, stops to plead with the beautiful Greek girl against accepting the mockery of paganism. She does not believe in the gods, she replies; she knows not what to believe. "Put your faith in the Christian God," he urges. . . . A moment more and the mob has surrounded the cottage, and laid hands on Cæcilius; and with howls of glee at his capture starts for the town. But Juba, the pagan brother of Agellius, moved by a sudden impulse of pity, sets the captive free, under cover of the tumult and darkness. . . . Meanwhile Callista by some mistake has been arrested as a Christian and flung into prison. Prompt efforts are made to set her free, but the petty conflicts between civil and military authority make them unavailing. At last matters are arranged: to satisfy any lurking suspicion of

Christianity she has merely to offer incense to the gods and she is free. But a strange difficulty arises; Callista refuses to sacrifice. She is not a Christian, but in the gods of Greece and Rome she has faith no longer. Her brother is struck with consternation; her friends are dumb with surprise.

Meanwhile, in her wretched cell, denied the wide air and blue sky and fragrance of flowers, Callista revolves many things in her mind. What actually does she believe? Is she a Christian? Polemo, favorite philosopher of the day, social pet, idol of the hour, visits her, bent on resolving her poor scruples. But "It is hopeless," he confesses, "she is too far gone." . . . In Callista's bosom is hidden a parchment which Cæcilius has given her and now as she reads it in her loneliness, she finds unrolled before her eyes the story of the world's Great Martyrdom. She becomes convinced of the truth of Christianity and is baptized by Cæcilius who succeeds in getting entrance to her cell. The news of Callista's conversion spreads rapidly. Her brother abandons her; the efforts of her friends to effect her release are rendered unavailing; a plot in her favor is thwarted. She is tried, put to the torture, and executed. Agellius, torn with grief at her untimely end but finding consolation in her conversion, recovers the body and yields it burial.

Here we have a story which is a vastly better thing than *Loss and Gain*. The characters are more distinctly drawn; the dialogue is more suitable to the individual characters; the descriptions are more graphic; the study of motive and development in Callista is more subtle than in Charles Reding.

There is no character drawing in *Loss and Gain* that approaches Juba, and more especially Jucundus. The old image maker, fond of the good things of life, scornful of sensibilities and scruples, gruff, given to sudden

outbursts of temper, is none the less tender of heart and spares no pains to keep his nephew Agellius from paying the penalty of what he deems his religious folly. He even bends his energies to set the youth on the high road to worldly happiness. Let Agellius marry the lovely pagan girl Callista, says the hard-headed old fellow; she will drive religious nonsense out of his mind. Of course, there are pitfalls in matrimony, but one need not make the bond irrevocable. "Why should you commit yourself . . . forever, forever, to a girl you know so little of?" There is a certain kind of marriage which he will recommend. "It's the *matrimonium ex usu* or *consuetudine*; the great advantage here is that you have no ceremonies whatever, nothing which can startle your sensitive mind. In that case a couple are at length man and wife *praescriptione*. You are afraid of making a stir in Sicca; in this case you would make none. You would simply take her home here; if, as time went on, you got on well together it would be a marriage; if not"—and he shrugged his shoulders—"no harm is done; you are both free." Agellius indignantly refuses to listen to such a suggestion, whereupon the old gentleman marches homeward blazing up as we should expect: "Let Agellius go to the crows if he will; what is it to me if he is seized as a Christian, hung up like a dog or thrown like a dead rat into the cloaca of the prison? What care I if he is made a hyena's breakfast in the amphitheatre, all Sicca looking on, or if he is nailed on a cross for the birds to peck at before my door? Ungrateful puppy! It is no earthly concern of mine what becomes of him."

The characterization of Jucundus is brought out vividly through his speeches and soliloquies—an artistic resource which we look for almost in vain in the earlier novel. The dialogue in the scene where Agellius visits Callista to declare his love is skillfully handled and

shows us the real Agellius and the real Callista. The youth loves the beautiful girl and desires her conversion: the two feelings are interwoven in his heart. . . . He brings her an offering of flowers. They remind her of her former slave Chione, a Christian, who when dying beheld a crown of deathless flowers which she was to wear in Heaven. "Is this the reason why you give me flowers, Agellius, that I may rank with Chione? And is this their interpretation?" Here Newman is at his best; his style is exquisite, warm with the eloquence and ardor of the Greek girl herself.

But the delineation of Callista and the idealism in her soul which yearns for realization reaches its triumph when Newman traces her evolution from perplexity to peace, from darkness into light, from paganism to Christianity. "I know nothing in all fiction," says Hutton, "more delicate, more spiritual, more fascinating than the story of Callista's conversion and death."

Note how seemingly casual are the elements which play important parts in this drama of a soul. Her very arrest is a mistake: her rude captors hanging on the outskirts of the mob and thinking her a Christian can make nothing of her protests; to them Latin is an unknown tongue. Of course, she will be released without delay; the Tribune Calpurnius, a friend of her brother's, will see to it. But the civil authority is jealous of the military, and she is held over night for examination on the following morning. "The morning came, and she was had up. What passed did not transpire; but the issue was that she was remanded for a further hearing, and was told she might send to her brother and acquaint him where she was. He was allowed one interview with her and he came away almost out of his senses, saying she was bewitched, and fancied herself a Christian. What precisely she had said to him which gave this impression, he could hardly

say; but it was plain there must be something wrong or there would not be that public process and formal examination which was fixed for the third day afterwards."

Alone in her cell on the eve of this examination Newman pictures Callista as deep in thought, and no more masterly self-analysis has come from the pen of that master of self-analysis. "She might indeed have been able afterwards, on looking back, to say many things of herself; and she would have recognized that, while she was continually differing from herself, in that she was changing, yet it was not a change which involved contrariety, but one which expanded itself in (as it were) concentric circles, and only fulfilled, as time went on, the promise of its beginning. . . . Yet, had she been asked, at the time of which we speak, where was her principle and consistency, what was her logic, or whether she acted on reason, or on impulse, or on feeling, or in fancy, or in passion, she would have been reduced to silence. What did she know about herself, but that to her surprise, the more she thought over what she heard of Christianity, the more she was drawn to it, and the more it approved itself to her whole soul, and the more it seemed to respond to all her needs and aspirations, and the more intimate was her presentiment that it was true? The longer it remained on her mind as an object, the more it seemed (unlike the mythology or the philosophy of her country, or the political religion of Rome) to have an external reality and substance, which deprived objections to it of their power, and showed them to be at best but difficulties and perplexities. But then again, if she had been asked, what was Christianity, she would have been puzzled to give an answer. She would have been able to mention some particular truths which it taught, but neither to give their definite and distinct shape, nor to describe the mode in which

they were realized. . . . Religion could not be without hope. To worship a being who did not speak to us, recognize us, love us, was not religion. It might be a duty, it might be a merit; but her instinctive notion of religion was the soul's response to a God who had taken notice of the soul. It was loving intercourse, or it was a name. Now the three witnesses who had addressed her about Christianity had each of them made it to consist in the intimate Divine Presence in the heart. It was the friendship or mutual love of person with person. Here was the very teaching which already was demanded so urgently both by her reason and her heart, which she found nowhere else."

The hour comes when she is to appear before the Magistrates of Sicca. A strange agitation seizes her. Her brother approaches and flings his arms about her but she shrinks from his embraces. "My time is short," she says to him in agitation, "my time is short; I want some Christian, a Christian priest!" Her brother is amazed—then disgusted. . . . The trial begins. All eyes are upon her. "I am not a Christian," she says; "I told you so before. I have never been to a Christian place of worship, nor taken any Christian oath nor joined in any Christian sacrifice. And I should lie did I say that I was in any sense a Christian." Very well; the thing is easy; let her offer sacrifice. . . . Callista takes up the incense. "Suddenly she looked up to Heaven and started, and threw it away. 'I cannot! I dare not!' she cried out." Seemingly she is mad. The authorities commit her to prison again and await instructions from higher quarters. . . .

To Callista one day comes Polemo, smug and self-assured, but his philosophy offers nothing to the starved idealism of Callista's soul. Does Polemo believe in God, she asks? "'Certainly,' he answered; 'I believe in one eternal, self-existing something.' 'Well,' she said,

'I feel that God is in my heart.' " A moment later she cries passionately: "'O that I could find Him. . . . On the right hand and on the left I grope but touch Him not. Why dost Thou fight against me? Why dost Thou scare and perplex me, O First and Only Fair? I have Thee not, and I need Thee.'" . . . Polemo departs, washing his hands of the matter: "'Desert, if you will,' he cries, 'the majestic, bright, beneficent traditions of your forefathers, and live in this frightful superstition! Farewell!'"

Callista, left to herself again, is in a state of mind utterly forlorn. "She could safely say: 'I discard Jupiter'; she could not say, 'I am a Christian.'" Suddenly her brother enters and announces that she is free, though under one paltry condition: she need not sacrifice, but "must sign a writing to the effect that she has done so and there will be an end of the whole matter." Callista ponders. "'What is the difference,' she asks herself, 'between acknowledging a blasphemy by a signature or by incense?' She smiled sorrowfully at him, shook her head, and lay down again upon her rushes." This is too much for Aristo; he abandons her for good and betakes himself to Carthage.

And now the wily old Jucundus would fain help her, and Calpurnius, the tribune, who looks on her with the eyes of desire and thinks it a shame to stand by and see a girl done to death "'who sings like a Muse, dances like a Grace, and spouts verses like Minerva.'" He hits on a plan; "to march a guard into the prison shortly before Callista was brought out for execution, and then to make it believed that she had died under the horrors of the Barathrum. The corpse of another woman could without difficulty be found to be her representative, and she herself would be carried off to the camp." But all this time the Greek girl is pondering over a parchment which Cæcilius has given her. Nazareth and the

Mount, Gethsemane and Calvary stir her to the depths with their tremendous significance. At length: "Here was He who spoke to her in her conscience; whose Voice she heard, whose Person she was seeking for." Still she shrinks back; a feeling of self-abasement overwhelms her. But "by degrees, Callista came to walk by a new philosophy. . . . Life and death, action and suffering, fortune and abilities, all had now a new meaning and application. . . . She saw her being, her history, her present condition, her future, in a new light, which no one else could share with her. But the ruling sovereign thought of the whole was He, who exemplified all this wonderful philosophy in Himself."

Agellius, in the meantime, has not been idle, but has joined Cæcilius and told him of Callista's imprisonment on the charge of Christianity. The Bishop goes to her and she gives a cry of delight when she sees him. "'My father,' she says, 'I want to be a Christian.'" He questions her. Can she remain firm at the tribunal, even in the face of torture and a hideous death? Callista has made her choice not with haste but on deliberation; and without wavering, she answers, "'Never fear me, father.'" Cæcilius blesses her and departs.

The final trial comes. The accusation which was false at her arrest is true now. She is a Christian and glories in the name. . . . There follow the screams of the derisive mob, the loathsome dungeon, the anguish of the rack, and then the swift release of death.

It is not strange that Newman achieved so masterly a portrayal, for as in the *Apologia*, and as in *Loss and Gain*, he was depicting John Henry Newman. Callista's spirit is his spirit; her idealism is his idealism; her gropings for that which will give peace and satisfaction and contentment are essentially the experiences of Charles Reding and of Newman himself. In every essential the spiritual endowment of Callista is the

same as that of Newman: in her feeling of isolation, her craving for sympathy, her need of satisfying her longing for contentment in the vision of peace. Newman as a young Anglican at Oxford passing through a spiritual evolution is Charles Reding; Newman, essentially the solitary of soul, a third century pagan seeking for light and dowered with an almost feminine sensibility, is portrayed in the soul of Callista.

The portrayal of Agellius is not lacking in skill nor in its suggestions of Newman as Agellius' prototype. "He was lonely at home, lonely in the crowd. He needed the sympathy of his kind, hearts which might beat with his heart; friends with whom he might share his joys and griefs, advisers whom he might consult; minds like his own, who would understand him—minds like his own who would succor and respond to him." Again, "He had got a thousand questions which needed answers, a thousand feelings which needed sympathy. He wanted to know whether his guesses, his perplexities, his trials of mind, were peculiar to himself or how far they were shared by others, and what they were worth." You see these very thoughts flashing through Callista's mind in her prison; you hear them on her lips as she discusses her beliefs with Cæcilius in Agellius' cottage; you can read them in Newman's letters and in the *Apologia*.

Although Newman assigns to Agellius feelings and ideas peculiarly his own, he does not make him in any real sense a portrait of himself. There is something weak and undecided about Agellius which impresses the people he comes in contact with unfavorably. Juba sneers at him as a half-hearted Christian; Aristo thinks his "looks have little in them of a Christian left." Callista accuses him of speaking one word for his Master (Christ) and two for himself; Jucundus thinks him "weak and innocent." When Callista declines his love

he offers himself to Cæcilius as a servant but at the fair Greek's death his old desires return and he learns from his master's lips how long and steep is the ascent he must make "before he shall rise to the pitch of triumph," which is abnegation. Too negative, dreamy, undecided, he is goodness and aspiration without strong will.

[III]

There is almost no dramatic quality in Newman's novels and even the clash of will against will in any large sense is absent. We get no situation, where as Stevenson puts it, "Duty and Inclination come nobly to the grapple"; for with Reding and Callista duty is overmastering and the contrary force is not inclination but doubt as to the precise direction in which duty lay. One feels that Reding and Callista are bound to reach their goal, that they cannot fail to overcome doubts and perplexities, and that Callista's aspirations and Reding's difficulties will find at last the same solution as Newman's own. "Credo in Newmannum" is infectious in the case of these, Newman's other selves.

Of dramatic moments there are two, one where "a harsh and shrill sound, a whizzing and chirping" which suddenly proceeded from a low-hanging cloud, heralded the devastating visitation of locusts; the other where the aged Cæcilius at Agellius' cottage is interrupted in his discussion with Callista by "a hoarse sound, borne upon the wind as of many voices blended into one and softened by the distance." Callista knows its meaning. "Dear father," she says, "the enemy is upon you." It is unfortunate that Newman does not oftener key our interest up to so high a pitch as this.

Newman's artistic sins are not only of omission. He is continually breaking the thread of the narrative by

intrusions in his own person, a thing which only the greatest of English novelists could carry off and even he not always unchallenged.

Less frequent but even more objectionable are passages—at times chapters—that retard the progress of the narrative, but are so admirable in *Callista* as to deserve a place in Newman's *Historical Sketches*. In *Callista* it is the era not the place which concerns him, and in *Loss and Gain* no setting, not even the most meager, is given, although the temptation to depict "the city of the dreaming spires" would have been irresistible to any other writer.

So one might go on, lamenting the absence of realistic touches, the shadowy outline of so many of his characters, some of which in one chapter of *Loss and Gain* are merely numbered! Only the unimportant or ridiculous personages are described, and to all but a few even of them this grace is denied. Reverend Joshua Jennings, narrow, bigoted, and unsympathetic, "was a lean, pale person, with a large hooked nose and spectacles," and Mr. Batts, a religious monomaniac, "was a pasty-faced man of about thirty-five, who, when he spoke, arched his eyebrows and had a peculiar smile." Not until we have read ninety-six pages do we find a word about *Callista's* appearance and we have to peruse the entire volume to learn from scattered words here and there that she was "not yet eighteen," was "tall and graceful," had "auburn tresses," "expressive features," and "a sweet, thrilling voice." She seems to be given physical traits rather to explain her appeal to Agellius and Calpurnius than to make her more real to the eyes of the reader to whom Newman was content that she should be, just as she was to him, a mind first, and a body (if at all) afterwards.

The other characters fare little better. "Juba was a tall, swarthy-looking youth"; as to Agellius, "His eyes

and hair and the cast of his features spoke of Europe; his manner had something of shyness and reserve rather than of rusticity"; Jucundus is passed over entirely.

You would never recognize any of Newman's characters if you met them in the street. He knew them entirely as spiritual and in no sense as physical types, and you must know them if at all, as you know Newman himself in the *Apologia*, through his mind and through that alone.

"Newman could tell the story of his own life but hardly any other," says Barry, and that is why one feels his lack of power to achieve a characterization except where he is depicting, under whatever guise, that man whose every depth he had plummed—John Henry Newman. Even the bluster of Jucundus and the oaths of Calpurnius are not quite convincing and you feel behind them the presence of that Newman who adapted *Phormio* and *Eunuchus* for the schoolboys at Edgbaston.

But one cannot play *advocatus diaboli* to the end of the chapter. In spite of weaknesses, both *Loss and Gain* and *Callista* have excellences which justify their existence, though not their designation as novels in any real sense. There are few things in English literature which for vivid description equal the mob, smouldering with the lust of riot, in the public square of Sicca, or the invasion of the locusts, a passage so vividly realized and so unique in Newman's works as to tempt me to quote it.

"The swarm grew and grew till it became a compact body as much as a furlong square; yet it was but the vanguard of a series of similar hosts, formed one after another out of the hot mould or sand, rising into the air like clouds, enlarging into a dusty canopy and then discharged against the fruitful plain. At length the huge, innumerable mass was put into motion, and began

its career, darkening the face of day. . . . Thus they advanced, host after host, for a time wafted on the air, and gradually declining to the earth, while fresh broods were carried over the first, and neared the earth, after a long flight, in their turn. For twelve miles did they extend from front to rear and their whizzing and hissing could be heard for six miles on every side of them. The bright sun, though hidden by them, illumined their bodies, and was reflected from their quivering wings; and as they heavily fell earthward, they seemed like the innumerable flakes of a yellow colored snow. And like snow did they descend, a living carpet, or rather pall, upon fields, crops, gardens, copses, groves, orchards, vineyards, olive woods, orangeries, palm plantations, and the deep forests, sparing nothing within their reach, and where there was nothing to devour, lying helpless in drifts, or crawling forward obstinately, as they best might, with the hope of prey. . . . Their masses filled the bottoms of the ravines and hollow ways, impeding the traveller as he rode forward on his journey, and trampled by thousands under his horse's hoofs. . . . The poor peasants hastily dug pits and trenches as their enemy came on; in vain they filled them from the wells or with lighted stubble. Heavily and thickly did the locusts fall; they were lavish of their lives; they choked the flame and the water, which destroyed them the while, and the vast, living, hostile armament still moved on. . . . Before them . . . was a paradise, and behind them a desert. . . . Onward they go, to the market, to the temple sacrifices, to the bakers' stores, to the cookshops, to the confectioners, to the druggists; nothing comes amiss to them; wherever man has aught to eat or drink there they are, reckless of death, strong of appetite, certain of conquest." That description is too objective, too im-

personal to be typical. It is an admirable thing, none the less so because purely a *tour de force*.

Here is a glimpse of Oxford, typical because colored by a mood: "(Charles) passed through Bagley Wood, and the spires and towers of the University came on his view, hallowed by how many tender associations, lost to him for two whole years, suddenly recovered—recovered to be lost forever! There lay old Oxford before him, with its hills as gentle and its meadows as green as ever. At the first view of that beloved place he stood still with folded arms, unable to proceed. Each college, each church—he counted them by their pinnacles and turrets. The silver Isis, the grey willows, the far-reaching plains, the dark groves, the distant range of Shotover, the pleasant village where he had lived with Carlton and Sheffield—wood, water, stone, all so calm, so bright, they might have been his, but they were not."

Other things remain in one's memory long after these volumes are laid aside. There are the broadly farical irony of Mr. Gapp, "a perfect Niagara of words"; the cutting irony of the quip, "A tale must aim at condensation, 'but a bore acts in solution"; the powerfully realized scene of Juba's flight through the wood, reminding us of the great forty-second chapter of *Richard Feverel*; and Aristo's suicide which Thackeray would not have been ashamed to call his own.

Whatever Newman's defects as a novelist he had one striking gift which belongs only to the really great masters, psychological insight, and with it he united a rare skill, as delicate as Hawthorne's, of suggesting a shade of mood and feeling to a nicety. This is what makes the study of the girl Callista "unique for delicacy, spirituality, and fascination." Like Hawthorne he found the countless subtleties of men's moral life an alluring study, but he never overdoes an emotion nor

implies a mental state which our own experience cannot parallel or our own imagination divine.

Like every thinker who knows himself, Newman could infer those infinite changes of mood, interactions of motive, and depths of feeling which lie in every man far below the cognizance of his fellows. His inferences like his introspection grew continually more acute until, even as a young man in his early thirties, he seemed to be able to read the inner heart of the saint and the agnostic, the moral coward and the man of the world with equal eye. But when it came time to give to these types a fleshly "habitation and a name," to endow them with an objective existence quite divorced from himself, to body them forth into human, thinking, beings that had a dynamic not a static moral existence he was able to hold the mirror up only to John Henry Newman and show us himself, now as Charles Reding, now as Callista. So Byron was Childe Harold and Don Juan and Lara and Manfred, and so Wordsworth's personages in the *Excursion* were either Wordsworth or "the merest shadows of himself upon mist." In a word a novel in Newman's hands is not a "pocket stage," as Marion Crawford said it ought to be, but a clinic in the psychology of self. And it is as expressions of that fascinating personality which eluded numberless attempts at analysis, that *Callista* and *Loss and Gain* will remain of abiding interest.

IV

NEWMAN AS POET

IN 1868 a London publishing house issued a volume bearing the unpretentious title *Verses on Various Occasions* and containing a preface signed with the initials J. H. N. There was magic in those letters and the modest collection evoked an interest second only to that which might be awakened by a new publication of the Laureate. One of its pieces had already achieved an abiding place among the most notable hymns in the language, while another was destined to surprise its author by evoking undreamed of recognition from public and critics.

Of the poems in *Verses on Various Occasions* something more than half had already appeared in a volume called *Lyra Apostolica*, published in 1836, and made up of a series of poems contributed to the *British Magazine* by Newman and five of his intimate friends, Bowden, Hurrell Froude, Keble, Robert Wilberforce, and Isaac Williams, all of whom were in the forefront of the Oxford Movement. True to the intent of the authors these lyrics voice the sentiment and aspirations of the Movement, just as the *Tracts for the Times* expressed their interest in its theological and historical phases.

Of the almost two hundred poems which are comprised in *Verses on Various Occasions*, the first written when Newman was seventeen and the last nearly half a century later, some eighty-five were the result of the leisure and inspiration of the Mediterranean voyage,

and two, one written then and the other thirty-two years later, have won him fame and inspired gratitude among a multitude of men and women who never read a single page of his prose writings.

[I]

Newman prefaced the *Verses on Various Occasions* with a dedicatory letter which was not only charming and exceedingly modest but illuminating as well. He would never have published the volume at all, he confesses, had not some critics (entire strangers to him) found merit in several of his poems, quite to his surprise. He admits they may be unequal in merit but says he has no method of discriminating between the good and the bad, especially as all of them have associations of memory and personal feelings and besides were a pleasure to write.

It is difficult to be critical in the face of such engaging frankness, singularly rare as it is. But Newman himself has pointed the way and by following him we can arrive at certain (and, I trust, quite warrantable) conclusions. As a matter of fact, those poems do vary greatly in worth and probably only eight or ten have any qualities of lastingness.

It is part of the irony of things that Newman's critical sense for poetry, as he himself seems to imply, was defective. It is true that he praised the Greek tragedians and Horace and Shakespeare, as all the world does, but it is significant that he could see in Pope "a rival to Shakespeare, in copiousness and variety if not in genius," and his preference among contemporary poets was for Crabbe and Southey. In self-criticism he is unfailingly keen where his prose is concerned but as uncertain in poetry as the great Wordsworth himself, who never knew whether he had hit upon

fool's gold or that pure ore which Matthew Arnold quarried out of his works and gave us as the unalloyed residuum of his genius.

It is also part of the irony of things that Newman should find prose slavishly hard and verse extremely easy to write. He speaks in one of his letters (written, I think, in his sixties) of composing poems while he was shaving, and behind the humor of the remark was more than a grain of truth. He turned to verse as a literary relaxation from the relentless exactions of prose, and the facility with which verse "came" helped to blind him to its actual worth. Did it "write itself," was it the outpouring of authentic inspiration, a perfect thing, fully formed, needing only the privilege of birth? He could not say.

Two things, I suspect, conspired to save Newman from dissatisfaction with verse of inferior worth. First of all he probably thought of meter and rhyme as lending to poetry a certain "carrying power" which prose was obliged to seek in other and less obvious ways; and secondly, with his strong ethical prepossessions he found in the high intent of his poems and the purity of the spiritual emotions whose voice they were intrinsic qualities which were sufficient unto themselves, without the need of a more nearly perfect form. It is true that now and then a poem defective in "form" may endure because it expresses an emotion with so pure and deep a passion that it satisfies some craving of the human spirit as nothing else may. But it is a great truth of literature, as we all know, that the world's memory is too heavily laden, her exactions upon Perfection too severe, to recall for long any beauties but the highest of their kind. Even then how much that is good falls into oblivion—and how swiftly!

Critics are eternally trying to mortgage the future, to promise that generations yet unborn will read this

poem or that novel with delight, and they assure immortality today to works that tomorrow will be forgotten. "Where," inquired the cynical Villon, with a lift of the brow, "where are the snows of yester-year?"

[II]

Of Newman's sincerity of emotion there is, of course, no doubt. His lyrics breathe it as surely as the *Apologia* and there is in all of them, especially in those which were written on the Mediterranean voyage, an intensely personal note.

We constantly hear the voice of one who feels the weight of his own and the world's sins; who looks on England as a father upon the erring child of his bosom; who is striving to gain enough faith and courage to accomplish a national regeneration even while he feels himself an inadequate and unworthy instrument of Heaven. Again and again he refers to his unworthiness, quite in the tone of Herbert:

O Father, list a sinner's call!
Fain would I hide from man my fall—
But I must speak, or faint—
I cannot wear guilt's silent thrall;
Cleanse me, kind Saint!

His eyes are always turned toward that perfection which it is man's glory to strive for and, failing to attain it, he feels that his failure is due to unworthiness; thus in his mood of self-accusation he cries:

So now deflement dims life's memory-springs;
I cannot hear an early-cherish'd strain,
But first a joy, and then it brings a pain—
Fear, and self-hate, and vain remorseful stings:
Tears lull my grief to rest,
Not without hope, this breast
May one day lose its load, and youth yet bloom again.

Temptation assails him and he prays with a lyric passion not unlike St. Augustine's:

O Holy Lord, who with the Children Three
 Didst walk the piercing flame,
 Help, in those trial-hours, which, save to Thee,
 I dare not name;
 Nor let these quivering eyes and sickening heart
 Crumble to dust beneath the Tempter's dart.

There is a touch here that George Herbert would have envied.

Scriptural allusion and diction and the significance of scriptural incidents are always in his mind and as they serve the spiritual trend of his thoughts they make him forget the wealth of classical tradition in which the basin of the Mediterranean was so rich. Even at Ithaca it is Exodus and not the *Odyssey* that he thinks of, and he does not sing of the much-wandering Ulysses and his yearning for the sight of his rocky home, but of Moses whose heart hungered for the land of promise and the joys he was never to know. In passing Lisbon, it is true, Newman had recalled the great pagan figure in the *Isles of the Sirens*, but even here the "man of many woes" is Newman himself and there is an Hebraic sternness in his self-rebuke for the delight he could not but feel in music:

Cease, Stranger, cease those piercing notes,
 The craft of Siren choirs;
 Hush the seductive voice, that floats
 Upon the languid wires.

Music's ethereal fire was given
 Not to dissolve our clay,
 But draw Promethean beams from Heaven,
 And purge the dross away.

Weak self! With thee the mischief lies,
Those throbs a tale disclose;
Nor age nor trial has made wise
The Man of many woes.

How could he permit himself to think of any but spiritual things in whose thoughts already were presages of the "forward part" he was to "dare" on his return to England? Great things there were to perform, he hints, but woe to him who, like Uzzah, should lay "a rude, corrective hand" upon the Ark. It is upon the people in their smug complacency that the rude hand should be laid and Newman will not remain idle:

Now is the Autumn of the Tree of Life;
Its leaves are shed upon the unthankful earth,
Which lets them whirl, a prey to the winds' strife,
Heartless to store them for the months of dearth.
Men close the door, and dress the cheerful hearth,
Self-trusting still; and in his comely gear
Of precept and of rite, a household Baal rear.

But I will out amid the sleet, and view
Each shriveling stalk and silent-falling leaf.
Truth after truth, of choicest scent and hue,
Fades, and in fading stirs the Angels' grief,
Unanswered here; for she, once pattern chief
Of faith, my country, now gross-hearted grown,
Waits but to burn the stem before her idols' throne.

To Newman God is an ever present reality whom he sees in the ordinary experiences of every day. Even as he lies sleepless in his cabin during a long December night he thinks of His eyes that behold all things but never grow weary. He sees Him too in the commonest things and they are eloquent of His power and generosity; and, for all we may know, perhaps they are freighted with messages of warning from on high.

Science tells us much, but for all the claims of power made for her by her devotees, how marked are her limitations! What can she tell us of that strange world that dwells within us, the world of subconscious impressions? Can science interpret the sudden impulses which seize us in our waking hours, or fathom the dreams which visit us in sleep?

[III]

The best of Newman's poetry, all things considered, was that done during his Mediterranean voyage, the period we have just been considering. The scant number of his original poems after his return to England is not surprising when we remember the demands made upon him as virtual leader of the Tractarian Movement and the stormy era of misunderstanding, contumely, and doubt through which he had to pass during the four years following the collapse of the Movement in 1841. When the course of his life became settled again Newman's chief endeavors for many years were concentrated on the ripest of his prose writings, and his infrequent poems culminated in 1865 with his masterpiece the *Dream of Gerontius* with which *Verses on Various Occasions* is brought to a close.

The poems of the Mediterranean voyage are decidedly unequal as must be evident from the quotations I have been giving. Spiritual content they have undeniably, and high sincerity and an ardor that is always present and at times glows warmly through the veil of his restraint. But they have great weaknesses which tell against them as good poetry.

Of course, there were difficulties to meet. Substantially all of Newman's poems (only one of the few exceptions is of value, but that, be it said, is excellent) fall under the head of what we call "religious poetry,"

and good religious poetry is hard to write. This is not because spiritual emotions may not be fervent but because the language in which they are expressed (their vocabulary, if you will) is limited in extent and has lost its freshness and luster from frequent use. Moreover it has become a kind of traditional one from which it seems a desecration to depart, and while the language of purely human emotions has added vivifyingly to its range and suggestiveness, that of spiritual emotions has had no vitalizing acquisitions since Crashaw, Herbert, and Vaughan until the advent of Lionel Johnson and Francis Thompson. In imagery the same indictment holds virtually true, although Nature, with her myriad beauties, has not been entirely forgotten and the religious poet, as he possessed the seeing eye, has occasionally called on her to aid him.

Wordsworth once maintained that the words of prose were perfectly suitable for the uses of poetry and in his indulgence of this belief he presented us with much verse which is stale, flat, and unprofitable. Newman did not go to this extreme. His diction is simple, just as it always is in his prose, but it is not without distinction. In his prose, however, the wide range of rhythm permitted him to secure beautiful and infinitely varied effects whose every diversity of tone color and cadence he had perfectly at command. But under the restrictions of rhyme and meter it was different. He says in one of his letters that he can do little if crowded or deprived of elbow-room and this is remarkably true of him as a writer. In his prose he has ample space to roam about as he will, but in his lyrics he is constantly falling back upon a vaguely hinted biblical parallel or a metaphor drawn from some superficial glimpse of nature that offers nothing to the imagination or one's sense of color. He might enjoy writing poetry now and then as a traveller over wide areas may

enjoy a stroll along a garden path but his gait betrays his constraint.

There is an angularity about his lyrics and a certain hardness which his restrained ardor lacked the fire to render molten. They show no mastery of meter nor of that limpidity which marked his more opulent prose. Indeed no one of them has the hidden music of the last paragraph of his sermon on the "Parting of Friends" or the final page of the *Apologia*; and though some of them are packed tight with biblical allusions and phrasing, still in none does he equal the solemnity or approach the passionate outpouring of his farewell to Oxford and the Church of England.

For religious poetry as such Newman had a beautiful heritage in the poems of the Elizabethan Southwell, the Jacobean Donne, and in Crashaw, Herbert, and Vaughan. It was part of that tradition that the beauties of sound and sight, Nature in her colorful loveliness, should not be ignored, and despite the far-fetched conceits they perversely loved, they let her mirror back for them those diviner far-off things in which they found their inspiration.

Right here we have touched upon one of Newman's weaknesses. In a letter written to his mother when he was thirty, from Dartington, where he was resting in the long vacation, the deliciousness of the air and the fragrance of everything "make him languid, indisposed to speak or write, and pensive." So much do they affect him that he thinks he should "dissolve into essence of roses" if he lived there long. He then goes on to describe in some detail "the rich strangeness" of everything about him. "The rocks blush," he says, "into every variety of color, the trees and fields are emeralds, and the cottages are rubies, and the beetle I picked up was as green gold as the stone it lay on, and the squirrel which ran up a tree just now was not the dull reddish

brown to which I am accustomed, but a bright brown red. . . . The exuberance of the grass and the foliage is oppressive, as if one had not room to breathe." Perhaps this sensuous appeal seemed to him wrong; perhaps he feared that, should he let his senses yield to the beauties of Nature, he might fail to perceive that they were merely a veil which concealed the realities of the world beyond. At all events I do not know of another recording of such feelings throughout his works and even the scanty touches of color which appear in the letters written during his Mediterranean voyage (and only there) seem not to have been permitted to pierce any deeper sense than the outer. It was not that Newman's senses were not keen. He loved music, played beautifully on the violin, and, though he gave it up for a long period, music never lost its power to stir him and a quartette of Beethoven could melt him to tears.

[IV]

Let us see what Newman has achieved in spite of his weaknesses. Principal Shairp has praised *David and Jonathan* and the *Call of David* and both have Newman's virtues of fervor and sympathy (he loved David as he loved St. Philip Neri and Basil and Chrysostom) and his weaknesses of angularity and lack of color. But in the *Separation of Friends* he has given us what I believe is more typical and beautiful, because while it has faults there is about it a certain wistfulness as if that which is pitiful about death had wrought upon him to the verge of tears:

Do not their souls, who 'neath the Altar wait
 Until their second birth,
 The gift of patience need, as separate
 From their first friends of earth?

Not that earth's blessings are not all outshone
 By Eden's Angel flame,
 But that earth knows not yet, the Dead has won
 That crown, which was his aim.
 For when he left it, 'twas a twilight scene
 About his silent bier,
 A breathless struggle, faith and sight between,
 And Hope and sacred Fear.
 Fear startled at his pains and dreary end,
 Hope raised her chalice high,
 And the twin sisters still his shade attend,
 View'd in the mourner's eye.
 So day by day for him from earth ascends,
 As steam in summer-even,
 The speechless intercession of his friends,
 Toward the azure heaven.
 Ah! dearest, with a word he could dispel
 All questioning, and raise
 Our hearts to rapture, whispering all was well
 And turning prayer to praise.
 And other secrets too he could declare,
 By patterns all divine,
 His earthly creed retouching here and there,
 And deepening every line.
 Dearest! he longs to speak, as I to know,
 And yet we both refrain:
 It were not good; a little doubt below,
 And all will soon be plain.¹

Twice Newman left the beaten track of poetic forms, in *The Elements* and *Judaism*, calling each a "tragic chorus" after the Sophoclean type, and catching the Sophoclean spirit admirably. The first stanza of *Judaism*, with its comparison of the Jewish race to the outcast *Œdipus* at *Colonus*, is almost faultless, and it may be questioned whether Newman ever did anything finer before 1856 than these two poems:

¹ The last twelve lines were added after February 28, 1836, the date of Hurrell Froude's death.

O piteous race!
Fearful to look upon,
Once standing in high place,
Heaven's eldest son.
O aged blind
Unvenerable! as thou fittest by,
I liken thee to him in pagan song,
In thy gaunt majesty,
The vagrant King, of haughty-purposed mind,
Whom prayer nor plague could bend;
Wrong'd, at the cost of him who did the wrong,
Accursed himself, but in his cursing strong,
And honour'd in his end.

O Abraham! sire,
Shamed in thy progeny;
Who to thy faith aspire,
Thy Hope deny.
Well wast thou given
From out the heathen an adopted heir
Raised strangely from the dead when sin had slain
Thy former-cherish'd care.
O holy men, ye first-wrought gems of heaven
Polluted in your kin,
Come to our fonts, your lustre to regain.
O Holiest Lord! . . . but Thou canst take no stain
Of blood, or taint of sin.

Twice in their day
Proffer of precious cost
Was made, Heaven's hand to stay
Ere all was lost.
The first prevail'd;
Moses was outcast from the promised home,
For his own sin, yet taken at his prayer
To change his people's doom.
Close on their eve, one other ask'd and fail'd;
When fervent Paul was fain
The accursèd tree, as Christ had borne, to bear,
No hopeful answer came,—a Price more rare
Already shed in vain.

It was after Newman's return from the Mediterranean voyage that he wrote (in 1835) another of his finest poems, *Waiting for the Morning*. There is a quality about it hard to analyze or define, a poignancy, it might be called, that arises partly from the skilfully achieved tone color but most of all from the intensity of the writer's own emotions—emotions of regret which knows tears and of resignation which transcends them.

"Quoddam quasi pratum, in quo animæ nihil patiebantur, sed manebant, nondum idoneæ Visioni Beatæ."

They are at rest:

We may not stir the heaven of their repose
With loud-voiced grief, or passionate request,

Or selfish plaint for those

Who in the mountain grotts of Eden lie,
And hear the fourfold river, as it hurries by.

They hear it sweep

In distance down the dark and savage vale;
But they at eddying pool or current deep

Shall never more grow pale;

They hear, and meekly muse, as fain to know
How long untired, unspent, that giant stream shall flow.

And soothing sounds

Blend with the neighbouring waters as they glide.

Posted along the haunted garden's bounds

Angelic forms abide,

Echoing, as words of watch, o'er lawn and grove,
The verses of that hymn which Seraphs chant above.

It was while becalmed in the straits of Bonifaccio on board an orange boat and troubled by the sense of a work to be done in England which he feared lay beyond his powers to perform that Newman, in an inspired moment, wrote *The Pillar of the Cloud*, known throughout the English-speaking world as *Lead, Kindly Light*,

the most popular, though not the most perfect, of his short poems:

Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on!
 The night is dark, and I am far from home—
 Lead Thou me on!
 Keep Thou my feet! I do not ask to see
 The distant scene—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on.
 I loved to choose and see my path, but now
 Lead Thou me on!
 I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
 Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
 O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone;
 And with the morn those angel faces smile
 Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

In spite of its fame and universal popularity this lyric has a serious defect; it suffers from a confusion of metaphor. In the first stanza the poet prays for light amid the darkness; in the third stanza the figure is maintained and he trusts to see at last the beauty of the newborn day. But in the second stanza he has confessed as a fault his love for the day whose light he now prays Heaven to send him as a boon. It would be difficult to find another instance of so faulty a short poem winning its way so completely and holding its place so securely with persons of every type. The imagery is not novel nor is there a single striking stanza or one of those "inevitably" adequate lines whose perfection makes it unforgettable. But there is, none the

less, some magic about its cumulative effect which no critical analysis can destroy. Its angularities are obvious; Newman said of it that it was neither a hymn nor suitable for singing, but it is sung daily in countless churches all the world over and it never fails to reach the heart.

What is the secret of this poem's appeal? Why does it appear to have already become a classic? I believe the secret lies partly in its intense sincerity, for sincerity is so infrequent and so noble that it has never yet lifted up its voice even in the wilderness without striking a responsive chord in the heart of the world. And partly its secret lies in that quality which I have called poignancy for want of a better term—the quality, for example, that we find in such lines as Tennyson's

But, Oh! for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

or

Oh death in life, the days that are no more!

And finally I believe the secret lies in its appeal for guidance, not "from the depths of some divine despair" but out of the heart of an unquenchable hope. The world craves guidance as David craved it and Augustine and Aurelius too, beyond a doubt, as in the watches of the night he lifted up inquiring eyes to the stars above his Pannonian camp and wondered about Him without whom the world seemed but an empty shadow. Men want to hope and *will* hope while the earth clings to its axis. They find enduring and high romance in tales that recount the quest of truth, and whether they feel doubts, or difficulties that will not down, or whether they know dark hours when the props of things seem to tremble and they can only bend their heads and murmur "Credo," they will listen with eager sympathy to

their brothers whose appeal, "That I may see, O Lord," has not been offered in vain.

[V]

Of Newman's best poems after 1845 there are three, of which two are non-religious. *Heathen Greece* is a song sung by the heroine of *Callista* as she works at her modelling in her brother's shop, and there are in it the beauty of the singer, the cadence of her soft voice, and something of the wistfulness that lay but half hidden in the blue depths of her eyes:

Where are the Islands of the Blest?
 They stud the Ægean Sea.
 And where the deep Elysian rest?
 It haunts the vale where Peneus strong
 Pours his incessant stream along,
 While craggy ridge and mountain bare
 Cut keenly through the liquid air,
 And, in their own pure tints array'd,
 Scorn earth's green robes which change and fade,
 And stand in beauty undecay'd,
 Guards of the bold and free.

For what is Afric, but the home
 Of burning Phlegethon?
 What the low beach and silent gloom,
 And chilling mists of that dull river,
 Along whose bank the thin ghosts shiver,—
 The thin wan ghosts that once were men,—
 But Tauris, Isle of moor and fen,
 Or dimly traced by seamen's ken,
 The pale-cliff'd Albion.

The rhythmic quality here shows Newman at his best and the visual appeal is as admirable as, alas! it is all too rare.

Once again Newman did the uncommon but admirable thing in a poem written to his old friend Edward Caswell, "a gift for the new year in return for his volume of *Poems*." If Newman actually bade farewell to Nature in his early thirties he returns to linger with her for an enchanting moment in this lyric, and in all his poems there is not another single line so perfect as that which describes each flower and blossom mirrored in the stream as "Lingering the live-long day in still delight." In that is the magic which he almost never attained in his verse, a touch of enchantment felt instinctively, as we feel it in the best of Wordsworth. The color is meager enough, but the skilfully interwoven liquids lend the lines a beautiful limpidity as of the overbrimming spring itself:

Once, o'er a clear calm pool,
The fulness of an overbrimming spring,
I saw the hawthorn and the chestnut fling
Their willing arms, of vernal blossoms full
And light green leaves: the lilac too was there,
The prodigal laburnum, dropping gold,
While the rich gorse along the turf crept near,
Close to the fountain's margin, and made bold
To peep into that pool, so calm and clear:—
As if well pleased to see their image bright
Reflected back upon their innocent sight;
Each flower and blossom shy
Lingering the live-long day in still delight,
Yet without touch of pride, to view,
Yea, with a tender, holy sympathy,
What was itself, yet was another too.
So on thy verse, my Brother and my Friend,
—The fresh upwelling of thy tranquil spirit,—
I see a many angel forms attend;
And gracious souls elect,
And thronging sacred shades, that shall inherit
One day the azure skies,

And peaceful saints, in whitest garments deck'd;
And happy infants of the second birth:—
These, and all other plants of paradise,
Thoughts from above, and visions that are sure,
And providences past, and memories dear,
In much content hang o'er that mirror pure,
And recognize each other's faces there,
And see a heaven on earth.

[VI]

On the origin of the *Dream of Gerontius* we find an interesting paragraph in the *Recollections* of Aubrey de Vere: "The *Dream of Gerontius*, as Newman informed me, owed its preservation to an accident. He had written it on a sudden impulse, put it aside, and forgotten it. The editor of a magazine wrote to him asking for a contribution. He looked into all his pigeon holes and found nothing theological; but in answering his correspondent, he added that he had come upon some verses which, if as editor he cared to have them, were at his command. The wise editor did care and they were published at once."

Gerontius appeared in the *Month*, in the April and May numbers, 1865, and steadily won its way to fame by its unique beauty as a masterpiece of its kind. Three years after its publication Sir Francis Doyle made it the subject of his inaugural address as Professor of Poetry at Oxford, Swinburne (though temperamentally poles apart) praised it highly, and General Gordon during the fateful last days at Khartoum had a copy always with him and marked his favorite passages in pencil.

Throughout Newman's life the thought of death was never far from his mind, not that in itself it was a thing of terror, but that it would mean the drawing aside of the veil and the final face to face with God and His judgment. He wrote to Bowden in 1834: "What a

blessed thing it is to *have* died, if prepared! Who knows what is in store for him in that last cup!" And when Bowden had answered "Adsum" to the great call, Newman gazed upon him in tears as one to whom the invisible was now made clear while he was still left "among the shadows." In his sixties the thought grows more insistent and we find him deeply stirred, recalling the sudden end of Thackeray, and the death of Scott and of Southey, and conjecturing what took off Dean Swift, and "wondering what in old times people died of"—Abraham, and David "whose days drew nigh that he should die," and the others. As his birthdays approached, seemingly more swiftly with the years, he finds them "awful things now, as minute guns by night"; and when in 1871 he writes to Henry Wilberforce he remarks, "One passes year by year over one's death day" and "wonders what day he shall die on."

During the tense period of the Achilli trial Newman was beset with the thought that he faced a grave physical crisis and so frail did he become that his friends feared a collapse which would prove fatal. Again the same thoughts filled his mind during the years of eclipse between the ill-starred attempt to establish a University in Ireland and the publication of the *Apologia*, and it is not strange that the emotions which death and its tremendous meaning always aroused in him should find a voice. The *Dream of Gerontius* was written in three weeks with (significant fact in many ways) hardly an erasure.

The fears and hopes that had dwelt with Newman all his life and now were audible in *Gerontius* were not without foreshadowings in earlier works. We find them frequently in his early sermons, strikingly in that on the "Individuality of the Soul," more strikingly in another on the "Greatness and Littleness of Human Life," and

most strikingly in one called "The Lapse of Time," from which the following paragraph is taken:

"But let us follow the course of a soul thus casting off the world, and cast off by it. It goes forth as a stranger on a journey. Man seems to die and to be no more, when he is but quitting us, and is really beginning to live. Then he sees sights which before it did not even enter into his mind to conceive, and the world is even less to him than he to the world. Just now he was lying on the bed of sickness, but in that moment of death what an awful change has come over him! What a crisis for him! There is stillness in the room that lately held him; nothing is doing there, for he is gone; he now belongs to others; he now belongs entirely to the Lord who bought him; to Him he returns; but whether to be lodged safely in His place of hope, or to be imprisoned against the great Day, that is another matter, that depends on the deeds done in the body, whether good or evil. And now what are his thoughts? How infinitely important now appears the value of time, when it is nothing to him! Nothing; for though he spend centuries waiting for Christ, he cannot now alter his state from bad to good, or from good to bad. What he dieth, that he must be for ever; as the tree falleth so must it lie."

The most striking use to which Newman turned his thoughts on the "rending of the veil" before the writing of *Gerontius* occurred in his sermon on the "Neglect of Divine Calls and Warnings" published in 1849. Demas dies after a life of invincible but unjustified moral complacency and at his death "has committed sacrilege for the last time." . . . He is borne to judgment and is condemned. Then follows a kind of dramatic monologue—Newman tried this again with deadly effect in his attack on Achilli—in which Demas cries out upon the fiends who throng around him: "It is not I of whom

the Judge so spake! There is a mistake somewhere; Christ, Saviour, hold Thy hand!" The agony of the doomed man is terrible and with a shudder one lays the book aside. This sermon is not only dramatically effective, but it anticipates the *reverse* of the second part of *Gerontius* by more than fifteen years.

[VII]

The *Dream of Gerontius* opens with Gerontius on his deathbed. In the darkened chamber are gathered a few friends, a priest, and his assistants. Gerontius feels that the dread "visitant is knocking his dire summons at his door"; he is conscious of a "strange innermost abandonment," an "emptying out of each constituent and natural force," which frightens him:

'Tis death,—O loving friends, your prayers! 'tis he! . . .
 As though my very being had given way,
 As though I was no more a substance now,
 And could fall back on nought to be my stay,
 (Help, loving Lord! Thou my sole Refuge, Thou,)
 And turn no whither, but must needs decay
 And drop from out the universal frame
 Into that shapeless, scopeless, blank abyss,
 That utter nothingness, of which I came.

The low voices of the assistants fill the room, chanting the litany of the dying. Gerontius tries to rouse himself, to retain his hold on consciousness, and all the while the chant of the assistants reaches him dimly, as from illimitable distance. Through the horror of collapse he clings to life, and makes a declaration of his faith. Then:

I can no more; for now it comes again,
 That sense of ruin, which is worse than pain,
 That masterful negation and collapse
 Of all that makes me man; as though I bent

Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer infinite descent;
Or worse, as though
Down, down forever I was falling through
The solid frame-work of created things,
And needs must sink and sink
Into the vast abyss. And, crueller still,
A fierce and restless fright begins to fill
The mansion of my soul. And, worse and worse,
Some bodily form of ill
Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome curse
Tainting the hallowed air, and laughs, and flaps
Its hideous wings,
And makes me wild with horror and dismay.

Through the terrible veil which is closing in around him, Gerontius prays for help. The slow cadence of the prayers for the dying sound again through the room, soothing as a cool hand upon the brow of fever. Quiet steals over Gerontius:

Novissima hora est; and I fain would sleep.
The pain has wearied me . . . Into Thy hands,
O Lord, into Thy hands. . . .

"Proficiscere, anima Christiana," chants the priest, and as his voice utters the prayers, superb in their Miltonic cadences, Gerontius dies. . . . But consciousness, lapsed for a moment, returns again; he has slipped from out the bounds of life; he feels himself refreshed as by some strange sleep:

I had a dream; yes:—some one softly said
"He's gone;" and then a sigh went round the room.
And then I surely heard a priestly voice
Cry "Subvenite;" and they knelt in prayer.
I seem to hear him still; but thin and low,
And fainter and more faint the accents come,

As at an ever-widening interval.
 Ah! Whence is this? What is this severance?
 This silence pours a solitariness
 Into the very essence of my soul;
 And the deep rest, so soothing and so sweet,
 Hath something too of sternness and of pain,
 For it drives back my thoughts upon their spring
 By a strange introversion, and perforce
 I now begin to feed upon myself,
 Because I have nought else to feed upon.-
 Am I alive or dead? I am not dead,
 But in the body still; for I possess
 A sort of confidence which clings to me,
 That each particular organ holds its place
 As heretofore, combining with the rest
 Into one symmetry, that wraps me round,
 And makes me man; and surely I could move,
 Did I but will it, every part of me.
 And yet I cannot to my sense bring home,
 By very trial, that I have the power.
 'Tis strange; I cannot stir a hand or foot,
 I cannot make my fingers or my lips
 By mutual pressure witness each to each,
 Nor by the eyelid's instantaneous stroke
 Assure myself I have a body still.
 Nor do I know my very attitude,
 Nor if I stand, or lie, or sit, or kneel.
 So much I know, not knowing how I know,
 That the vast universe, where I have dwelt,
 Is quitting me, or I am quitting it.
 Or I or it is rushing on the wings
 Of light or lightning on an onward course,
 And we e'en now are million miles apart.
 Yet . . . is this peremptory severance
 Wrought out in lengthening measurements of space,
 Which grow and multiply by speed and time?
 Or am I traversing infinity
 By endless sub-division, hurrying back
 From finite towards infinitesimal,
 Thus dying out of the expansive world?

Something upholds Gerontius and a gentle pressure tells him he is "borne upward on his way." He becomes aware of a "heart-subduing melody": it is the song of his Guardian Angel, in the hollow of whose hand he is being borne to judgment. The soul of Gerontius addresses the Angel who calls him "child and brother" and declares that with "extremest speed" he is "hurrying to the Just and Holy Judge." . . . Time is unlike the intervals measured by men; the most infinite part of a moment has not passed since the priest,

Cried "Subvenite" and they knelt in prayer.

The soul of Gerontius wonders that it has no fear of God, but its confidence, answers the Angel, is a presage,

as a ray
Straight from the Judge, expressive of thy lot.

Suddenly Gerontius becomes aware of spirits of evil that hunger to seize him in their clutches and there comes to him their horrid chant which flings defiance at the Most High. The Angel speaks:

It is the restless panting of their being;
Like beasts of prey, who, caged within their bars,
In a deep hideous purring have their life,
And an incessant pacing to and fro.

The gibbering wail of the spirits of evil sinks below Gerontius, who soars up through choirs of angels, in whose hymns of praise is sung the glory and triumph of the Redemption. . . . The Guardian Angel speaks again:

Thy judgment now is near, for we are come
Into the veiled presence of our God.

Suddenly on the threshold of the tribunal there float past Gerontius to the very face of God, the prayers of those who still kneel around his body in the room of death. Their intercessions do not come alone: the Angel of the Agony, messenger to Our Lord in the anguished hour of Gethsemane, begs that he who is to be judged may meet light punishment. But the soul of Gerontius, all eager in the "intemperate energy of love," flies from the embrace of its Angel, straight to the feet of the Judge:

But ere it reach them, the keen sanctity,
Which with its effluence, like a glory, clothes
And circles round the Crucified, has seized,
And scorch'd, and shrivel'd it; and now it lies
Passive and still before the awful Throne.

In the fiery lake the final purification is to be, and then at last will come the Celestial Vision forever. The soul sings, and the song is one of the most beautiful of Newman's lyrics:

Take me away, and in the lowest deep
There let me be,
And there in hope the lone night-watches keep,
Told out for me.
There, motionless and happy in my pain,
Lone, not forlorn,—
There will I sing my sad perpetual strain,
Until the morn.
There will I sing, and soothe my stricken breast,
Which ne'er can cease
To throb, and pine, and languish, till possess
Of its Sole Peace.
There will I sing my absent Lord and Love:—
Take me away,
That sooner I may rise, and go above,
And see Him in the truth of everlasting day.

Dramatically the poem ends here, but Newman continues it until the soul of Gerontius is immersed in the cleansing lake of purgation and the Guardian Angel says farewell:

Softly and gently, dearly-ransom'd soul,
In my most loving arms I now enfold thee,
And, o'er the penal waters, as they roll,
I poise thee, and I lower thee, and hold thee.

And carefully I dip thee in the lake,
And thou, without a sob or a resistance,
Dost through the flood thy rapid passage take,
Sinking deep, deeper, into the dim distance.

Angels, to whom the willing task is given,
Shall tend, and nurse, and lull thee, as thou liest;
And Masses on the earth, and prayers in Heaven,
Shall aid thee at the Throne of the Most Highest.

Farewell, but not for ever! brother dear,
Be brave and patient on thy bed of sorrow;
Swiftly shall pass thy night of trial here,
And I will come and wake thee on the morrow.

It is fitting that Newman should close his only extended poetic venture with the most musical lyric he ever wrote.

[VIII]

It has been well said that the *Dream of Gerontius* is the consummation both of Newman's poetic moods and of his poetic powers. He has pierced that veil which only the dead may lift, has beheld as if with living eyes that world which is the only reality, and has passed through that judgment whose verdict alone can make one's years on earth the most tragic of failures or the most triumphant of victories. What Faith has told him, what he has made his conviction by a

perfect acquiescence, what he has beheld with transcendent vision and has spent his days declaring unto men that they too might see and seeing believe in,—all these have found voice in this superb and poetic Act of Faith. Not one of his poetic virtues is absent and each appears at its best.

Newman's contrasts are skilfully achieved; the chant of the assistants, low and solemn, yet full of a tender hopefulness, follows, softer than silence, now on Gerontius' fearful feeling of collapse, now on his desperate effort to cling to consciousness, and now on his agonized prayers for aid when the sense of a nameless ill makes him "wild with horror and dismay." The song of the demons is introduced, a "sour and uncouth dissonance" in the midst of the converse of Gerontius and the Angel, a device which serves to throw both the one and the other into strong relief. On the threshold of the Eternal Presence where all is joy and peace the plea of the Angel of the Agony conjures up the anguish of Gethsemane and stirs us with an almost overwhelming sense of sadness.

Gerontius is an attempt to portray the death of a virtuous Catholic; but it is infinitely more. Montaigne says somewhere that it is not death but dying, the thought of which terrifies us, and in Newman's poem as a study of that supreme psychological experience there will always remain a deep interest quite apart from its spiritual value. *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* contains one of the most forceful moral lessons ever taught but it is not for this reason that it has become a "universal" story.

Newman gives free rein to his imaginative insight and it never fails him, but supports him to the last shudder of life. He does not miss the dying man's feeling of surprise (so common among the suddenly stricken), nor the dread which follows inevitably upon

it, nor the protean forms it takes: the slipping away of all the objects of sight and touch; the void of nothingness that yawns below; the awful fear of loosening the hold on consciousness forever; the struggle to retain that hold at any cost; the vague menace of nameless things, and then the swift collapse. Read the first part of *Gerontius* again and become convinced of its psychological truth, and tell yourself, as well you may, that nothing in any literature has equalled this for a daring and poetically true depiction of states of feeling in the supreme crisis of body and spirit. Read Poe's *M. Valdemar* once more and Ernest Dowson's *Dying of Francis Donne* and see how Dowson has caught something of Newman's subdued tone and exquisite restraint and delicately keen penetration, touched by the imagination of the poet. And yet how far short of *Gerontius* it falls even in these virtues! Dowson's is an achievement, and in a task which required insight and delicacy he went far; but Newman began where Dowson left off. In Poe's *Valdemar* the physical overshadows the spiritual, and the imagination makes a swift descent from the subtle to the crude until the story becomes one of revolting horror.

Newman was saved from the temptation into which Poe fell for many reasons, the most compelling of which was his lifelong attitude of mind. The body was more than the raiment and the spirit more than the body, and assuredly in the great and final crisis it was unthinkable that the spirit should be deprived of its own. They are parting company, those two, after the union of life, and the rending of the bonds is fraught with such secret agony as only the dead can have known. To Poe it was the body that endured most, but to Newman it was the soul whose fears were the tremulous ones of a long-imprisoned bird that dares not fly. But soon those fears melt away and become a divine hope and a diviner faith

that she may soar into eternal dawn. Newman does not stop here. He lets his imagination drift as it were "across the bar" out into the "boundless deep" which lies beyond the domain of human consciousness:

I went to sleep; and now I am refresh'd.
A strange refreshment: for I feel in me
An inexpressive lightness, and a sense
Of freedom, as I were at length myself,
And ne'er had been before. How still it is!
I hear no more the busy beat of time,
No, nor my fluttering breath, nor struggling pulse;
Nor does one moment differ from the next.

This and the passage that follows, which I have already quoted, are extraordinary for their power of suggesting spirit as the medium of physical sensation and of winning our acceptance of a condition of our being which transcends all human experience.

When *Gerontius* finds himself in the arms of the Angel, Newman has passed the zenith of his imaginative flight. Nobler conceptions remain, for the soul of *Gerontius* is to be carried up among the choiring angels and to lie prostrate before the Judgment Seat; but Newman has done all that his insight and poetic fancy and a study of his own emotions will permit unaided, and he turns to the Church's teachings to complete the transformation of a psychological drama into a spiritual one. Throughout the poem indeed Newman is indebted to the doctrines and the ritual of the Church. The Litany of the Dying, the Act of Faith, the ascent to immediate judgment, the Guardian Angel, the demons hungering for human souls, intercessory prayer, Purgatory—all these he had ready to his hand. Thus more and more his original contribution to *Gerontius* is seen to be the psychological penetration with which the mind of the dying man is made real to us. Throughout *Gerontius* the appeal is never to the eye, but partly to the ear and

partly to the emotions. With Dante it was otherwise and the "inebriation of the sweet song" of Paradise enters "through the hearing and through the sight." But Dante had the pictorial gift to a degree never equalled before or since and he saw and touched and measured the things of the other world as he might the very doors of Can Grande's castle. With Newman it was enough to *feel*; he did not ask to touch and measure; and in the splendor of the Vision Beautiful what need was there of porphyry and gold? The eyes, as it were, of Newman's imagination are left closed, and the priest, the acolytes, the choir of angels, and the chorus of demons affect only the hearing. His vision is dim before the radiancy of God.

With Gerontius' death *feeling* as a means of realizing the poem begins to wane and hearing is made to do duty alone, with a consequent loosening of the tension which was almost painful before and with, it must be admitted, an inevitable loss of interest to the reader. From psychology to the things of faith is a long leap unless some appeal is made to the senses or the imagination, such as the wise Dante never fails to provide. Newman himself realized this need and proposed that *Gerontius* be set to music; and Sir Edward Elgar's oratorio, itself a masterpiece, has justified the suggestion and at the same time supplied the sensuous support which was wanting before.

The angelic choruses have been justly praised and the Fifth Choir has won a place in various hymnals and been sung at the graves of Gladstone and Dean Church. Pure intelligence absorbed in praising the Most High could do no violence to Newman's imagination, and his angels are but John Henry Newman lifted up in heart till he became as of the brotherhood of God's ministrants.

The demon choirs are scarcely convincing; the passions of hatred and jealousy are not real. As Bremond has

aptly put it: "Newman is not at home in the dark places of the invisible world." This is another way of saying that Newman does violence to his own emotions in these demon choruses and betrays the fact—which could never happen if he possessed creative imagination, the gift whose lack appears most strikingly in his novels.

Though the poem loses in interest during the central part, it regains something of its old spell toward the close, with the appearance of the Angel of the Agony, who supplicates the Man God "by that shuddering dread which fell on Thee," to have pity on the soul of Gerontius. Here Newman is not conscious that his human qualities obscure his perfect expression of infinite love nor does dramatic necessity compel the utterance of an enmity toward Eternal Goodness which he could not feel; but his own personality expands again, emotionally untrammelled and potent, now ardent in the tremulous humility of Gerontius, now in the pity of the Angel, now in the loving fraternity of the Angel Guardian. And always his humility, his love, his pity, his resignation, his hope, and his faith, which are theirs also, kindle the reader with their ardor.

There is that in the final scenes which goes deep and you close the volume with that kind of gladness whose vision is dim with tears. And small wonder; for in Gerontius, the good man, facing the end hopefully, trustfully, you have seen Newman, standing alone, the protagonist, as every man must be at the last, of his own life's drama.

In form the *Dream of Gerontius* bears a striking resemblance to a Greek tragedy such, for example, as the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus. We have the protagonist, a figure of peculiar importance in each poem, standing in a definite relation to Divinity, in the one case of revolt, in the other of absolute peace and ac-

quiescence; we have beings which elude men's eyes as Power and Violence in *Prometheus* and the angels and demons in *Gerontius*; the very limited *dramatis personæ* with choruses; the constant changes in the meter to suit the changes of mood; the lack of action except such as occurs off the scene and is related. Of course there are limitations to this parallel, for in *Gerontius* the scene changes, a circumstance which the Greek tragedy did not admit; but to the reader whose imagination follows the chief actor into a new realm, this point of unlikeness is scarcely felt.

In the "tragic choruses" (*The Elements* and *Judaism*) which we have already referred to, there is a simplicity akin to the Greek; but in *Gerontius* there is less severity and a deftness in handling liquids that reminds us of Tennyson. At times there is a sonority which is Miltonic and worthy the great organ-lover himself. Here is a paraphrase of the Litany for the Dead; the priest addresses the soul of *Gerontius*:

Go, in the name of the Holy Spirit, who
Hath been pour'd out on thee! Go, in the name
Of Angels and Archangels; in the name
Of Thrones and Dominations; in the name
Of Princedoms and of Powers; and in the name
Of Cherubim and Seraphim, go forth!

Like Milton, too, *Gerontius* is rich in biblical phrasing, and at random you come upon "the bitterness of death is passed"; "Satan appeared among the sons of God"; "the consummation for all flesh," and the gain in richness and dignity is immeasurable.

Nowhere else has Newman shown anything approaching so skillful a handling of meter as in *Gerontius*. It is varied with perfect discrimination, now dignified, now sonorous, now quickened in time as *Gerontius* struggles to arouse his fainting energies, now moving more swiftly still as the anxious friends pour out their supplications.

It changes again as if touched with the ecstasy of Gerontius' hope and faith and again falls to a subdued measure as his energies begin to ebb. It varies again a dozen times in as many verses as he seems to bend

Over the dizzy brink
Of some sheer infinite descent

and as

Some bodily form of ill
Floats on the wind, with many a loathsome curse.

When the agony of fear is past, the meter slips back again into a languid cadence that reflects the weariness of Gerontius:

Novissima hora est; and I fain would sleep.
The pain has wearied me . . . Into Thy hands,
O Lord, into Thy hands. . . .

After the sonorous cadences of the prayers for the dying, the rise and fall of the pentameter lines in blank verse are skillfully managed and accord exquisitely with the subdued calm of the chamber of death from which a soul has just gone forth. Says Gerontius:

I went to sleep, and now I am refreshed,
and the liquids in that and the following lines are marshalled with an almost Tennysonian adroitness.

When the Guardian Angel announces his presence it is in the tripping measure of joy:

My work is done,
My task is o'er,
And so I come,
Taking it home,
For the crown is won,
Alleluia!
For evermore.

When the demons' chorus is heard it is filled with such discord as becomes their spirit of malevolence; and in contrast the cadenced harmony of the angelic verses stands out appealingly.

It would be a tempting task to go into this matter in more detail, but we have seen enough to appreciate Newman's skill and his success in an important phase of poetic technique.

Thus in all these ways which we have been considering, Newman lavished upon *Gerontius* the riches of his mind and spirit, his faith and skill—every virtue of his ripe years both as man and as poet. Had he been asked how much time he had spent on *Gerontius* he might truthfully have answered, not "A few weeks," but rather, "All my life."

And everywhere the pervasive personality of this poet among theologians breathes like a fragrance. You cannot escape it. If his verse is the utterance of fear or hope or joy or confidence or self-accusation, it is ever and always the voice of that unique being—John Henry Newman. His personality was so large, so rich, so vital, that in it men see reflections of their own, and loving him for his gifts of sympathy and understanding, feel that his utterance is theirs also. His appeal does not always reach into the universal heart as it does in *Lead, Kindly Light*, but in his verse men of many minds and varied moods have found a spiritual substance which stands the test as of fire, and an expression chaste, ardent, and luminous,

V

NEWMAN AS HISTORIAN

[I]

NEWMAN began his historical writing young; in fact, he was only twenty-three when he contributed an article on *Cicero* to the *Encyclopedia Metropolitana* at the request of Dr. Whately, and twenty-five when he contributed *Apollonius of Tyana* to the same magazine. Neither, of course, was an unusual piece of work in itself except as it gave every evidence of painstaking care, insight into human nature, and exactness of style, and proved that Newman, even in his early twenties, possessed an unusual poise of mind and a freedom from those injudicious enthusiasms by which the unwary youthful writer is betrayed into dangerous ways. The paper on *Cicero* showed Newman as critic rather than as historian, but in the *Apollonius* we find evidence of that carefulness of research which was to be the outstanding mark of his study of the Arians and proved his realization of the importance of primary sources. The *Apollonius* opened up to him the historic value of the early Christian centuries and Newman found them fascinating enough to bring him back to them in some of the most charming and valuable of his later studies.

From the purely historical point of view Newman's most important work is the *Arians of the Fourth Century*¹ on which he slaved until he was nearly fainting from exhaustion. Not a single one of the many protean

¹ Begun 1830; finished 1832; published 1833.

changes into which Arianism dissolved eludes him. Here through nearly four hundred pages he traces the origin, the growth, and the ramifications of that heresy which set friend against friend and brother against brother, insinuated itself into the palace of bishop and of emperor, drove cities into civil strife, kindled the fires of hatred and recrimination in east and west, and finally threatened to split the Church itself asunder. For Arianism, as it progressed, expressed itself not merely in erroneous theological conceptions but in spiritual blindness, intellectual pride, unbridled lust of power and place, and the red passions of turbulence and murder.

Those were tense years, of course, and you expect to see the stage thronged with the great figures that played a part in them, Eusebius of Nicomedia, the dexterous politician, and that other Eusebius, of Cæsarea; Arius, the heresiarch himself; and Athanasius, who like another St. Michael led the children of light to battle for the integrity of the Christian church. But you are doomed to disappointment. Except for the great shadow of Athanasius which lies across the pages you get only occasional glimpses (they are no more than that) of the other leaders from out the wavering mists of controversy. Newman's concern is not with men, be they saints or not; it is with the ideas which possessed them, and he makes scant concessions to the need of the imaginative appeal (the human interest element, if you prefer) which every great historian has always made whether he is aware of it or not. Besides, the *Arians* assumes a special knowledge on the part of the reader and confuses even the student with its many repetitions and its scant consideration for chronology.

With all its faults, however, the book has decided excellences. Newman was a master of exposition. No question was too abstract for him, no distinction between shades of meaning which to the lay mind are so elusive

was so nice or so subtle as to trouble him. Like a surgeon whose firm hand guides the scalpel unerringly on the borders of the living tissue, Newman with a mastery no less deft, with clean, sharp strokes, defines, distinguishes, implies, and always with that precision which is the ultimate test of the master. The *Arians* is the result (as Newman says every ecclesiastical history should be) of a study of original sources and it has justified itself by winning recognition as an authoritative work on a confused and confusing period.

Newman, of course, knew intimately the works of other historians of the period, but it is like a prank of Fate that this most fervent of Christians should be under obligation to the foremost of unbelievers. Not only did Newman read Gibbon assiduously in connection with his study of the *Arians*, but his obligations to him as a stylist are frequently in evidence. He constantly employs Gibbon's diction, often imitates his swing and rhythm, at times catches his verve, and rarely (all too rarely) reflects a touch of his color. Making a few allowances (and not merely for the point of view) the following paragraph might have been taken from the *Decline and Fall* itself:

"Nor must the influence of the Court pass unnoticed, in recounting the means by which Arianism secured a hold over the mind of the Emperor. Constantia, his favorite sister, was the original patroness of Eusebius of Nicomedia; and thus a princess, whose name would otherwise be dignified by her misfortunes, is known to Christians of later times only as a principal instrument of the success of heresy. Wrought upon by a presbyter, a creature of the bishop's, who was in her confidence, she summoned Constantine to her bedside in her last illness, begged him, as her parting request, to extend his favor to the Arians, and especially commended to his regard the presbyter himself, who had stimulated her

to this experiment on the feelings of a brother. The hangers-on of the Imperial Court imitated her in her preference for the polite and smooth demeanor of the Eusebian prelates, which was advantageously contrasted to the stern simplicity of the Catholics. The eunuchs and slaves of the palace . . . embraced the tenets of Arianism; and all the most light-minded and frivolous of mankind allowed themselves to pervert the solemn subject in controversy into matter for fashionable conversation or literary amusement."

But when all is said the student of Newman as a man of letters will regard such passages as occasional rills flowing through a sandy waste and the *Arians* will remain to him as hopelessly dull as it seemed to Newman's own intimates.

[II]

The men and women whom Newman takes up in his next historical work, *The Church of the Fathers*,¹ belong to the same century, the fourth, which appealed to Newman profoundly as an "eventful century, a drama in three acts, each marvellous in itself, each different from the other two!" Eventful though it was, rich in events of prime significance and in names which will never die, it did not attract him for its greatness. "I am attempting here," he says, "neither the grand outlines, nor the living details of the century, but some scenes or passages which chronologically or morally belong to it," and so we find him turning away from the broad highroad to less frequented but more alluring bypaths.

Here we have Antony, far from the haunts of men, in the days when temptation assailed him in its most alluring forms and sorely beset the citadel of his peace, now insidiously, now violently, in a way to conquer all but

¹ This appeared in the *British Magazine* during 1833 and the following years.

such an iron soul as his. And we have him again, this time in the days when his trials were past and his struggles over and when he had entered upon a very foretaste of that peace which passeth all understanding. Here is Martin, true to the demands of an exalted duty, even though it led him to risk the enmity of a man who was at once a powerful ruler and a victorious soldier. Here is Demetrias, the beautiful daughter of a family conspicuous for wealth and noble traditions, who beheld the titanic forces of barbarism unleashed against the tottering barriers of Rome and read in the city's downfall how like such stuff as dreams was the splendor of nations and of men.

When Newman takes up Augustine he is entirely at ease, and his insight is at its best in penetrating to the inner workings of that great mind and heart which for years groped dimly through the Valley of Desolation. In Basil and Gregory he finds different types and on them he lavishes his most skillful touches. He sketches their lives as students, ecclesiastics, friends, saints, but it is as friends that they are most dear to Newman and made most dear to us. Here are letters from Basil and from Gregory chosen with such rare judgment that both writer and recipient are very real and appealingly human—so human, in fact, that we forget how bitter was the opposition to Basil's ecclesiastical preferment and how heavily the miter of Constantinople was one day to press upon the brows of Gregory.

What were they like, these two friends of centuries ago? In imagination we seem to see Basil as Newman has depicted him here, sensitive, anxious, and affectionate, with a reserve of manner which his contemporaries sometimes attributed to pride, sometimes to timidity, and which became a little more evident as the years passed, just as his seeming austerity grew a bit forbidding. How untiringly he labored and with what a zeal, which, for

all its ardor, never lost a certain majesty and a serenity that was the child of conscious power.

It is with skillful touches that Newman depicts St. Basil, but it is with a new delicacy, a richer amplitude, and a more personal sympathy, that he presents St. Gregory. There is something perennially boyish about Gregory, a playfulness, an enthusiasm, a warmth of heart, which arouse a kind of tenderness in Newman and make this portrayal a labor of love. "He was great theologically, and personally winning," says Newman, but in Gregory theologically Newman is but half interested and we not at all. He tells us that Gregory writes Basil a bantering letter and hastens to dispatch a second to assure him that the first intended not the least offense in the world. He concludes playfully, "This is longer perhaps than a letter, but shorter than a comedy. For yourself, it will be good for you to take this castigation well; but if you do not, I shall give you some more of it."

Misunderstandings, which gave many a bitter hour to Newman's own life, crept serpentlike into the Eden of this perfect friendship. Basil assigned to Gregory the see of Sasima, which the ebullient Gregory found a Siberian exile. In the unhappy days that followed feelings were hurt, and even after Basil's death the memory of his imagined injustice lay for a time like a wound at Gregory's heart.

The years which came after this severance of the Gordian knot beheld Basil dying in monastic retirement and Gregory elevated from an insignificant see to the episcopal throne of Constantinople. Alas for the buoyant Gregory! In the eyes of the sophisticated city the new Archbishop was only a monk of Nazienzus, "a personage who, in spite of his acknowledged learning and eloquence, was but a child, had no knowledge of the world, no manners, no conversation, and no address; who was

flurried and put out in high society, and who would have been a bad hand at a platform speech, and helpless in the attempt to keep a modern vestry in order." Thus Newman (and at thirty-two!) with a little smile of irony at those lofty notions which often betrayed the blindness of the intellectual Pharisee then as now. . . . Gregory returns to Asia, no longer the spiritual ruler of a luxurious and sophisticated metropolis, but a humble priest in a little mountain village. Thus the whirligig of time has its revenges. The three busy, turbulent years that followed the death of Basil saw the eyes of Gregory open to the saintliness of the comrade of his youth and he paid his memory such exquisite tribute as only he could whose tongue was that of man and angel. Thus he concluded his eulogy: "This, O Basil, to thee, from me, this offering to thee from a tongue once more dear to thee! thy fellow in honor and in age! If it approaches to be worthy of thee, the praise is thine; for relying upon thee, I have set about this oration concerning thee. But if it be beneath and much beside my hope, what is to be expected from one worn down with years, sickness, and regret for thee?"

In the closing years of the nineteenth century the voice of one having authority, who also had admired but misunderstood, was to pay similar tribute to the dead Newman in words full of tenderness and pathos.

Perhaps one wonders why in the *Church of the Fathers* Newman should have selected such varied types. What has Martin to do with Augustine, and Augustine with Basil, and Basil with Demetrias, and Demetrias with Antony? What bond unites them to Newman, unlike as they all are?

For those high souls who knew the bitterness of misunderstanding and of spiritual perplexities, Newman already felt something of that tenderness and sympathy which he himself was one day to challenge from the

world in the pages of the *Apologia*, and in these radiant figures of an era historically rich he finds a kinship that appeals and gratifies. Antony, the illiterate, had fought stern battles against the seductions of evil; Martin had been called upon to resist that subtlest of temptations, the blandishments of those who sit in high places; Demetrius had known the combat between nature and lofty aspirations. And Augustine! What struggles were his! How unlike Newman and yet how like since with both saint and cardinal, "slowness to begin the course was but a pledge of zeal when once it was begun."

And Basil and Gregory? They, too, touched his heart, in many ways prophetically. Like him, they were students, men of culture and refinement, who had been conspicuous in the Athens of their day as Newman was to be in the Oxford of his own; theologians, preachers, in a word, churchmen, to whom the advancement of the Catholic creed had been as potent a mission as the rejuvenation of the Church of England was soon to become with Newman. Keen, high-minded, supersensitive were all three. Basil's leadership had evoked contention; Gregory's had been wrested from him; Newman's was to be forced into his incapable hands only to vanish. Upon his shoulders misunderstanding was to lay a heavy cross as it had upon theirs, and he like them was to feel at times the surge of resentment that his gifts of mind and heart should be but as pearls futilely cast. As surely as Augustine and Antony these three valiant spirits fought the good fight lest temptations similarly potent and insidious should blind them to the way of perfection. And at last Basil and Gregory "agreed together in holding that the things that are seen are not to be compared to the things that are not seen. They quitted the world while it entreated them to stay."

In those two sentences is implied the life story of John Henry Newman.

[III]

Newman's next two papers (*Medieval Oxford* [1838] and the *Convocation of Canterbury* [1834-35]) have little interest for us as students of literature. The former shows Newman as a foe to what he regarded as the ill-considered liberalism of his day; the latter is an inquiry into the historical basis of the royal supremacy, which lends color to the assertion of some of his friends that, had he taken up law, he would have won high distinction. As one reads it, his strongest feeling is of gratitude that Newman was never again as dull as in these eighty dreary pages.

A gap of fifteen years in Newman's historical writing follows, and when he again appeared in the rôle of historian he had emerged from his temporary eclipse and was no longer an Anglican minister caught in the maelstrom of doubts and difficulties, but a Catholic priest. As a writer he had gained in breadth of experience, certainty of mind, and sureness of touch, and had become the Newman we now know best, the writer of epoch-making volumes in other fields than theology, his intellectual powers matured and his style more rich.

During October, 1853, Newman delivered a series of lectures in the Catholic Institute of Liverpool. They were concerned with the rise and significance of the Turkish power in Europe, and attracted additional interest by preceding the outbreak of the Crimean War by only a few months.

The Aberdeen Ministry was divided on questions of policy and no one could foretell whether or not England would take sides with Turkey against Russia or remain neutral. Newman felt it was time to speak out. Whatever might be said in favor of either course was eminently proper then but might at any moment become hopelessly indiscreet or even treasonable. As he re-

viewed in his mind the origin of the Turks, their rise, aggressions, and conquests, and finally their relations to Europe, he could not resist certain conclusions which he wished to get before the public in the hope of influencing opinion, so far as that was possible, against any alliance on the part of England with Turkey. The Christian Powers, he believed, should never have permitted Turkey to secure a foothold upon European soil, but, having sown in folly and dissension, so must they reap. If the Czar should attack Turkey, all honor to the Czar; for "he is attacking an infamous Power, the enemy of God and man." That is plain talk with wisdom from the past, and vision for the future. Newman is not thinking of ephemeral political advantages which Russia may reap by defeating Turkey, but of the immensely more important advantages which Christianity and civilization will derive from the Turkish overthrow. "It is difficult," he says in his Preface, "to understand how a reader of history can side with the Spanish people in past centuries in their struggles with the Moors, without wishing Godspeed, in mere consistency, to any Christian Power which aims at delivering the East of Europe from the Turkish yoke."

On beginning these lectures Newman disavows any original investigations and even confesses that he has "sometimes borrowed words and phrases, to save himself trouble, from the authorities whom he has consulted." We need not take this admission seriously. These lectures are peculiarly the product of his genius and of no one else's; here are his poetic touches, his occasional digressions under the lure of a moral to be made or a misapprehension to be banished; his abiding conception of a direct and controlling Providence which does not permit either individuals or nations to deride it forever.

In these lectures new powers as an historian appear:

a breadth of view shown in occasional sweeping summaries; narrative skill reminiscent of *Loss and Gain* and anticipatory of *Callista*; a realization of the concessions which must be made to meet the requirements of "human interest," and a knowledge of political philosophy beyond anything he had ever shown or was to be called upon to show in any of his later work.

Among so many virtues it is not surprising to find some faults. Newman's impatience of chronology went far to destroy that clear impression which historical sequence alone can give. He throws into close association as if contemporaries men separated by almost two hundred years and narrates a series of incidents in one sentence only to step back "several centuries earlier" in the next. He speaks of generations or eras almost with nonchalance. Dates, in fact, are well-nigh banished from these pages, and kings, conquests, and dynasties crowd upon one another in a baffling and at times provoking medley. With one's envy of the audience, whose fortune it was to listen to that silvery voice and those cadenced sentences, is mingled a feeling of sympathy that they sought in vain from the purely historical half of these lectures something more than a confused impression. Certainly on the mind of the typical reader little is left but a series of vague though splendid scenes: snow-capped mountains here, smiling plains there; now a glimpse of desert sands, and now a flash of shimmering water; dark herds grazing peacefully on hills that slope to low-thatched hamlets, and then with the swiftness of lightning hordes of uncounted Tartars galloping on fiery steeds across the landscape, the red lust of blood beckoning them on and columns of smoke and flame reeling in their wake.

To Newman such a criticism would not seem valid; he would urge in defence that his purpose was being misunderstood. To his mind the history of the rise of

Turkish power served but as a dark background against which the finger of warning, as at Belshazzar's feast, might trace out its stern lesson. "It is unreal and unphilosophical," he declares, "to interest ourselves in the mere adventures and successes of the Turks, without going on to view them in their moral aspect also." And being Newman, it was with these moral aspects that his real concern lay and to which all else served but as an introduction.

The Turks had their tumultuous day, got Asia in their gripe, and menaced Europe with a loathsome domination which should have been checked decisively and for all time. But many things intervened: resistance to the Pope's authority; heresies; frequent weaknesses among Churchmen who should have been trumpet-tongued to arouse the Christian powers to action; folly and knavery and dissension among Christian leaders, until at last the catastrophes of Nicropolis and Varna paved the way for the fall of Constantinople.

But darkness could not prevail forever. Rome was purged, and a saint, Pius V, was elected Pope. To Newman he was the Father of Christianity, the hope of Civilization, while the Sultan was the leader of the fanatical spawn of Asia, goaded on by the blind lust of conquest and destruction. The one represented goodness and light; the other, darkness and evil. And Lepanto was the death grapple.

Now to Newman Lepanto was not merely the greatest naval battle the world had seen for eighteen hundred years, whose political consequences were far-reaching. Had he thought of it in that light he would not have been Newman and he would never have undertaken a study of the Turks at all.

Lepanto is to him exalted high above the typical occurrences of profane history, however significant, and becomes a striking and never-to-be-forgotten manifesta-

tion of Divine clemency. With the eyes of imagination Newman did not merely behold the two great fleets drawn up like panthers about to strike, but the Christian world upon its knees, with hands upraised in supplication that the God of Battles might not be unmindful of His children.

Those petitions were heard:

"Lepanto was the turning point in the Turkish history . . . and the victories gained over them since are but the complements and the reverberations of the overthrow at Lepanto.

"Such was the catastrophe of this long and anxious drama; the hosts of Turkistan and Tartary had poured down from their wildernesses through ages, to be withstood, and foiled, and reversed by an old man. It was a repetition, though under different circumstances, of the history of Leo and the Hun. In the contrast between the combatants we see the contrast of the histories of good and evil. The Enemy, as the Turks in this battle, rushing forward with the terrible fury of wild beasts; and the Church, ever combating with the energetic perseverance and the heroic obstinacy of St. Pius."

Newman felt no doubt a particular satisfaction in pressing home upon his hearers the moral significance of the rise of Ottoman power, for at the time the "philosophy of history" was a prominent subject and was used to insinuate a naturalistic or agnostic view of the world. He always insists upon the mortality of earthly power and he beholds in Zingis and Timour, those Titans of conquest, only the blind instruments of Divine vengeance, just as he saw in Lepanto the scene of Divine triumph.

In the last three lectures Newman takes up the distinction between civilization and barbarism, and it is important to notice that he regards supernatural truth as the sovereign law of civilization as well as of Chris-

tianity, although civilization, he laments, is far from fulfilling such a conception, and the limits of its advancement and perfectibility are still far distant. Despite its weaknesses, however, it is distinguished by the ascendancy of mind over passion and imagination; by consistency of habit and action; by a continual progress or development of the principles on which it rests. This living principle of growth sets it poles apart from barbarism with its ignorance, complacency, and stagnation. If barbarism displays power it proceeds from no indwelling principle of life, but from occasional great or accomplished sovereigns. Races like the Turks "thrive, as they come to naught, by means of agents external to themselves." While civilization is continually achieving an advance which is "not an established state of things, but a point in a career," barbarian minds remain, with monumental complacency, "in the circle of ideas which sufficed their fathers."

Such are the Turks in the light of both their past and their present. What may we conjecture regarding their future? The Newman of 1853 harbored no false illusions, and from the vantage point of seventy years later we must confess the wisdom of conclusions, based on neither self-deception nor political expediency, but on a sane philosophy which ignores none of the great lessons of the past.

"Many things," he says, "are possible; one thing is inconceivable,—that the Turks should, as an existing nation, accept of modern civilization; and, in default of it, that they should be able to stand their ground amid the encroachments of Russia, the interested and contemptuous patronage of Europe, and the hatred of their subject populations."

The implied conclusion is inescapable: the Turks are and will remain a menace to civilization and Christianity. Only the continuance in the twentieth century of

the folly, cupidity, and dissensions of the fifteenth permits that menace to remain.¹

[IV]

Newman was too entirely the man of letters to try to hold the interest of his listeners without appealing to their imagination; and vivid descriptions, all too infrequent with him, are more conspicuous here than in all his other historical writings.

Here are the Huns, described in a few vivid touches: "Their shoulders were broad, their noses flat, their eyes black, small, and deeply buried in their heads. They had little hair on their skulls, and no beard." He describes the victorious Sultan, Mahmood, another Timour, who felt that the last gift of the world he had conquered would be but the dark confines of a grave: "Broken down by an agonizing complaint, he perceived his life was failing, and his glory coming to an end. Two days before his death, he commanded all the untold riches of his treasury, his sacks of gold and silver, his caskets of precious stones, to be brought out and placed before him. Having feasted his eyes upon them, he burst into tears; he knew they would not long be his, but he had not the heart to give any part of them away. The next day he caused to be drawn up before his travelling throne . . . his army of 100,000 foot and 55,000 horse, his chariots, his camels, and his 1,300 elephants of war; and again he wept; and, overcome with grief, retired to his palace. Next day he dies."

He describes tellingly the victorious return of Togrul

¹ "Newman refuted, without knowing them, Disraeli's sinister views, which were destined to create a false position for England at the Congress of Berlin, and to lead by their unfortunate consequences to the Great War itself. And he justified by anticipation Gladstone's vehement demand for the exit of the Turks, 'bag and baggage,' from the regions they misgoverned, which was the one true conclusion of the whole matter." William Barry: "The Turks, Cardinal Newman and the Council of Ten" (*The Nineteenth Century and After*, August, 1919).

from the slaughter of unnumbered Christians; Mahmood's destruction of the idol of Sunnat; the death of Alp Arslan, struck down by the dagger of a captive chief. These pictures are admirable of their kind but it was not the typical Newman who presented them but that occasional Newman, who only now and then "let himself go" and who knew how to make concessions to an audience whose interest must be sustained for an ultimate and important purpose.

His endeavor to keep the imagination of his audience aroused was not based on vivid depiction alone. He knew the value of vigorous narrative and in this study of the Turks he could display on occasion a spirit, a rapidity, and a poetic touch which were his finest achievement in this province and prove him not wanting in kinship with the masters of historical narrative.

Listen to him as he touches upon the exploits of Attila: "It was his boast, that, where his horse once trod, there grass never grew again. As he followed his terrible destiny, religious men looked on with awe, and called him the 'scourge of God.' He burst as a thunder cloud upon the whole extent of country, now called Turkey in Europe, along a line of more than five hundred miles from the Black Sea to the Gulf of Venice. He defeated the Roman armies in three pitched battles, and then set about destroying the cities of the Empire. Three of the greatest, Constantinople, Adrianople and another, escaped; but as for the rest, the barbarian fury fell on as many as seventy; they were sacked, leveled to the ground, and their inhabitants carried off to captivity. Next he turned round to the west and rode off with his savage horsemen to the Rhine. He entered France and stormed and sacked the greater part of its cities. At Metz he involved in one promiscuous massacre priests and children; he burned the city, so that a solitary chapel of St. Stephen was its sole remains. At length

he was signally defeated by the Romans and Goths united at Chalons on the Marne, in a tremendous battle which ended in 250,000 men being left dead on the field.

"Irritated rather than humbled, as some beast of prey, by this mishap, he turned to Italy. Crossing the Alps, he laid siege to Aquileia, at that time one of the richest, most populous, and strongest of the cities of the Hadriatic coast. He took it, sacked it, and so utterly destroyed it, that the succeeding generation could scarcely trace its ruins." Here is in English a counterpart of the vividness and animation that belonged to the Latin Livy.

This is not the end of Newman's virtues as an historian. A more conspicuous and unusual excellence appears in occasional summaries of events, brilliant, sweeping, and so illuminating that they are like a momentary breaking of sunlight through mist. In a single superb page he could indicate the effects of Roman civilization upon the barbarians, or epitomize the course of education from the beginnings to the fourth century of the Christian era; and even hostile criticism is disarmed in the reading. This excellence appears in the discussion, already touched upon, of the primary differences between barbarism and civilization; it appears in a different way in the skill with which Newman, while indicating a series of events centuries long, beheld amid their complexities the unity of racial tendencies and ultimately of a national purpose. This power appears again strikingly where he develops the thought that the North is the land of the Nomad, the barbarian, the conqueror; the South, the land of milk and honey, of smiling vineyards, of peace and civilization. Between the two, he says, for centuries there has been a duel to the death. From time to time, incited by some new wanderlust, some fresh passion of conquest, the barbarian hordes have swarmed from out the maw of the desolate North

like a devastating army of death down upon the smiling plenty of the South. And he adds with a touch of poetic fancy, "Our maps in placing the North at the top, and the South at the bottom of the sheet, impress us, by what may seem a sophistical analogy, with the imagination that Huns or Moguls, Kalmucks or Cossacks, have been a superincumbent mass, descending by a sort of gravitation upon the fair territories which lie below them."

Let us follow him further and see how much of history he can compress into a few brilliant sentences: "The relative position of the combatants must always be the same, while the combat lasts. The South has nothing to win, the North nothing to lose; the North nothing to offer, the South nothing to covet. Nor is this all; the North, as in an impregnable fortress, defies the attack of the South. Immense, tractless solitudes; no cities, no tillage, no roads; deserts, forests, marshes; bleak table lands, snowy mountains; unlocated, flitting, receding populations; no capitals, no marts or strong places, or fruitful vales, to hold as hostages for submission; fearful winters and many months of them;—Nature herself fights and conquers for the barbarian. What madness shall tempt the South to undergo extreme risks without the prospect or chance of a return? True it is, ambition, whose very life is a fever, has now and then ventured on the reckless expedition; but from the first page of history to the last, from Cyrus to Napoleon, what has the northern country done for the greatest warriors but destroy the flower of their armies and the prestige of their name?"

I have quoted this striking passage not because it is a fine example of Newman's prose, touched with the glow of his imagination (though assuredly it is that) but because it serves to indicate to some degree that virtue to which I have been alluding, a certain largeness of

view or sweep of vision (call it what you will) which belongs to the historian who has power to penetrate deeper than the outer shell of facts and see in them the explicable results of deeply rooted causes. It is Newman's power to do this that makes these lectures on the Turks the most striking, though not the most charming, of his historical studies.

[V]

When Newman wrote his papers on the *Mission of St. Benedict* and the *Benedictine Schools* in 1858-9, he gave us only a part of what he intended to be a study of the "births of Poetry, of Science, and of Practical Sense," as represented by the Benedictines, the Dominicans, and the Jesuits. But the two latter studies were never completed. The papers on the Benedictines are admirable of their kind and are a contribution to the history of educational progress between the break-up of the Roman Empire and the rise of Universities. Newman's touch is light, and his style charged with poetry.

The Benedictine Order, he tells us, was always one in spirit but it had the genius to vary its outward circumstances to meet the ever varying conditions of life, social, political, and ecclesiastical. "It was an old, decayed, and moribund world into which Christianity had been cast," and out of the chaos of a continent in arms men sought the peaceful sanctuary of monastic life in extraordinary numbers. Monasteries sprang up like April flowers and in their solemn quiet, with the comradeship of sky and tree and stream, these men studied from the pages of those books which Jacques praised, while living the pastoral life sung of Virgil and Horace in the golden days of Rome.

Self-sought isolation, however, was not permitted to the Benedictines. True they had cast their lot upon the

woody swamp, but humanity drifted from the storms of life into the harborage of their kindliness until the woody swamp "became a hermitage, a religious house, a farm, an abbey, a village, a seminary, a school of learning, and a city." Alas that the victories of peace should have to have an end! Wave after wave of barbarian hosts swept in destructive tides across the fields of Europe and chaos succeeded to the beauty of order and peace. But the monks did not despair. Unweariedly, with a kind of divine patience, those tireless, kindly, simple men set to work once more, and once more churches, colleges, and libraries sprang up from the dragon's teeth of war.

Less poetic in treatment but equal in interest is Newman's paper on *Benedictine Schools*. During the fifth and early sixth centuries the children of light seemed withering away for fear and expectation; wars and the rumors of wars filled the world; destruction rode as on the winds of heaven; the very air seemed full of portents and each sun that rose might witness the destruction of the world before its setting. Sunlight faded into darkness and darkness once more melted before the dawn and yet the dreaded summons, the awful *Dies Iræ*, failed to come. At last men took heart; once more they tilled their fields, tended their flocks, performed their business, married, and were given in marriage. The monks too began to lift up their eyes again and take thought for the future; to think of other men who must be trained to carry on their work when they would have found their last resting place beneath the floor of the monastery chapel. Thus, "the old order of things died, sure enough, but then a new order took its place, and they themselves, by no will or expectation of their own, were in no small measure its very life. The lonely Benedictine rose from his knees and found himself a city. This was the

case not merely here or there, but everywhere; Europe was new mapped, and the monks were the principle of mapping. They had grown into large communities, into abbeys, into corporations with civil privileges, into landholders with tenants, serfs, and baronial neighbors; they had become centers of population, the schools of the most cherished truths, the shrines of the most sacred confidences. They found themselves priests, rulers, legislators, feudal lords, royal counsellors, missionary preachers, controversialists; and they comprehended that unless they fled anew from the face of man, as St. Antony in the beginning, they must bid farewell to the hope of leading St. Antony's life."

The monks met this situation by a compromise. They remained to "undertake the functions to which both the world and the Church called them" and so the training to which they subjected the children brought within their walls, eventually to succeed to cowl and cord, was gradually widened in scope to admit lay boys on an equal footing. The Benedictines were not innovators; they accepted the old books and subjects which they found ready to their hands in the pagan schools and added the study of scripture and Latin poetry and prose, and (bless their good sense) manual arts.

But times changed; wider vistas unfolded; Universities sprang up and with them bolder and more constructive intellects came to the front. Heresies, too, arise which demand a different type of combatant from the Benedictine, and when speculation grows rife Aquinas appears, to mould for the service of the Church an enriched philosophy in which the resources of his own intellect and that of the greatest of the ancients are united. So once again "the old order changeth yielding place to new" and the twilight of the Benedictine supremacy beholds the dawn of the Dominican.

[VI]

When Newman returned once more after many years to studies of the early Fathers in whose company he felt entirely at home it was to take up Theodoret, for whom he had a sympathetic place in his heart, and Chrysostom, whom he loved as he loved David and St. Paul.

To Newman, Chrysostom's charm was appealing, for it lay "in his intimate sympathy and compassionateness for the whole world, not only in its strength but in its weakness." The saint was indeed a rare spirit, genial, gifted, burning with a divine ardor. Celebrated as theologian and orator, he was exalted to the See of Constantinople only to be torn from his high estate by a dissolute empress, and though exiled to the very rim of the civilized world among a rude people and the storms of winter, he "lost not one fiber" through all these dramatic vicissitudes of fortune, nor missed "one vibration of the complicated whole of human sentiment and affection." Surely it is not hard to account for the powerful appeal which Chrysostom made upon Newman.

In these two studies we find Newman himself, if we look at all sharply, in a multitude of sympathetic and self-revealing touches which are by no means the least part of their charm. But better even than those touches, for all their delightfulness, are the outspoken words of Newman, who for once freely voices his own notions of biography in an introductory essay which Sainte-Beuve might have been glad to write.

We seem to see him in his study, pen poised above his paper, all ready to start upon these fascinating sketches. He pauses a moment and then begins to chat in a delightfully intimate way, his white hair in sharp contrast with the book-filled shelves that line the walls. There is a sparkle in his eyes, and a buoyancy shows itself in the silvery low tones of his voice. He finds delight, he

says, in reading the lives of the saints of the first ages, because he can see them through the medium of their letters, face to face as it were, and not as through a glass darkly; for they tell their own story in their own way without any intrusive, officious biographer. What blessings letters are! How close they bring the men of generations, even of centuries, long gone. Take Cicero: he is "more than an orator and a sage; he is not a mere ideal, he is a man and a brother; he is one of ourselves." How we wish this were true of Demosthenes and Plato; but alas! says Newman, with a smile of regret, this can never be, for they have left us no correspondence. In Chrysostom's case we are fortunate, for we have about two hundred and forty letters of his, though most are crowded into the three memorable years of his exile. They are written right from his heart, affectionate, gracious, altogether human, and yet touched with his charming saintliness. Newman pauses, questions us with his eyes for fear we may have missed his meaning, toys with his pen a moment, and then goes on. He is impatient of biographies because they fail so utterly to impress him "with the idea of moral unity, identity, growth, continuity, personality." And worst of all when writers take up the life of a saint, which should be a triumph of perfect portrayal, "they do not manifest the saint, they mince him into spiritual lessons." Newman is impatient at such bungling; he is revolted at thus stumbling upon "the *disjecta membra* of what ought to be a living whole." Rather leave him alone with the saint's letters to get his own view undisturbed "of his character, his tastes, his natural infirmities." And now Newman confesses the secret (which we have already discovered for ourselves) of his attitude toward such persons and problems of history as have appealed to him most strongly. Listen: it is his delight, he says, to trace out "the solemn conflict which is waging

in the soul between what is divine and what is human, or the eras of the successive victories won by the powers and principles which are divine." We are tempted to say: "Exactly! we discovered that twenty-odd years ago when you wrote about Augustine and Basil and Gregory and Martin," but luckily (for Newman is in a rare mood) we content ourselves with smiling understandingly, and he goes on. He protests against omitting facts in history and biography, and grows scornful over the "endemic perennial fidget which possesses us about giving scandal." Perhaps we lift our brows a bit inquiringly. At once the great man, alas! becomes self-conscious. "I am getting," he says apologetically, "far more argumentative than I thought to be when I began." He picks up his pen once more, bows, and the interview is over. But it was a memorable experience in spite of its brevity, for we have had the most intimate glimpse of John Henry Newman as a man of letters which he ever deigned to give.

[VII]

It is a pity that Newman leaves the background of his study of Chrysostom so meager; that he refuses to yield a fleeting thought to the advantages of an occasional date; that he allows himself to waste any of these precious pages upon a digression regarding the Isaurians. You cannot help wishing that he had given less attention to the geography of Asia Minor, and focussed it more consistently on Chrysostom. And abidingly you regret his failure to make the subject of such loving and exquisite study less a type of mind than a corporeal figure possessed of three dimensions.

But adverse criticism is an ungracious business when it is concerned with a sketch like this of Chrysostom, which, whatever its weaknesses, may challenge admira-

tion for many a beauty. Why should one point out that Newman utterly fails to explain the implacable animosity of the saint's enemies? Ought one not to be satisfied that he has pictured the patience and sweetness of temper of that kindly old man, and his beautiful resignation even to the pitiful hour of his death? Why should one complain of Newman's habit of digression when it leads him to so beautiful a passage as this:

"The Euxine! That strange, mysterious sea, which typifies the abyss of outer darkness, as the blue Mediterranean basks under the smile of Heaven in the center of civilization and religion. The awful, the splendid drama of man's history has mainly been carried on upon the Mediterranean shores; while the Black Sea has ever been on the very outskirts of the habitable world, and the scene of wild, unnatural portents; with legends of Prometheus on the savage Caucasus, of Medea gathering witch-herbs in the moist meadows of the Phasis, and of Iphigenia sacrificing the shipwrecked stranger in Taurica; then again, with the more historical, yet not more grateful visions of barbarous tribes, Goths, Huns, Scythians, Tartars, flitting over the steppes and wastes which encircle its inhospitable waters."

We ought not to complain of Newman's omissions when we have to thank him for letting us read so many charming letters written by Chrysostom to his friends, which, as we peruse them, explain readily enough how Newman found in them the very key to the saint's heart. For in them we have the saint, in various moods and at different times, as his friends knew him, now picturing the privations of his wintry journey; now enjoining silence about his sufferings; now praising the kindly acts of new acquaintances; now gently upbraiding those dear to his soul for the infrequency of their letters. He is affectionate, kindly, lovable, and it is small wonder that the man who was one day to confess that Ambrose St.

John was his life under God for many years, should say of Chrysostom that he "lived in his friends."

As Newman studied Chrysostom his thoughts went back to those saints and dear friends of whom he had written a quarter of a century before, Basil and Gregory, and he was conscious of a kinship of spiritual type which marked all three and of those points of difference which gave them individuality. Notice with what touches, loving, deft, exquisitely poetic, and yet unfailingly keen, Newman brings them out:

"Here Chrysostom differs, as far as I can judge, from his brother saints and Doctors of the Greek Church, St. Basil and St. Gregory Nazienzen. They were scholars, shy perhaps and reserved; and though they had not given up the secular state, they were essentially monks. There is no evidence to show that they attached men to their person. They, as well as John, had a multitude of enemies; and were regarded, the one with dislike, the other perhaps with contempt; but they had not, on the other hand, warm, eager, sympathetic, indignant, agonized friends. There is another characteristic in Chrysostom, which perhaps gained for him this great blessing. He had a vigor, elasticity, and sunniness of mind all his own. He was ever sanguine, seldom sad. Basil had a lifelong malady, involving continual gnawing pain and a weight of physical dejection. He bore his burden well and gracefully, like the great Saint he was, as Job bore his; but it was a burden like Job's. He was a calm, mild, grave, autumnal day; St. John Chrysostom was a day in springtime, bright and rainy, and glittering through its rain. Gregory was the full summer, with a long spell of pleasant stillness, its monotony relieved by thunder and lightning. Like Basil, Chrysostom was bowed with infirmities of body; he was often ill, he was thin and wizened; cold was a misery to him; heat affected his head; he scarcely dared touch wine; he was

obliged to use the bath; obliged to take exercise, or rather to be continually on the move. Whether from a nervous or febrile complexion he was warm in temper; or at least, at certain times, his emotion struggled hard with his reason. But he had that noble spirit which complains as little as possible; which makes the best of things; which soon recovers its equanimity, and hopes on in circumstances when others sink down in despair. . . . There was in Basil tenderness, gravity, self-possession, resignation, penance; in Gregory, innocence, amiableness, an inward peace, a self-resource, an independence of external things; and all these graces in both Saints grafted upon Christian perfection, and raised to an heroic standard."

Newman unquestionably had his weaknesses as an historian and a student of biography. But it would be hard to find in the range of literature characterizations more subtle, more deft, more rich in poetic suggestiveness, and withal so just as these. They do more than illumine the gifts of mind and heart of Gregory and Basil and Chrysostom; they throw a ray of purest light into the mind and heart of the man whose sympathetic understanding made possible their exquisite adequacy.

Theodoret was not a saint. But he belonged to that high company of early Doctors whose holy lives and unflinching courage and genius in theology were jewels in the crown of the primitive Church. Newman sketches lightly his birth, his education, his monastic life, his labors in the service of the Church in and out of his diocese, and his elevation to the bishopric of Cyrrhus. And now, all of a sudden, we begin to understand the secret of Theodoret's appeal to Newman. Cyrrhus was isolated, crude, unresponsive. Nearby was Antioch, stimulating, appreciative of Theodoret's gifts, rich in lofty traditions and besides, says Newman,—and this suggests another point of contact between the New-

man of Birmingham and the Theodoret of Cyrrhus—"little as Theodoret loved mixed society or the vanities of high station, he was of that affectionate temper which could not thrive under the absence of friends." If, as his enemies said, Theodoret neglected his home see for the stimulus and appreciation of Antioch, that was comprehensible enough; for "at Antioch he breathed freely; but at Cyrrhus his mind fell back upon itself." Misunderstandings and accusations followed, and Theodoret did not always control his temper while his enemies seemed too stupid to understand him or too cruel to try. Then he fell into the clutches of Nestorius, and in the swift movements and strange shifting of events his life became in a sense a kind of duel between him on the one side and St. Cyril on the other.

In his innermost heart Newman sympathizes with Theodoret. True he tries to justify St. Cyril and to condemn Theodoret, but his justification of the one somehow becomes the condonation of the other. In vain he tells himself that Cyril was a saint, that Theodoret's shortcomings of mind and temper lost him canonization. His heart goes out to Theodoret none the less, who in exile at Cyrrhus hungered for the wider appreciation of Antioch; who incurred from the virtuous fault of overzeal the enmity of men whose sainthood was yet to be achieved; who had seen others err on momentous questions only to win honors and preferment beyond their seeming merit.

It is Newman, the keen of memory, who in the very midst of his attempt to justify Cyril, points out that he had been aligned among the persecutors of Chrysostom. It is Newman, the persuasive pleader, who, speaking in the rôle of a partisan of Theodoret, pleads so compellingly that his own attempt at an answer seems weak by comparison. What indeed could Newman say in behalf of Cyril against Theodoret when he had already

written this sentence of supersubtle malice: "Theodoret's temper was hot, and showed itself in the language which he used of Cyril. *He did not indeed call him Judas; but he called him the 'Egyptian'.*" Could anticlimax be turned to defter use than this! Theodoret had called Cyril the "Egyptian" but it was Cyril who had called the dead St. Chrysostom a Judas!

Dark days followed for Theodoret, who was unjustly deposed from his see and exiled by the civil power, and who was ever at odds with Cyril in an antagonism of temperament as well as of theology. Newman compels our sympathy for Theodoret, skilfully and successfully, so successfully indeed that, as if we were beholding a life-drama of today, we read with pleasure that at last the clouds lifted and the high-spirited Churchman lived long enough to be reconciled to Cyril, to meet rehabilitation at the hands of Rome, and to die in the peaceful retirement of a monastery.

Perhaps we ask ourselves as we watch the curtain fall on the calm that brought that stormy career to a close why Newman chose Theodoret as a subject for study? We can understand his choosing Chrysostom the gentle, the gracious, the uncomplaining, but why Theodoret, the quick-tempered, the aggressive, the unyielding? The answer, in part, we have seen already: in Theodoret's unhappiness away from the stimulation of intellectual companionship and (more perhaps) away from that of friends. But most of all the answer lies in Newman's sympathy for the warm-hearted Theodoret in the misery of being perpetually misunderstood. Newman knew; his own star was in eclipse; he no less than Theodoret had suffered (and was suffering still) from the blindness of those who could not or would not see.

"Sympathetic minds may not see clearly, but antipathy does not see at all." It was John Henry Newman no less than St. Isadore who spoke those words.

[VIII]

As a kind of aftermath of his sojourn in Ireland as Rector of the Catholic University, Newman wrote his papers called *The Northmen and Normans in England and Ireland*, which appeared in the *Rambler* for May and July, 1859, during his brief term as editor. Their chief purpose is to offer a kind of *apologia* of the alleged papal sanction of the Anglo-Norman expedition to Ireland under "Strongbow." Newman's undertaking was difficult enough to tax even his inexhaustible suavity and tact, and the two papers remain to prove how admirably he could steer his course through dangerous waters.

As Newman saw it, the once savage Norman when elevated by Christianity was destined to play the part of *deus ex machina* for a stormy and chaotic England, and two hundred years later, for a no less unhappy and discordant Ireland. As an instrument of benediction to both England and Ireland the Norman in Newman's eyes derived from no mere marauding pirates but from a valiant race of sea-kings who had been "cradled in the storm and surge" and whom he proceeded to invest with a golden and poetic glory. He sees in the Northman the hero of northern romance, gigantic in form, girt with an enormous buckler, and armed with a spear like a pine on the hillside; he is master of rock-bound shore and trackless sea, terrible in hate, dauntless in fight, swift and pitiless in revenge, and stirred with the chivalry of a demigod in love. Later as a Norman he sees him a fanciful and romantic devotee of honor. "His very worship was to do battle; his rite of sacrifice was a passage of arms. He couched his lance to decide the question of fact, that his lady was the beautifullest woman in creation; he drew his sword on the blasphemer to convince him of the sanctity of the Gospel; and he passed abruptly from demolishing churches and burning

towns to the rescue of the Holy Sepulchre from the unclean infidel."

How far Newman would have carried this study, with its richly poetic prose, it is hard to say, for it breaks off abruptly with the statement that it is after all only a fragment and that Newman is "suddenly retiring from the editorship of the *Rambler* magazine."

[IX]

As Rector of the Catholic University in Dublin, Newman published in the *Catholic University Gazette* (1854) a series of papers on the *Rise and Progress of Universities*. He wrote them with the double object of persuading Irishmen who might hang back from timidity or lukewarmness that a Catholic University in Dublin could be made a success, and of justifying his own conception of its constitution from an historical point of view. To the scope and function of a University he had already devoted a series of lectures, published as the *Idea of a University*, of which the series of sketches we are now to consider forms a fascinating and valuable aftermath.

For Newman, his studies on the *Rise and Progress of Universities* must have been peculiarly congenial. Essentially an academician as he was, his years at Oxford led him to feel strongly on the aims of University education and on the elements which contributed to its strength as well as to its weakness. Besides, he was alive to the power of tradition and the historical advance of education through long centuries and under multiform conditions, and was sympathetic, open-minded, and catholic enough in taste to feel equally the spell of a Plato, a Cicero, a Jerome, an Abelard, and an Aquinas. In these papers we see Newman, the man of letters, from many angles. We have poetic descriptions, illuminating defini-

tions, skillful pleading, persuasive eloquence, cogent argument, keen insight, stimulating thought. There is psychological penetration, too, as in his sketch of Abelard, and though nowhere in the book do we find it as sustained as in his Theodoret or his Chrysostom or even in his earlier sketches of Basil and Gregory (it is not indeed called for by the aims of this study), we would look long even in Newman for a sentence which says so much and says it so exquisitely well as this regarding Abelard's relations with Eloise: Abelard, he says, found temptations in his deep ambition; but "this was not the overthrow of Samson in his strength nor of Solomon in his wisdom. A more subtle snare was laid for him than beset the heroic champion or the all-accomplished monarch of Israel; for sensuality came upon him under the guise of intellect, and it was the high mental endowments of Eloise, who became his pupil, speaking in her eyes, and thrilling on her tongue, which were the intoxication and the delirium of Abelard."

At the outset Newman lays down, as he always does, the limits of his study, which at first blush is so broad and opens up so many beckoning byroads which he must resolutely fail to see. "I will confine myself to description and statement concerning the nature, the character, the work, the peculiarities of a University, the aims with which it is established, the wants it may supply, the methods it adopts, what it involves and requires, what are its relations to other institutions, and what has been its history."

And now he asks, in the first place, "What is a University?" His answer is given in a famous chapter rich in clear-cut and beautiful exposition. To paraphrase it would be impossible; even to attempt it an impertinence. Fortunately we have Newman's own eloquent summary in the following passage: "A University is a place of concourse, whither students come from every quarter for

every kind of knowledge. You cannot have the best of every kind everywhere; you must go to some great city or emporium for it. There you have all the choicest productions of nature and art all together, which you find each in its own separate place elsewhere. All the riches of the land, and of the earth, are carried up thither; there are the best markets, and there the best workmen. It is the center of trade, the supreme court of fashion, the umpire of rival talents, and the standard of things rare and precious. It is the place for seeing galleries of first-rate pictures, and for hearing wonderful voices and performers of transcendent skill. It is the place for great preachers, great orators, great nobles, great statesmen. In the nature of things, greatness and unity go together; excellence implies a center. And such is a University; it is the place to which a thousand schools make contributions; in which the intellect may safely range and speculate, sure to find its equal in some antagonist activity, and its judge in the tribunal of truth. It is a place where inquiry is pushed forward, and discoveries verified and perfected, and rashness rendered innocuous, and error exposed, by the collision of mind with mind, and knowledge with knowledge. It is the place where the professor becomes eloquent, and is a missionary and a preacher, displaying his science in its most complete and most winning form, pouring it forth with the zeal of enthusiasm, and lighting up his own love of it in the breasts of his hearers. It is the place where the catechist makes good his ground as he goes, treading in the truth day by day into the ready memory, and wedging and tightening it into the expanding reason. It is a place which wins the admiration of the young by its celebrity, kindles the affections of the middle-aged by its beauty, and rivets the fidelity of the old by its associations. It is a seat of wisdom, a

light of the world, a minister of the faith, an Alma Mater of the rising generation."

A suitable residence for a University such as this (and what University ever realized Newman's ideal!) would be far to seek. But Newman remembers a city of old time whose glories were a tradition of cultured civilization. The clearness of the skies, the ruggedness of the mountains, the changing loveliness of the wine-colored sea, the sculptured magnificence of temples and monuments, the very air of buoyant grace which invested her, made Athens the ideal residence of a University. There was upon her brow that openness which betokened the forward vision of the West and something that hinted at the dreaminess of the mysterious East with traditions that faded away into the mist of a forgotten Dawn. Thus in Athens West and East were joined in never-ending nuptials and the power and beauty of intellect attested the joyous fruitfulness of their union.

Not only did Athens furnish an ideal site of a University, but "for a long thousand years" it was a center of learning of such wide renown that toward it as to an intellectual Mecca the footsteps of youth eager for knowledge were endlessly turning. Hither comes the young lawyer of conspicuous talents in rhetoric but of weak lungs, who will one day stir Rome with the splendor of his oratory. His name is Cicero. Hither comes "a youth of low stature and black hair, whose father has given him an education at Rome beyond his rank in life, and now is sending him to finish it at Athens." They say he has a turn for poetry; his name is Horace. Hither comes a thoughtful idealist toward the end of his days, who has done great things on the field of battle and in the realm of philosophy. He is Marcus Aurelius, Emperor and Sage. Hither comes Cleanthes, abandoning his career as a boxer in the public games to seek wisdom at the feet of Zeno the Stoic. Hither comes a

reticent young man of twenty, who is to make a brilliant course during a stay of eight or ten years, who will ignore Latin but become a master of Greek, and who will emerge unspoiled from the tainted atmosphere of so cosmopolitan a place and so licentious a comradeship. He will one day become a theologian, a Doctor of the Church, and a Saint. His name is Gregory.

Hither, too, comes Eunapius, a lad of fifteen, who arrives late at night, sick from the effects of his voyage. He will sit at the feet of Proæresius, a great teacher of the day, to whose house his comrades conduct him, and where he is to dwell during his sojourn in the great city. Perhaps he is startled at the stories he hears from his fellow students, of riotous escapades, of turbulent quarrels between town and gown, and of feuds between the partisans of rival professors.

Our freshman Eunapius sees for himself the wretched lodgings which the students occupy with a fine air of unconcern, caring much for the cultivation of the mind, and nothing at all for the comfort of the body. And why should it not be so? Athens with her glorious traditions of Plato and Aristotle, of Thucydides and Pericles and Demosthenes and Æschylus, what nobleness should she desire who had been the mother of such mighty men? Her glories were more enduring than things of bronze and marble, for they were of the empire of the spirit, which knows no death.

"The political power of Athens waned and disappeared; kingdoms rose and fell; centuries rolled away,—they did but bring fresh triumphs to the city of the poet and the sage. There at length the swarthy Moor and Spaniard were seen to meet the blue-eyed Gaul; and the Cappadocian, late subject of Mithridates, gazed without alarm at the haughty, conquering Roman. Revolution after revolution passed over the face of Europe, as well as of Greece, but still she was there,—Athens the city of

mind,—as radiant, as splendid, as delicate, as young, as ever she had been.”

[X]

It was for long years quite in independence of the civil power that learning flourished in Athens and later at Rome. It thrived, none the less, for the cause of literature and science is not won by powerful patronage, but by the thirst for knowledge on the one hand and the magnetism of men of genius on the other whose names are things to conjure with and whom eager students seek from every quarter. The potency of the living man and the living voice, all the innumerable and subtle elements which make up the influence of personality are as essential to a University as the very air we breathe. “An academical system without the personal influence of teachers or pupils, is an Arctic winter; it will create an iron-bound, petrified, cast-iron University, nothing else.” But Universities follow the same course as the history of society; “the latter begins in the poet and ends in the policeman; . . . the former begin in influence, they end in system.”

Her failure to advance toward system marked a vital weakness of Athens. Athens was, so to speak, “a ready-made University,” and the Athenians were in the true sense born teachers merely to live among whom was a cultivation of mind. They exercised Influence by discarding Law. Their sovereign was the Beautiful; in private and personal matters they were suffered to please themselves. They had no tyrannous public opinion to make them feel uncomfortable; they were united in the same freedom of will; obedience “to the magistrates and the laws was with them a sort of passion, to shrink from dishonor an instinct, and to repress injustice an indulgence.” But Athens was “of far too fine and dainty a

nature for the wear and tear of life;—she needed to be of sterner stuff, if she was to aspire to the charge of the young and inexperienced. Not all the zeal of the teacher and devotion of the pupil, the thirst of giving and receiving, the exuberance of demand and supply, will avail for a University, unless some provision is made for the maintenance of authority and of discipline, unless the terrors of the Law are added to the persuasiveness of the Beautiful." She needed the discipline which Rome could give, for Rome had a genius for organization, the power both of moulding a hundred nations upon a model, and of founding institutions supported by the iron hand of Law.

But meanwhile something of the power of organization which was Rome's belonged to the Macedonian Alexander, at the division of whose far-flung empire Alexandria became, under the fostering hand of his general, Ptolemy, the site of a college with ample revenues and a library which was to become the boast of the world. Brilliant teachers were summoned thither even from the uttermost lands, to whom flocked students in every art and science, while they themselves were made recipients of wealth and privilege.

Rome, though mistress of the world, who gave to education with lavish hands, was not the peer of Alexandria as a center of research but devoted herself to founding institutions for the education of the young. Later, when the youth of her colonies flocked to her knees from Africa and Gaul and Spain, to enter upon the study of law, Rome proved herself Rome and laid upon every student throughout her empire the firm hand of discipline. A youth was refused admission unless armed with a certificate signed by the magistrate of his province; he was scrutinized by the city prefect, who was acting Rector of the Academy; he was solemnly entered upon the public register with a notice of the

studies he was to pursue and the house in which he was to reside. He was cautioned against unbecoming conduct; his daily life was followed up carefully, and if his follies brought him foul of authority he was promptly punished and expelled.

The schools of Rome flourished in the day of her prosperity, but even Rome, as certainly as Athens, was to meet her doom. "In spite of the consolidation of its power, Rome was to go, as all things human go, and vanish forever. . . . All the fury of the elements was directed against it; and, as a continual dropping wears away the stone, so blow after blow, and revolution after revolution, sufficed at last to heave up, and hurl down, and smash into fragments, the noblest earthly power that ever was. First came the Goth, then the Hun, and then the Lombard. The Goth took possession, but he was of noble nature and soon lost his barbarism. The Hun came next; he was irreclaimable, but did not stay. The Lombard kept both his savageness and his ground; he appropriated to himself the territory, not the civilization of Italy, fierce as the Hun, and powerful as the Goth, the most tremendous scourge of Heaven. In his dark presence the poor remains of Greek and Roman splendor died away and the world went rapidly to ruin, material and moral. . . . Alas! the change between Rome in the heyday of her pride, and in the agony of her judgment!"

Rome was shattered; civilization was retarded a thousand years. Institutions which had been reared through centuries of care and toil and superhuman patience were swept to destruction before the inundation of barbarism and blood. Then it was that hope lifted her head on the northern rim of the world, and Britannia and Hibernia made the sixth, seventh, and eighth centuries resplendent by their genius. For in their midst, civilization and learning and the evangelistic spirit achieved a splendid birth, and the English and Irish

monks became the torchbearers of education and religion even upon the Continent. It was the English monk, Alcuin, who was summoned by Charlemagne to the guidance of education in France, and under his able direction and the imperial patronage admirable schools were established which the Church and the State supported and which were later to come to fullest flower in such great Universities as Paris, Pavia, and Bologna. To the schools of Charlemagne, both monastic and public, rich and poor were alike admitted. There were not yet that popular interest and sympathy, that spontaneous co-operation of the many, that concurrence of genius and compelling thirst for knowledge, which must conspire in order to bring a University into being. But these conditions ripened with the years and from the unorganized schools of the twelfth century proceeded the corporate Universities of the thirteenth. Then it was that the hunger for knowledge which was upon Europe became an irresistible urge and thousands of students swept like a tide into the great seats of learning.

They recognized no such petty things as national boundaries nor were they troubled by differences of tongues. The *lingua franca* of the schools was theirs and what were local frontiers to men who were brothers all in the limitless domain of the intellect! Gradually various faculties were established, courses organized, and degrees conferred; and gradually, too, the segregation of the various nationalities was brought about so that disorders might be checked and the management of the otherwise unwieldy student body made effective. In these national groups we see the colleges; and the centralized and controlling authority which gave them unity and sustaining power resided in the University. The colleges were the spheres of "influence"; in them were found those men of radiant intellect and magnetic personality whose names, like Scotus and Aquinas and

Abelard, caught eager multitudes of students like fish in a mighty net. In the University, on the other hand, was found what Newman calls "law," that function of discipline which guards with sleepless vigilance against those excesses, whether of conduct or of speculation, which ever threatened these voluntary and cosmopolitan republics with disintegration. "Influence" alone was not enough; the iron bonds of "law" had a no less important function, and, as things were, they did not always prove to be security enough.

Alas for Abelard! says Newman, whose influence surpassed belief, but whose head was turned by the worship of his students and his life ruined by his fall from grace—unhappy proof of the need of sterner stuff than merely brilliant personalities in the sphere of University life.

These great medieval Universities were Universities in very fact. They offered courses in all sciences and all arts with scholastic philosophy lending them a kind of unity. They drew teachers no less than students from the four corners of Christendom and depended, Newman insists, not on kings and nobles for their support, but on the enthusiasm they created. At Paris were professors from Germany, from Naples, from England; and the Irish Peter was summoned by the Emperor Frederick to become first Rector of the University of Naples. To breathe the atmosphere of one of these international republics of intellect was in itself an education.

For centuries the star of the Universities remained in the ascendant, but with the rise of aggressive nationalism the hour of their decline as cosmopolitan institutions was at hand. From some points of view this was an evil; from others, a good; but the outstanding fact remains that the University continued to saturate the social ranks of its own nation with its culture until in course of time education became not only a privilege for the poor but a social obligation for the rich.

Newman comes at last to speak of Oxford, and when he touches upon her early history, her growth, her high rank of old time among her sister Universities on the Continent, it is in a tone of tenderness mingled with regret. To him, strong in his conception of the relations which should subsist between colleges and University, Oxford seems to have strengthened her colleges at the expense of the University, to have permitted (or been forced to permit) "influence" to grow unduly and see "law" become but a shadow of itself. From this, he implies, comes a loss of vigor, a loosening of the essential bonds of discipline in conduct and in things spiritual and intellectual; and we gather, as he intended us to do, that the new University at Dublin would avoid such pitfalls.

Newman's final chapter is a kind of epilogue devoted to *L'Ecole des Hautes Etudes*, in the evolution of which from a *petit séminaire* to the full stature of a University, Catholic as it was in foundation, in auspices, and in aims, he sees the revival of a sisterhood of Catholic Universities, one of which, that at Dublin, had already engaged the best powers of his mind and heart.

On this note of high hopefulness Newman brings *The Rise and Progress of Universities* to a close. He has made no pretence of offering us a documented history but has contented himself with what he calls a series of "sketches." They are not without faults, and signs are not wanting toward the end of what seems a desire to be done with them. The reader who seeks a connected story which will be chronologically adequate will find them disappointing, and he will be piqued to discover that they presuppose a tantalizingly large amount of information regarding the genesis and the early types of Universities without which they are sometimes confusing and even misleading. But they are informing in a more important way. The research historian may weigh them and find them wanting but only a Newman could realize

for us the spirit of Athens and Rome and Paris as centers of learning, each eager for the things of the mind, each feeling the stir of intellectual curiosity as the Renaissance was one day to feel it again, each bearing the mark of a nationalism that lent it color and distinction and at the same time did not hinder it from being transfigured until it became as universal as civilization and as abiding as time.

[XI]

In treating of Newman as historian I have considered his biographical studies as well, and in both aspects of his work as man of letters he suggests comparisons with two of his greatest contemporaries. One cannot help thinking of the brilliant biographical sketches of Macaulay, of how real he makes his men. They are as actual as a Premier or a President whose picture greets us in every shop window and whose exits and entrances occupy a prominent place in the daily newspapers. Macaulay's gallery is enormous and vivid but sooner or later we want to know just why these people acted as they did and what their intellectual and moral inheritance might be.

It is then that we receive a shock of disappointment; for these fine figures endowed with life have minds devoid of subtlety and respond to motives which "every schoolboy" can comprehend and which are evident at a glance to the young lady on whose dressing table Macaulay was to supplant "the novel from the circulating library."

Carlyle in the *French Revolution* gives us a gallery of portraits even more vivid than Macaulay's. In the veins of Carlyle's men flows the red blood of action and beside them Macaulay's seem like stuffed figures. Macaulay's men are "speaking likenesses"; Carlyle's the thinking,

doing humans from whom the likenesses are made. Macaulay's men lack inherent springs of action; those are supplied by the omniscient and cocksure Macaulay himself. Carlyle's men live and have their being truly apart from Carlyle himself and their springs of action derive from those complex and subtle moral forces which reside in every son of Eve. Macaulay's people assume typical and dramatic poses in splendid settings, and on the settings is lavished the same pictorial care as on the actors themselves. Carlyle's settings are sketched with a few broad strokes and his people, surcharged with energy, do not pose (they have no time for that), but they *act*. Macaulay's people are static, Carlyle's dynamic. Macaulay gives us magnificent tableaux; Carlyle, vivid dramas full of life and movement.

With Newman it is entirely different. The outer show of things, even an adequate background, means nothing to him. His whole intent is made clear as early as 1838 when he says of Hurrell Froude's *Remains*: "I trust this book will present, as far as it goes, *the picture of a mind*." With Newman that is always the question, the mind and the heart. Macaulay aimed to make history fascinating and easily understood, and he achieved his aim. So too Newman achieved *his* aim and perhaps we should not quarrel with him any more than with Macaulay. So far as Macaulay succeeded he was admirable; so far as Newman succeeded he was even more admirable because he sought to do an infinitely more difficult thing. He is as far above Macaulay as the spirit is above the flesh.

Carlyle sought to show that history is the life of its great men, and that belief necessarily implies men who satisfy the imagination, not merely *minds* like Newman's men nor fine lay figures like Macaulay's, but beings of flesh and blood endowed with energy and three dimensions who do things under our eyes. Of the three,

Macaulay's aim was the lowest, Newman's the loftiest, Carlyle's the most satisfying.

No man can remain long in the region of the mind without weariness. The eye craves a resting place; and it must be satisfied imaginatively if we are to *realize* men and women as beings like ourselves—and it is only in so far as we may thus conjure them up that we realize them at all or feel an interest in them. How infinitely more lovable could Newman have made Chrysostom (more lovable because more *real*) if only he had let us see him in the flesh and with the things-of-three-dimensions near him, his house, his servant, his books, his neighbors. It is true that Newman tells us that Chrysostom was febrile and his body wizened, but he tells us in a kind of hurried aside as if it is a concession he is glad to have done with and whose purpose is merely to explain the difficulties of the saint's journey into exile. These things are not concomitant but only ephemeral; they belong to Chrysostom as for the moment like his cloak or his vestments.

With Carlyle physical facts are concomitant with moral ones. You can always see Robespierre with his sea-green complexion and Danton with his twisted lip and pock-marked face; and they think and toil and achieve in an environment of men and things such as we can realize imaginatively. By way of contrast Gregory might be another Newman and Basil another Manning for all the importance Newman attaches to time or place or associations. The fourth or the nineteenth century, Cæsarea or London, Constantinople or Birmingham—what difference does it make? Newman seeks to present "the picture of a mind." But with Carlyle you would never mistake Frederick's court for Cromwell's, or the Paris of Danton for the London of Sterling or, for that matter, the London of Sterling for the London of Boswell.

In trying to make this point clear I am not forgetting that Newman was not concerned with these things nor would I retract the statement that Newman's aim was more noble than Macaulay's and Carlyle's. I am trying to make it clear that Carlyle's method was more satisfying in its results than the methods of the others.

Macaulay saw men as a "star" reporter sees them at a great spectacle; Carlyle as a keen student of human nature views them in action at high crises; Newman as the angels see them, as he saw Gerontius the good and Demas the bad man, when the prison house of the body no longer held them confined.

The typical Macaulay you have in his picture of the trial of Warren Hastings; the typical Carlyle, in the death of Mirabeau; the typical Newman, in his portrayal of the mind of Theodoret.

But to return to Newman as historian. Strictly speaking it may be queried whether we should properly call him an historian at all and the same question may be raised in the case of both Macaulay and Carlyle. The limitations of all three were striking. Macaulay never got much deeper than the pomp and circumstance of history, and Carlyle ignored such vital matters as the growth of institutions, the workings of constitutional government, the necessity of compromise, and the power of tradition; and if he deigned them a word it was merely to dismiss them scornfully as "Effete Formulas." Macaulay's common sense did not prevent him from being childishly partisan on many an occasion, nor did Carlyle's genius for portraiture and his occasional clairvoyance save him from being too often a narrow and purblind peasant. Macaulay could never see below the surface into the real causes and effects of history nor would Carlyle's provincial prejudices (and his frequently provincial admirations) permit him to see to what absurdities his "one man" theory impelled him. In the

last analysis he was a hero-worshipper whom prejudice made astigmatic and whom sympathy endowed with amazing vision. What he saw aright no man of his century could see better, and few as well; what he did not see aright he saw with a vision so distorted that it was actually grotesque.

Newman possessed the philosophic spirit (of which Carlyle had some and Macaulay little); psychological insight (a gift of Carlyle's, not of Macaulay's); a delicate sense of ethical values (not conspicuous in Macaulay, present but often startlingly wrong-headed in Carlyle); an unshakable mental poise (often sadly missing in Carlyle and not always secure in Macaulay); an almost ineradicable disinterest in the pageantry of history as appealing to the visualizing imagination (the first six lectures on the *Turks* are a notable exception)—in which both Macaulay and Carlyle were brilliantly and strikingly unlike him.

And now for Newman's great defect from which Macaulay and Carlyle were free: he was deficient in historical sense. Saintsbury tells of Newman's once complaining that it was unfair to find fault with him for "attributing to the middle of the third century what is certainly to be found in the fourth." That complaint is significant for it tells everything. And if we want examples of Newman's defect we have only to turn to the fourth chapter of the *Rise and Progress of Universities*. Newman is speaking of various brilliant men who came to study at Athens and he mentions Cleanthes who sat at the feet of Zeno the stoic; and Zeno died in 264 B. C. On the heels of Cleanthes we have Marcus Aurelius, a leap of four centuries; in the next paragraph we have Cicero, who died over a century and a half before Aurelius was born. The next student named is Gregory, who was born over 300 years after Cicero had passed away; and then Horace comes, and Newman non-

chalantly turns the wheel of time back almost three centuries! The next arrival he records is Eunapius and again the wheel spins, this time three and a half centuries forward into the Christian era. There is never a word to suggest that these students represent a wide span of years, six or seven centuries long, nor a single hint to show that conditions varied from Cicero's day to Aurelius', or from Aurelius' to Gregory's, or that the world had undergone a series of changes in all these turbulent centuries when history was being made and the map of Europe changed. To the uninitiate reader this is only a single period in which Zeno and Gregory might be contemporaries.

But let us go a little further in this same chapter. Newman pictures the advent of a "freshman like Eunapius," and he tells us the things this freshman saw. Now Eunapius actually lived; he had been born in 347 A. D. and he had sat as Newman says "at the feet of Proæresius." But let us waive that and remember only that we are invited to take a walk with Eunapius. What is our freshman doing? He goes to the Agora, says Newman, and there he will hear Lysias pleading, or Demosthenes haranguing. (Alas! Demosthenes was but three years old when Lysias died!) Our freshman continues his stroll and arrives at the Ceramicus where perhaps he will hear Pericles pronouncing his famous funeral oration. (A hundred years must have elapsed in the course of that walk from the Agora!) And now Eunapius saunters on again and suddenly in the groves of Academe he is in the presence of Plato (though Plato was not born when Pericles died!) Our freshman resumes his stroll and catches sight of Epicurus reclining in his garden, Zeno looking like a divinity in his porch, and Aristotle lecturing in his Lyceum. For a single moment time has ceased to torment our freshman (and us) with its dizzying whirligigs, for Epicurus and Zeno

were contemporaries and only two generations younger than Aristotle!

But perhaps we should not ask too much of Newman, for he, like Macaulay and Carlyle, was biographer first and historian afterwards. All three gave much, despite obvious limitations, to the literature of their century, and when all is said the contribution of each to history has a distinctive value of its own. Carlyle's belongs to its drama; Macaulay's to its pageantry; Newman's to its philosophy.

VI

NEWMAN AS CONTROVERSIALIST

CONTROVERSY, as a rule, is the last resort of men of letters; their type of mind, their interests, and their energies turn to pursuits which are far removed from the din of battle, and the clash of combat is no music to their ears. Frequently, however, men of letters are drawn into controversy through no wish of their own and it is then that unsuspected qualities both of mind and heart come to the surface and the pen vindicates itself as more fatal than the sword. Men as super-sensitive and vitriolic as Pope have proved immensely effective in controversy, their temperaments making it possible for them in the heat of rage to slay with murderous weapons dipped in poison, at once swift and deadly. The great Dryden, who was sunny and good-natured, did not shrink from picking up the gage of battle on occasion and proved in *Macflecknoe* that a man with smiling lips might deliver blows which even the sturdiest opponent could not withstand. The irritable Hazlitt and the hot-blooded Byron when embroiled in controversy rained down their blows in a very fury from the consciousness that their own vulnerability could be defended only by the swiftest and most deadly offense.

[I]

Newman was different from all these. As supersensitive as Pope, though from his type of mind rather than

from any physical disability, he did not seek the lime-light nor did he know the joy of battle for battle's sake. True it is that time and again he was drawn into controversy, but with one exception it was always in a cause remote from his personal interests.

It was against his inclination that he delivered his lectures on *The Difficulties of Anglicans*, but the feeling in higher quarters that this was a duty which he owed to those who had followed him to the very threshold of the Church of Rome only to hold back at the last, won his reluctant consent. His lectures on *The Present Position of Catholics* were a self-imposed but none the less urgent duty, for they sought to draw the fangs of the hostility which reared a hundred heads when the charge of "Papal Aggression" had followed the reëstablishment of Catholic dioceses in England. The *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk* was evoked by Gladstone's heavy-armed attack upon the Doctrine of Infallibility, and his scarcely veiled sneer at its defenders, among whom the most conspicuous was the erstwhile friend of his bosom, the Archbishop of Westminster. The reply to Canon Kingsley was not only a defence of himself from the charge of "lying on system," but of the body of Catholic priesthood as well, of whose turpitude he had been gratuitously selected as a shining example.

In every instance he was fighting for truth as he saw it and to its defence he devoted all the powers of his mind, all the knowledge gained from long years of study, and every endowment of which, as a man of letters, he was richly possessed. Without the trumpet-calls of Duty his amazing gifts as a controversialist might have lain dormant, though we should still have known that he had almost irresistible powers of persuasion; that his psychological insight was unequalled in his century and approached only by that of Brown-

ing; that he could be ironic on occasion; that he was not without a sense of humor; that he was scholarly, acute, forceful; and that as a master of style he was equalled by only one other Englishman of his time. But controversy played its part in the development of his literary genius. He was called upon to give battle to an active and powerful opposition which was securely intrenched, supported by popular belief, confident of its cause, averse from all parleying. To win he was compelled to summon up every reserve at his command, to make concessions, to flatter, to banter, at times to deride, to plead, to challenge, to be suave, humorous, ironic, indignant, as the needs of the moment might require, and everlastingly to be vigilant and adroit and resourceful and cool. And withal he had to conduct himself as one knowing no fear, who believed in the justice of his cause and sought to have it known in truth as he knew it and as it was. He could not remain a recluse, and do all this. He could not rest content with the artifices of rhetoric or appeals to the reason of only a handful of thinkers and scholars. He must grapple with the many, with their prejudices, their suspicions, their shortcomings of education and, oftentimes, of intelligence. He was willing to prove what he deemed the high truths by which men live, and the effort brought into play the cumulative gifts of his many-sided mind, stimulated to every resource by which exposition is made lucid, the mind persuaded, the heart stirred. Perhaps it was one of the many ironies of Newman's life, that, though he grew steadily more averse with the passing years to entering a controversy, his powers increased and, once engaged, proved that no D'Artagnan of literature had ever had a defter wrist or a more skillful rapier.

Had Newman been born under the stars of an Addison, or a Dryden, or a Pope, he might have become one

of the world's greatest satirists, for he had all their gifts. From his uncanny insight the secrets of no heart were hidden. He measured with amazing accuracy the weaknesses as well as the strength of others. Supremely the rhetorician he would instinctively have recognized the great secret of satire, the concession of the enemy's powers. He had learned the tricks of Cicero. He could paint righteousness and manliness in alluring and striking pictures and he could throw into high relief the contrasting weaknesses of his victim. With all, he had that touch of Gallic malice, that something between the smile of pity and the curling lip of scorn. One dreads to think of what Newman might have done had he devoted his powers to satire. There would have been none of the brutality of Swift; he would have outdone Addison in urbanity; he would have been capable of the genius and the manliness of Dryden and at the same time of that acuteness which made Pope so cold in the midst of his passion, and so terrible.

What he might have done in satire we can readily conjecture; what he actually performed as a controversialist we know from plentiful evidence. With him the palpable hits of controversy were not matters of chance; they were a fine art. If controversy were forced upon him against his inclinations and desire, that should be no excuse for going into it blunderingly or without skill. Newman aimed at perfection in the moral order. Like another St. Paul he looked upon his shortcomings with eyes that burned with disapproval, and a similar craving for perfection he carried even into the realm of literature. In his every controversy there was much at stake and Newman, the artist, and Newman, the champion of truth, lay under the stern necessity of mastering his weapons. With all the gifts he possessed he needed nothing but to study their use. He realized what most of us forget: that the appeal to

other men's minds lies through a toilsome and thorny path and that the mind does not rule the heart, try as it may. We are creatures, as Newman knew, of conscience, of affection, and of imagination, and no man is won over to a cause until these as well as his will are enlisted ardently. As early as 1841, before Newman's greatest work had been written, he wrote significantly on this very matter: "The heart is commonly reached not through theory but through the imagination, by means of direct impression, by the testimony of facts and events, by history, by description. Persons influence us, voices melt us, looks subdue us, deeds inflame us. Many a man will live and die upon a dogma: no man will be a martyr for a conclusion. Logic makes but a sorry rhetoric with the multitude. . . . First shoot around corners and you may not despair of converting by a syllogism."

When it is pointed out that Newman was a master of controversy and that he learned the art of it and employed that art with consummate skill, it must not be supposed that his own heart was not first engaged. Not even Horace himself valued more than Newman the admonition, "If you wish me to weep, you must first learn to weep yourself." Nor must it be supposed that Newman in seeking to appeal to the imagination and the heart left the mind out of consideration. Far from it. Rather he planned his approach so skillfully that mind and heart were both beset at once and never throughout his numerous controversial works has Newman made any sustained appeal to one to the exclusion of the other. It was only, be it remembered, because he was fighting in a great cause that he could be brought to fight at all.

As the soul of the Oxford Movement Newman had early turned his hand to controversial writing and by the irony of fate his attacks were often levelled against

the very Church which in the latter half of his life his unsurpassable gifts for controversy were enlisted to defend. In those days he was not only brilliant and skillful, but buoyant with something of the joy of a Galahad charging against the lances of the foe. Subtle-minded as he was, he appreciated as a fundamental truth in all controversy the need of recognizing the skill of your opponent and the strength of his cause, and never in his life did he commit the blunder of underestimating either the one or the other. At times he seems for a moment to lift his lance as if unwilling to strike a foe whom he has unhorsed, but should that foe rise again, once more his own lance is in rest and he is galloping to the attack, as skillful, as resourceful, as intent upon victory as ever before. Except on two celebrated occasions Newman always aimed to give the impression of moderation; for as gentleman and churchman and John Henry Newman he must never be open to the charge of unfairness or cruelty. And besides, what need has a man skilled with the rapier to descend to the bludgeon? But his moderation is sometimes only specious. His attack could be deadly, delivered, as it always was, with a calculated nicety and an uncanny sensing of his enemy's vulnerable spot. Yet he is ever the gentleman, his words are never harsh, his voice is never raised, his phrases possess an abiding and exquisite grace. No other man, with the exception of Matthew Arnold, preserved such an invincible urbanity in the midst of controversial heat.

A primary source of Newman's power as a controversialist lay in his perfect knowledge of the matters at issue. "Reflect," he says in the *Idea of a University*, "reflect how many disputes you must have listened to, which were interminable because neither party understood either his opponent or himself." The point of this he never forgot. He modestly disclaims the title of

theologian and yet he makes himself master of every phase of the difficult problems of infallibility which he and Gladstone discussed. He did not pretend to be a trained historian any more than he pretended to be a politician, but in his eighth lecture on *The Difficulties of Anglicans* he handled with the scholar's resourcefulness the charge that the social state of Catholic countries disproves the sanctity of the Church, while even more impressive than this was his treatment of the historical and literary background of the England of his day and the forces which had made her what she was.

At times the very magnitude of his subject made it impossible for him to discuss it except in its broadest aspects, and his generalizations were necessarily sweeping, but he never overreached himself and his love for exactness of phrasing never permitted a single statement to get beyond bounds. A lover of truth as well as a defender of it, he knew before the first stroke of combat the exact point of his own weakness and his enemy's strength and he could state the most telling arguments against his own cause with a candor and exactitude which often dumfounded his opponent. So powerful indeed is Newman's exposition of his enemy's side of the case (witness the *Anglican Difficulties*, the *Reply to Gladstone*, and the *Letter to Dr. Pusey*) that he is sometimes misunderstood, and the very fact that he has stated it more ably than its own supporters has led to the charge that he could not have understood it so well without having first accepted it in his own mind as true.

To say this is to misunderstand Newman completely. To him, in small things as in great, truth was sacred. Once he had satisfied his mind and heart that what he held to was the truth he could see no reason for not conceding those things which only seemingly told

against it and which, like so many mirages, vanished on closer scrutiny.

Newman's next business was to understand his audience, their types of mind, their points of views, their predilections. If he finds himself arrayed against a group of reluctant Anglicans hovering uncertainly upon the threshold of Catholicism, or if he is taking issue with a Gladstone or a Pusey, or if he is arraigning those Protestant Englishmen who condemn Catholics out of hand, he never fails to remember that his hearers have hearts no less than heads, affections no less than passions and prejudices, imaginations no less than intellects. As surely as he understands the question at issue in all its phases, no less surely does he understand the psychology of his audience.

Let us consider for a moment the *Lectures on Anglican Difficulties*. They would never have proved a success had Newman for a moment lost touch with the sensitive, troubled souls to whom he spoke. Looking into his own heart he remembers how, Hamlet-like, he wavered between "to be or not to be" and unfailingly he shows an affectionate appreciation of the problems of his audience, their hesitancies, their weaknesses, their aspirations, their doubts, their struggles, which he alone could understand to the full and which his own emergence "*ex imaginibus in veritatem*" could not make him forget. "Others," he says, "have scoffed at you but I never; others may have made light of your principle or of your sincerity but never I; others may have predicted evil of you; I have only felt vexed at the prediction."

[II]

In *The Present Position of Catholics in England* Newman shows at his best the power of his psychological

penetration when enlisted in the cause of controversy and surely here, if ever, it was worth showing, for the problem to which he addressed himself was a large one. The reëstablishment of Catholic sees had inflamed England with suspicion and anger against English Catholics, and the amenities due to fellow countrymen were forgotten. Cries of "Papal aggression," and "No-Popery," preceded a storm which threatened to sweep even the saner leaders of English opinion off their feet. The press was filled with pasquinades and protests in which the "harlot of Rome" was a favorite epithet; priests and their congregations were hooted; indignation meetings were held throughout the country; and the Pope and Cardinal Wiseman were burned in effigy.

Newman realized that this outburst was not a thing of the moment; its roots lay in the religious revolt of Henry VIII. For three hundred years and more a thousand influences both literary and political had been feeding the stream of national hostility toward the Catholic Church until, swollen and turbid, it seemed about to engulf all that was noblest in the English idea of fairness and candor. The cumulative force of misunderstanding became reinforced by ignorance, suspicion, and a blatant pseudo-loyalty until at last a Catholic was regarded as a secret enemy to British institutions. It was this national attitude which Newman set himself the task of changing.

As a basis for even partial success he needed a perfect understanding of English religious prejudice which he must explain and analyze till its absurdity was laid bare even to the most purblind view. But this was not all or even the greater part of his task. A perfect understanding of the psychology of the English people was necessary if he were to secure a hearing at all. It was typical of Newman's genius as a controversialist that he won a hearing at the very outset.

Now Newman was naturally serious-minded; he laughed seldom; it was the pathos rather than the humor of life which impressed him; but he would have failed as a great controversialist were he to underestimate the tremendous power of humor and irony when waging an attack. If Cervantes laughed Spain's chivalry away, Newman was the last man to ignore a similar method of destroying a cruel religious prejudice. And the folly of that prejudice he brought out with keenly ironic humor when, by a stroke of genius, he hit upon a telling parallel in his very first lecture. If that prejudice sought to indict Catholicism at the bar of English opinion, Newman sought to laugh it out of court; and he did.

He is a Catholic, he declares, but he is also an Englishman, proud of the English constitution as "one of the greatest of human works, rightly the object of our wonder and veneration." On that point he yields nothing to any man, whatever his creed. But other races, he deplores, are not equally impressed with its glories. "Do Russians share our reverence for it; do they conceive of it as a guarantee of liberty to a great people?"

Newman's answer to these questions gravely put, but humorously treated, was one of those "happy accidents" which are of genius.

Recently at Moscow, he begins, a monster meeting was held "under sanction of the Czar" to combat certain alleged British propaganda, and the vast audience was addressed "by a member of a junior branch of the Potemkin family, who had acquired the title of Blood-sucker, from his extraordinary gallantry in combat with the Circassian tribes." Newman continues; he describes the speaker as holding in his hand Blackstone's *Commentaries on the Laws of England*, and as addressing the assemblage in the following words:

"Now, I should say, gentlemen, that this book, while it is confined to certain classes, is of those classes, on the

other hand, of judges, and lawyers, and privy councillors, and justices of the peace, and police magistrates, and clergy, and country gentlemen, the guide, and I may say, the gospel. I open the book, gentlemen, and what are the first words which meet my eyes? "*The King can do no wrong.*" I beg you to attend, gentlemen, to this most significant assertion; one was accustomed to think that no child of man had the gift of impeccability; one had imagined that, simply speaking, impeccability was a divine attribute; but this British Bible, as I may call it, distinctly ascribes an absolute sinlessness to the King of Great Britain and Ireland. Observe, I am using no words of my own, I am still but quoting what meets my eyes in this remarkable document. The words run thus: "It is an axiom of the law of the land that the *King himself can do no wrong.*" Was I wrong, then, in speaking of the atheistical maxims of John Bullism? But this is far from all: the writer goes on actually to ascribe to the Sovereign (I tremble while I pronounce the words) *absolute perfection*; for he speaks thus: "The law ascribes to the King in his political capacity ABSOLUTE PERFECTION; the *King can do no wrong!*"—(groans). One had thought that no human power could thus be described; but the British legislature, judicature, and jurisprudence have had the unspeakable effrontery to impute to their crowned and sceptred idol, to their doll,—here cries of 'shame, shame,' from the same individual who had distinguished himself in an earlier part of the speech—'to this doll, this puppet whom they have dressed up with a lion and a unicorn, the attribute of ABSOLUTE PERFECTION!' Here the individual who had several times interrupted the speaker sprung up, in spite of the efforts of persons about him to keep him down, and cried out, as far as his words could be collected, 'You cowardly liar, our dear, good little Queen,'

when he was immediately saluted with a cry of 'Turn him out,' and soon made his exit from the meeting.

"Order being restored, the Count continued: 'Gentlemen, I could wish you would have suffered this emissary of a foreign potentate (immense cheering), who is insidiously aiming at forming a political party among us, to have heard to the end that black catalogue of charges against his Sovereign, which as yet I have barely commenced. Gentlemen, I was saying that the Queen of England challenges the divine attribute of ABSOLUTE PERFECTION! but, as if this were not enough, this Blackstone continues, "The King, moreover, is not only incapable of *doing* wrong, but even of *thinking* wrong!! *he can never do an improper thing; in him is no FOLLY or WEAKNESS!!!*"'. . . The Count pauses to catch his breath and permit the audience to give vent to its amazed disgust in hisses and groans.

"The Count, in resuming his speech, observed that he courted and challenged investigation, he should be happy to answer any question, and he hoped soon to publish, by subscription, a translation of the work, from which he had been quoting. Then, resuming the subject where he had left it, he made some most forcible and impressive reflections on the miserable state of those multitudes, who, in spite of their skill in the mechanical arts, and their political energy, were in the leading-strings of so foul a superstition. The passage he had quoted was the first and mildest of a series of blasphemies so prodigious, that he really feared to proceed, not only from disgust at the necessity of uttering them, but lest he should be taxing the faith of his hearers beyond what appeared reasonable limits. Next, then, he drew attention to the point that the English Sovereign distinctly claimed, according to the same infamous work, to be the '*fount of justice*;' and, that there might be no mistake in the matter, the author declared, '*that she is never bound in*

justice to do anything.' What, then, is her method of acting? Unwilling as he was to defile his lips with so profane a statement, he must tell them that this abominable writer coolly declared that the Queen, a woman, only did acts of reparation and restitution as a matter of *grace*! He was not a theologian, he had spent his life in the field, but he knew enough of his religion to be able to say that grace was a word especially proper to the appointment and decrees of Divine Sovereignty. All his hearers knew perfectly well that nature was one thing, grace another; and yet here was a poor child of clay claiming to be the fount, not only of justice, but of grace. She was making herself a first cause of not merely natural, but spiritual excellence, and doing nothing more or less than simply emancipating herself from her Maker. The Queen, it seemed, never obeyed the law on compulsion, according to Blackstone; that is, her Maker could not compel her. This was no mere deduction of his own, as directly would be seen. Let it be observed, the Apostle called the predicted Antichrist 'the wicked one,' or, as it might be more correctly translated, 'the lawless,' because he was to be the proud despiser of all law; now, wonderful to say, this was the very assumption of the British Parliament. "The Power of Parliament," said Sir Edward Coke, "is so transcendent and absolute, that it cannot be *confined* within any bounds!! It has sovereign and uncontrollable authority!" Moreover, the Judges had declared that "it is so high and mighty in its nature, that it *may make law*, and THAT WHICH IS LAW IT MAY MAKE NO LAW!" Here verily was the mouth speaking great things; but there was more behind, which, but for the atrocious sentiments he had already admitted into his mouth, he really should not have the courage, the endurance to utter. It was sickening to the soul, and intellect, and feelings of a Russ, to form the words on his tongue,

and the ideas in his imagination. He would say what must be said as quickly as he could, and without comment. The gallant speaker then delivered the following passage from Blackstone's volume, in a very distinct and articulate whisper: 'Some have not scrupled to call its power—the OMNIPOTENCE of Parliament!' No one can conceive the thrilling effect of these words; they were heard all over the immense assemblage; every man turned pale; a dead silence followed; one might have heard a pin drop. A pause of some minutes followed.

"The speaker continued, evidently labouring under intense emotion:—'Have you not heard enough, my dear compatriots, of this hideous system of John-Bullism? was I wrong in using the words fiendish and atheistical when I entered upon this subject? and need I proceed further with blasphemous details, which cannot really add to the monstrous bearing of the passages I have already read to you? . . .

" 'Gentlemen, can it surprise you to be told, after such an exposition of the blasphemies of England, that, astonishing to say, Queen Victoria is distinctly pointed out in the Book of Revelation as having the number of the beast! You may recollect that number is 666; now, she came to the throne in the year thirty-seven, at which date she was eighteen years old. Multiply then 37 by 18, and you have the very number 666, which is the mystical emblem of the lawless King!!! . . .

" 'Gentlemen, I am speaking the words of sober seriousness; I can prove what I say to the letter; the extravagance is not in me but in the object of my denunciation. Once more I appeal to the awful volume I hold in my hands. I appeal to it, I open it, I cast it from me. Listen, then, once again; it is a fact; Jezebel has declared her own *omnipresence*. "A consequence of the royal prerogatives," says the antichristian author, "is the legal UBIQUITY of the King!" "His Majesty is *always pres-*

ent in all his courts: his judges are the *mirror* by which the King's image is reflected"; and further, "From this *ubiquity*" (you see he is far from shrinking from the word), "from this *ubiquity* it follows that the Sovereign can never be NONSUIT!!" Gentlemen, the sun would set before I told you one hundredth part of the enormity of this child of Moloch and Belial. Inebriated with the cup of insanity, and flung upon the stream of recklessness, she dashes down the cataract of nonsense, and whirls amid the pools of confusion. Like the Roman emperor, she actually has declared herself immortal! she has declared her eternity! Again, I am obliged to say it, these are no words of mine; the tremendous sentiment confronts me in black and crimson characters in this diabolical book. "In the law," says Blackstone, "the Sovereign is said *never to die!*" Again, with still more hideous expressiveness, "The law ascribes to the Sovereign an ABSOLUTE IMMORTALITY. THE KING NEVER DIES."

"And now, gentlemen, your destiny is in your own hands. If you are willing to succumb to a power which has never been contented with what she was, but has been for centuries extending her conquests in both hemispheres, then the humble individual who has addressed you will submit to the necessary consequence; will resume his military dress, and return to the Caucasus; but if, on the other hand, as I believe, you are resolved to resist unflinchingly this flood of satanical imposture and foul ambition, and force it back into the ocean; if, not from hatred to the English—far from it—from *love* to them (for a distinction must ever be drawn between the nation and its dominant John-Bullism); if, I say, from love to them as brothers, from a generous determination to fight their battles, from an intimate consciousness that they are in their secret hearts *Russians*, that they are champng the bit of their iron lot, and are

longing for you as their deliverers; if, from these lofty notions, as well as from a burning patriotism, you will form the high resolve to annihilate this dishonour of humanity; if you loathe its sophisms, "*De minimis non curat lex*," and "*Malitia supplet ætatem*," and "*Tres faciunt collegium*," and "*Impotentia excusat legem*," and "*Possession is nine parts of the law*," and "*The greater the truth, the greater the libel*"—principles which sap the very foundations of morals; if you wage war to the knife with its blighting superstitions of primogeniture, gavelkind, mortmain, and contingent remainders; if you detest, abhor, and abjure the tortuous maxims and perfidious provisions of its *habeas corpus*, *quare impedit*, and *qui tam* (hear, hear); if you scorn the mummeries of its wigs, and bands, and coifs, and ermine (vehement cheering); if you trample and spit upon its accursed fee simple and fee tail, villanage, and free soccage, fiefs, heriots, seizins, feuds (a burst of cheers, the whole meeting in commotion); its shares, its premiums, its post-obits, its percentages, its tariffs, its broad and narrow gauge'—Here the cheers became frantic, and drowned the speaker's voice, and a most extraordinary scene of enthusiasm followed. One half of the meeting was seen embracing the other half; till, as if by the force of a sudden resolution, they all poured out of the square, and proceeded to break the windows of all the British residents. They then formed into procession, and directing their course to the great square before the Kremlin, they dragged through the mud, and then solemnly burnt, an effigy of John Bull which had been provided beforehand by the managing committee, a lion and unicorn, and a Queen Victoria. These being fully consumed, they dispersed quietly; and by ten o'clock at night the streets were profoundly still, and the silver moon looked down in untroubled luster on the city of the Czars."

It is no wonder that Newman's friends saw in *The*

Present Position of Catholics in England a phase of his genius never guessed before and that the audience which came to hear the tall, serious ascetic broke out into peals of laughter at the triumphantly ironic humor of the Russian meeting.

[III]

Newman would not have been Newman if he failed to have in this telling humor the most serious of purposes. His shafts were skillfully aimed, and ridicule in his hands had the seeming innocence of Addison's and the deadliness of Swift's. How uncanny the passage in the cleverness of its implications! How deftly even the most minute parallelisms are insinuated and their cumulative force made to tell against the foes of the Church! The Russians look with sullen suspicion at the English: is it possible that the Protestant Englishman looks in similar fashion upon the Catholic Englishman? A Russian leader incites the vast assemblage to the pitch of hatred against the English. How? By misreading and misunderstanding and misconstruing—what? "One of the greatest of human works," says Newman, "the object of Englishmen's wonder and veneration"—the English constitution. How artful is that praise! How deftly it insinuates the analogously sacred character of the Church! Every word of laudation uttered of the one tells equally through implication for the other. Thus, risking bombast, Newman cries: "The constitution soars, in its majesty, far above the opinions of men and will be a marvel, almost a portent, to the end of time." He was seeking to touch his public on its most susceptible side, its patriotism, and he makes the measure of that very patriotism serve a purpose which the most ardent jingo could be aware of only at the conclusion of that amazingly clever first chapter.

And now a word about the Russian Count—this fomenter of prejudice built on ignorance. The artful Newman knows his man. He is not a social nobody; far from it: he is a member of a distinguished house (how often, whispers Newman, have the scions of distinguished English houses been the leaders of bigotry!), who has attained celebrity and a sobriquet (sure proof of popular affection) from—what? From shedding the blood of an inoffensive people. (My countrymen, whispers Newman, are not the leaders against my Church marked by the selfishness and social brutality of their careers?) And the monster meeting that the “Blood-sucker” addressed? Was it the chance gathering of a mob? Not at all. It was an organized assemblage of supposedly intelligent men, sanctioned by the Czar. (Alas, whispers Newman, how often have men of substance and standing met to assail the Church and how often has the English government openly abetted them!)

The entire passage is a stroke of genius. Witness the eloquent crescendo by which the Count sweeps on from one point of attack to another into a very orgy of unwitting absurdities and bombastic denunciations until his voice is drowned out by a veritable storm of cheers. Witness the climactic absurdity: the crowd, mad hot, proceeds to break the windows of the British residents and burn an effigy of John Bull, provided (ah! the artful malice of Newmanian irony!) *provided beforehand by the managing committee!* One more touch, of the many which might be cited, I cannot refrain from pointing out. One of the audience, “supposed to be a partner in a Scotch firm,” attempted to protest against the Count’s slanders upon his “dear little Queen,” only to be met with jeers and turned out!

Once Newman had followed the inspiration of which this introductory lecture was born, he achieved his first aim at one stroke: he captured the ear of his public. And

he had done this in the only way possible. What accusation and denial and even a discussion conceived in high seriousness would have failed to do, this man of high seriousness who rarely smiled accomplished by understanding his public and winning a hearing by a bland humor and an enlightening irony, so adroitly handled, and yet so deadly in its implications, that his auditors, like the undergraduates of his Oxford ministry, bore testimony to his surpassing skill, for they opened mind and heart to the magic of his utterance. This lecture (and indeed the entire series) was more than a brilliant contribution in the field of controversy; it was a triumph of psychological insight.

[IV]

As he advances from lecture to lecture, Newman's analysis of Protestant hostility becomes more and more searching. He is less artful but more vigorous as he goes along, exposing absurdities, pointing out half-truths, ridiculing childish accusations, and proving the falsehood of long-accepted "quotations" from original sources, advanced by one historian, accepted by another, held up as sacred by a third, until the whole edifice of misrepresentation collapses, an edifice, he insists, which "ignorance has produced, bigotry fostered, and malice kept alive." Once he is sure of his audience, Newman grows less fearful of arousing their antagonism. Ridicule and irony are no longer indirect, but becoming less restrained, border at times upon the burlesque, not unlike certain well-known passages in *Loss and Gain*.

It was Hazlitt who said of the use of epithets: "It is a shorthand, compendious mode of getting at a conclusion, and never troubling yourself or anybody else with the formalities of reasoning or the dictates of common sense." Newman had similarly experienced the tyranny of catch-

words and he played upon them in a brilliant sally of humor.

"The Anglican Church agrees to differ with its own children on a thousand points," he writes; "one is sacred—that her Majesty the Queen is 'the Mother and Mistress of all Churches'; on one dogma it is infallible, on one it may securely insist without fear of being unseasonable or excessive—that 'the Bishop of Rome hath no jurisdiction in this realm.' Here is sunshine amid the darkness, sense amid confusion, an intelligible strain amid a Babel of sounds; whatever befalls, here is sure footing; it is, 'No peace with Rome,' 'Down with the Pope,' and 'The Church in danger.' Never has the Establishment failed in the use of these important and effective watchwords; many are its shortcomings, but it is without reproach in the execution of this its special charge. Heresy, and scepticism, and infidelity, and fanaticism may challenge it in vain; but fling upon the gale the faintest whisper of Catholicism, and it recognises by instinct the presence of its connatural foe. Forthwith, as during the last year, the atmosphere is tremulous with agitation, and discharges its vibrations far and wide. A movement is in birth which has no natural crisis or resolution. Spontaneously the bells of the steeples begin to sound. Not by an act of volition, but by a sort of mechanical impulse, bishop and dean, archdeacon and canon, rector and curate, one after another, each on his high tower, off they set, swinging and booming, tolling and chiming, with nervous intense-ness, and thickening emotion, and deepening volume, the old ding-dong which has scared town and country this weary time; tolling and chiming away, jingling and clamouring and ringing the changes on their poor half-dozen notes, all about the 'Popish aggression,' 'insolent and insidious,' 'insidious and insolent,' 'insolent and atrocious,' 'atrocious and insolent,' 'atrocious, insolent,

and ungrateful,' 'ungrateful, insolent, and atrocious,' 'foul and offensive,' 'pestilent and horrid,' 'subtle and unholy,' 'audacious and revolting,' 'contemptible and shameless,' 'malignant,' 'frightful,' 'mad,' 'meretricious,'—bobs (I think the ringers call them), bobs, and bobs-royal, and triple-bob-majors, and grandsires,—to the extent of their compass and the full ring of their metal, in honour of Queen Bess, and to the confusion of the Holy Father and the Princes of the Church.

"So it is now; so it was twenty years ago; nay, so it has been in all years as they came, even the least controversial. If there was no call for a contest, at least there was the opportunity of a triumph. Who could want matter for a sermon, if ever his thoughts would not flow, whether for convenient digression, or effective peroration? Did a preacher wish for an illustration of heathen superstition or Jewish bigotry, or an instance of hypocrisy, ignorance, or spiritual pride? the Catholics were at hand. The deliverance from Egypt, the golden calf, the fall of Dagon, the sin of Solomon, the cruelties of Jezebel, the worship of Baal, the destruction of the brazen serpent, the finding of the law, the captivity in Babylon, Nebuchodonosor's image, Pharisees, Sadducees, Herodians, and Zealots, mint, anise, and cummin, brazen pots and vessels, all in their respective places and ways, would give opportunity to a few grave words of allusion to the 'monstrous errors,' or the 'childish absurdities' of the 'Romish faith.' Does any one wish an example of pride? There stands Wolsey; of barbarity? There is the Duke of Alva; of rebellion? There is Becket; of ambition? There is Hildebrand; of profligacy? There is Cæsar Borgia; of superstition? There is Louis the Eleventh; of fanaticism? There are the Crusaders. Saints and sinners, monks and laymen, the devout and the worldly, provided they be but Catholics, are heaped together in one indiscriminate mass, to be

drawn forth for inspection and exposure according to the need.

"The consequence is natural;—tell a person of ordinary intelligence, Churchman or Dissenter, that the vulgar allegations against us are but slanders,—simple lies, or exaggerations, or misrepresentations; or, as far as they are true, admitting of defence or justification, and not to the point; and he will laugh in your face at your simplicity, or lift up hands and eyes at your unparalleled effrontery. The utmost concession he will make is to allow the possibility of incidental and immaterial error in the accusations which are brought against us; but the substance of the traditional view he believes, as firmly as he does the Gospel, and, if you reject it and protest against it, he will say it is just what is to be expected of a Catholic, to lie and to circumvent. To tell him, at his time of life, that Catholics do not rate sin at a fixed price, that they may not get absolution for a sin in prospect, that priests can live in purity, that nuns do not murder each other, that the laity do not make images their God, that Catholics would not burn Protestants if they could! Why, all this is as perfectly clear to him as the sun at noonday; he is ready to leave the matter to the first person he happens to meet; every one will tell us just the same; only let us try; he never knew there was any doubt at all about it; he is surprised, for he thought we granted it. When he was young, he has heard it said again and again; to his certain knowledge it has uniformly been said the last forty, fifty, sixty years, and no one ever denied it; it is so in all the books he ever looked into; what is the world coming to? What is true, if this is not? So, Catholics are to be white-washed! What next?"

It is no wonder that the audiences that listened to these lectures felt surprise, for this Newman was not the Newman they had known. They expected, of course,

to hear beautiful and rhythmic prose spoken in the silvery tones that had touched the soul of young Oxford in the old days, but Newman's method of treatment was a revelation.

He had pondered, of course, over half a dozen other methods, but had rejected them. To make solemn denials of the justice of mid-Victorian religious prejudice would be worse than useless; to dissect its every charge and resolve the true from the false would be impossible; to treat it too seriously would lend it an unmerited dignity; to treat it lightly would mean to ignore the gravity of it as a menace to social peace. Out of this dilemma he found a way, and the most telling, brilliant, and sustained ironic humor of nineteenth-century English prose made its appearance. Never before had this phase of Newman's genius been more than guessed at; for although it had appeared here and there in *Anglican Difficulties* it had remained like a sheathed dagger, a veiled threat. But now that dagger was drawn and Newman proved himself a master of it second to none.

[V]

But Newman is not always ironic or even humorous. He frequently (now that he has caught once for all the attention of his public) talks in a vein of high seriousness, though irony (the irony of indignation, not of humor) runs like a constant undercurrent beneath the rhythmic flow of his sentences. As a scholar, he knows all too well that authentic scholarship moves slowly and pseudo-scholarship swiftly; that slander in the guise of truth is ever credited; that the burden of overtaking the swift feet of Falsehood is a weariness of mind and of flesh. Thus there is in the following passage a note of sadness not unlike that which, mingled with intense

indignation, marked his charge, thirteen years later, against Canon Kingsley, of "poisoning the wells."

"No evidence against us is too little; no infliction too great. Statement without proof, though inadmissible in every other case, is all fair when we are concerned. A Protestant is at liberty to bring a charge against us, and challenge us to refute, not any proof he brings, for he brings none, but his simple assumption or assertion. And perhaps we accept his challenge, and then we find we have to deal with matters so vague or so minute, so general or so particular, that we are at our wit's end to know how to grapple with them. For instance, 'Every twentieth man you meet is a Jesuit in disguise'; or, 'Nunneries are, for the most part, prisons.' How is it possible to meet such sweeping charges? The utmost we can do, in the nature of things, is to show that this particular man, or that, is not a Jesuit; or that this or that particular nunnery is not a prison; but who said he was?—who said it was? What our Protestant accuser asserted was, that every *twentieth* man was a Jesuit, and *most* nunneries were prisons. How is this refuted by clearing this or that person or nunnery of the charge? Thus, if the accuser is not to be called on to give proofs of what he says, we are simply helpless, and must sit down meekly under the imputation.

"At another time, however, a definite fact is stated, and we are referred to the authority on which it is put forward. What is the authority? Albertus Magnus, perhaps, or Gerson, or Baronius, with a silence about volume and page: their works consisting of five, ten, fifteen, twenty, or thirty folios, printed in double columns. How are we possibly to find the needle in this stack of hay? Or, by a refinement of unfairness, perhaps a wrong volume or page is carelessly given; and when we cannot find there the statement which our opponent has made, we are left in an unpleasant doubt

whether our ill success is to be ascribed to our eyes or to his pen.

"Sometimes, again, the crime charged on us is brought out with such startling vividness and circumstantial finish as to seem to carry its own evidence with it, and to dispense, in the eyes of the public, with the references which in fairness should attend it. The scene is laid in some fortress of the savage Apennine, or in secluded Languedoc, or in remote Poland, or the high table-land of Mexico; or it is a legend about some priest of a small village of Calabria, called Buonavalle, in the fourteenth century; or about a monk of the monastery of S. Spirito, in S. Fillippo d'Argiro, in the time of Charlemagne. Or the story runs, that Don Felix Malatesta de Guadalope, a Benedictine monk of Andalusia, and father confessor to the Prince of the Asturias, who died in 1821, left behind him his confessions in manuscript, which were carried off by the French, with other valuable documents, from his convent, which they pillaged in their retreat from the field of Salamanca; and that, in these confessions, he frankly avows that he had killed three of his monastic brothers of whom he was jealous, had poisoned half-a-dozen women, and sent off in boxes and hampers to Cadiz and Barcelona thirty-five infants; moreover, that he felt no misgivings about these abominable deeds, because, as he observes with great *naïveté*, he had every day, for many years, burnt a candle to the Blessed Virgin; had cursed periodically all heretics, especially the royal family of England; had burnt a student of Coimbra for asserting the earth went round the sun; had worn about him, day and night, a relic of St. Diego; and had provided that five hundred masses should be said for the repose of his soul within eight days after his decease.

"Tales such as this, the like of which it is very easy to point out in print, are suitably contrived to answer

the purpose which brings them into being. A Catholic who, in default of testimony offered in their behalf, volunteers to refute them on their internal evidence, and sets about (so to say) cross-examining them, finds himself at once in an untold labyrinth of embarrassments. First he inquires, is there a village in Calabria of the name of Buonavalle? is there a convent of S. Spirito in the Sicilian town specified? did it *exist* in the time of Charlemagne? who were the successive confessors of the Prince of the Asturias during the first twenty years of this century? what has Andalusia to do with Salamanca? when was the last *Auto da fé* in Spain? did the French pillage any convent whatever in the neighbourhood of Salamanca about the year 1812?—questions sufficient for a school examination. He goes to his maps, gazetteers, guide-books, travels, histories;—soon a perplexity arises about the dates: are his editions *recent* enough for his purpose? do their historical notices go *far enough back*? Well, after a great deal of trouble, after writing about to friends, consulting libraries, and comparing statements, let us suppose him to prove most conclusively the utter absurdity of the slanderous story, and to bring out a lucid, powerful, and unanswerable reply; who cares for it by that time? who cares for the story itself? it has done its work; time stops for no man; it has created or deepened the impression in the minds of its hearers that a monk commits murder or adultery as readily as he eats his dinner. Men forget the process by which they received it, but there it is, clear and indelible. Or supposing they recollect the particular slander ever so well, still they have no taste or stomach for entering into a long controversy about it; their mind is already made up; they have formed their views; the author they have trusted may, indeed, have been inaccurate in some of his details; it can be nothing more. Who can fairly impose on them the perplexity and whirl of going through

a bout of controversy, where 'one says,' and 'the other says,' and '*he* says that *he* says that *he* does not say or ought not to say what he does say or ought to say?' It demands an effort and strain of attention which they have no sort of purpose of bestowing. The Catholic cannot get a fair hearing; his book remains awhile in the shop windows, and then is taken down again."

There follows a summary, comprehensive and arresting, as Newman's summaries always are. He has laid the foundation, carried his hearers along with him step by step, and now he sweeps them on to an acceptance of his final indictment:

"Such, then, is Popular Protestantism, considered in its opposition to Catholics. Its truth is Establishment by law; its philosophy is Theory; its faith is Prejudice; its facts are Fictions; its reasonings Fallacies; and its security is Ignorance about those whom it is opposing. The Law says that white is black; Ignorance says, why not? Theory says it ought to be, Fallacy says it must be, Fiction says it is, and Prejudice says it shall be."

Newman seems, even when striking as hard as this and openly calling a spade a spade, never to be even remotely in danger of over-reaching himself. He can be both angry and indignant but neither his anger nor his indignation ever leads him to drop the guard of his self-control or indulge in unseemly vehemence; and the impression he never fails to create is that of infinite reserves of power. As a master of rhetoric he knew that few things are as effective as restraint when a tale of horror is to be told; for the listener's emotions, denied even a vicarious outlet, are thrown back upon themselves until it seems as if the heart would stifle that holds them. When Newman recounts the story of Elizabethan martyrdoms he masks his fiery indignation and makes the dark recital in tones of deliberately assumed dispassion. One can imagine Burke telling this ghastly tale of judicial

murders much as he recounted the atrocities of Debi Sing: his lofty diction, his swelling periods, his majestic sweep of eloquence, as he soared to a magnificent climax. But at times the eloquence threatens to overshadow the story; the rhetoric is more compelling than the narrative itself.

Here by contrast is Newman. Notice how simple, how almost stark his recital is. He is assuming a certain impersonality in the telling which is possible only to the born rhetorician whose genius warns him when self-effacement is the highest art.

"Maine was hanged, cut down alive, falling from a great height, and then quartered. He was the first-fruit of a sanguinary persecution, which lasted a hundred years. John Wilson, while they tore out his heart, said, 'I forgive the Queen, and all that are the cause of my death.' Edward Campion was cruelly torn and rent upon the rack divers times. 'Before he went to the rack, he used to fall down at the rack-house door, upon both knees, to commend himself to God's mercy; and upon the rack he called continually upon God, repeating often the holy name of Jesus. His keeper asked him the next day how he felt his hands and feet; he answered, 'Not ill, because not at all.' He was hanged and embowelled at Tyburn.' Ralph Sherwin came next; the hangman, taking hold of him with his bloody hands, which had been busy with the bowels of the martyred priest who preceded him, said to him, thinking to terrify him, 'Come, Sherwin, take thou also thy wages.' But the holy man, nothing dismayed, embraced him with a cheerful countenance, and reverently kissed the blood that stuck to his hands; at which the people were much moved. He had been twice racked, and now he was dealt with as his brother before him. Thomas Sherwood, after six months' imprisonment in a dark and filthy hole, was hanged, cut down alive, dismembered,

bowelled, and quartered. Alexander Brian had needles thrust under his nails, was torn upon the rack, hanged, and beheaded. George Haydock was suffered to hang but a very little while, when the Sheriff ordered the rope to be cut, and the whole butchery to be performed upon him while he was alive and perfectly sensible. John Finch was dragged through the streets, his head beating all the way upon the stones; was then thrust into a dark and fetid dungeon, with no bed but the damp floor; was fed sparingly, and upon nothing but oxen's liver. Here he was left first for weeks, then for months; till at length he was hanged, and his quarters sent to the four chief towns of Lancashire. Richard White, being cut down alive, pronounced the sacred name of Jesus twice while the hangman had his hands in his bowels. James Claxton was first put into a *little ease*—that is, a place where he could neither stand, lie, nor sit; there he was for three days, fed on bread and water. Then he was put into the mill to grind; then he was hanged up by the hands till the blood sprang forth at his finger-ends: at length he was hanged, dying at the age of twenty-one years."

[VI]

Newman's irony deserves special consideration. It is less delicately humorous than Addison's, less bitter than Swift's. It attacks problems as fundamental as Swift's but has no leisure for such foibles as Addison's. The great Spectator loved to smile indulgently at social follies; the bullying Dean with sneering lips lashed the shortcomings of the race. Faced with Newman's problem Addison would have ignored it or confessed it too great for him to attempt, while Swift would have sounded the onset and made his assault *vi et armis*. No parleying, no soft words, no time for smile or laughter, except that of savage derision. The Dean's hands were made for the sword, not for the myrtle. His scornful irony,

unsoftened by humor, would have maddened his enemies without strengthening his cause. Some battles have been won at too great a cost and have been written into the pages of history as virtual defeats. Swift hurled at his fellows an indictment so brutally ironic that it missed its aim, and *Gulliver's Travels* has found a place only among the harmless adventures of the nursery bookshelf.

Newman with a power of attack equal to Swift's possessed a poise and sanity and psychological penetration to which the Dean of St. Patrick's was an utter stranger. Newman's irony, even when it thrusts deepest, is marked by a suavity which was part of his French heritage. It left his opponents with an uncomfortable feeling of being held up to ridicule and none knew better than Newman where the Englishman was most vulnerable. What could be finer than the daring figure which identified bishops and deans, archdeacons and canons, rectors and curates, with the clashing tongues of their own church bells! There is a certain insinuating quality in Newman's irony as if he were taking you by the arm and with laughing eyes which belied his serious face were going to tell you a rich joke, a clever repartee, or an amusing blunder. You feel you are being let in, as it were, as a kind of privileged character, whose appreciation of the ridiculous has been tried and proved. And the laugh is to be on his opponent! Of course, this is not spontaneous and *en passant*; it is carefully planned and unfailingly well-bred, but it is introduced so skillfully and executed so brilliantly and accomplishes its purpose so perfectly that you yield yourself up to his fascination without reserve.

Unlike Swift, Newman never missed his mark. Even when white-hot with indignation he never lost his coolness and on the two occasions in his life when his feelings might well have overmastered him he drove his rapier home with the deadly precision of a master of fence and

destroyed his victims with a single mortal thrust. The first was Achilli; the second, Kingsley.

It was while Newman was engaged with his lectures on the *Present Position of Catholics in England* (1855) that Giovanni Giacinto Achilli, an Italian ex-priest, a whited sepulchre, came to Birmingham and assailed the Catholic Church. Apprised of Achilli's real character Newman delayed not a moment in making his counter-attack. It is a pitiless and deadly arraignment delivered with that assumed coolness which in men of iron will often accompanies passionate indignation. Every word stabs; every sentence finds its way to its victim's heart; and when Newman was done Achilli was branded with such infamy as that with which Cicero gibbeted the degenerate Verres for all time.

"Ah! Dr. Achilli, I might have spoken of him last week, had time admitted of it. The Protestant world flocks to hear him, because he has something to tell of the Catholic Church. He has something to tell, it is true; he *has* a scandal to reveal, he *has* an argument to exhibit. It is a simple one, and a powerful one, as far as it goes—and it is *one*. That one argument is himself; it is his presence which is the triumph of Protestants; it is the sight of him which is a Catholic's confusion. It is indeed our great confusion, that our Holy Mother could have had a priest like him. He feels the force of the argument, and he shows himself to the multitude that is gazing on him. 'Mothers of families,' he seems to say, 'gentle maidens, innocent children, look at me, for I am worth looking at. You do not see such a sight every day. Can any church live over the imputation of such a production as I am? I have been a Catholic and an infidel; I have been a Roman priest and a hypocrite; I have been a profligate under a cowl. I am that Father Achilli, who, as early as 1826, was deprived of my faculty to lecture, for an offence which my superiors did their

best to conceal; and who in 1827 had already earned the reputation of a scandalous friar. I am that Achilli, who in the diocese of Viterbo in February, 1831, robbed of her honour a young woman of eighteen; who in September, 1833, was found guilty of a second such crime, in the case of a person of twenty-eight; and who perpetrated a third in July, 1834, in the case of another aged twenty-four. I am he, who afterwards was found guilty of sins, similar or worse, in other towns of the neighbourhood. I am that son of St. Dominic who is known to have repeated the offence at Capua, in 1834 and 1835; and at Naples again, in 1840, in the case of a child of fifteen. I am he who chose the sacristy of the church for one of these crimes and Good Friday for another. Look on me, ye mothers of England, a confessor against Popery, for ye "ne'er may look upon my like again." I am that veritable priest, who, after all this, began to speak against, not only the Catholic faith, but the moral law, and perverted others by my teaching. I am the Cavaliere Achilli, who then went to Corfu, made the wife of a tailor faithless to her husband, and lived publicly and travelled about with the wife of a chorus-singer. I am that Professor in the Protestant College at Malta, who with two others was dismissed from my post for offences which the authorities cannot get themselves to describe. And now attend to me, such as I am, and you shall see what you shall see about the barbarity and profligacy of the Inquisitors of Rome.' "

[VII]

In his *Letter to the Duke of Norfolk*, which appeared in January, 1875, Newman became engaged in a different type of controversy. He was still addressing the English Protestant public, still seeking to brush away misconceptions as to Catholics, still trying to allay ground-

less distrust. He was now matching lances with an individual, who, while the representative of a huge majority of his fellow countrymen, was a scholar, a statesman, and a thinker. The point at issue involved a newly defined dogma in its effect upon the relation of Catholics to their government. While addressing Gladstone directly, Newman was actually talking to all England and thus was called upon to drive home to the ordinary mind distinctions which while vital were appreciable only to men to whom exact thinking was possible. His success was conspicuous, but it was won only because his psychological insight again appraised correctly the English type of mind, and realized how largely its powers of comprehension were warped by distrust of the Catholic Church. That Catholic dogma as such should offend English sensibilities was nothing new but when that dogma was regarded as destroying the loyalty of Catholics to the nation and compelling their fealty to a foreign potentate, then indeed the Catholics might well take alarm. Such a popular misconception was an implied indictment of all English Catholics and no explanation would receive a hearing unless for good and all it laid the ghost of this imagined menace.

Newman treated Gladstone with studied respect. A great churchman and a great statesman had entered the lists and each was proud of the foe with whom he was to match lances. Urbanity marks Newman's attitude. And that was a proof of wisdom. It was true that Gladstone was attacking a dogma of the Church and that his attack was delivered with a frequent lack of understanding and a virulence which made the judicious grieve. Newman does not say: "Sir, your reputation for scholarship and fair play is dimmed by this attack of yours and the day will come when your admirers will be happy to have it forgotten." Not at all. Rather he says: "Sir, I hold you in honor as a man who has occu-

pied the highest civil position in this kingdom, and although you are attacking my Church from a misunderstanding which you might have avoided, I shall not forget who you are or the eminence you have achieved and still retain. Let us talk this matter over in a quiet and dignified way and I know that you will listen to me with the same respect with which I have listened to you." Here was wisdom practically applied, for whatever Newman might in his heart think of Gladstone's attack, ill-natured and uncalled-for as it was, he knew that Gladstone had a great personal following among the people of England, that he was revered for his intellect, his powers of leadership, and his patriotism, and that it would have been suicidal to his chances of securing a hearing had he seemed to cast reflections by a single word upon the former premier.

A man less gifted than Newman would have made this very mistake in his plan of reply; he would have directed his guns against Gladstone in the belief that he could break down his authority with the masses of Englishmen by proving him ill-natured and ill-informed. Newman realized that such a procedure would be fatal. He knew that Gladstone's point of view was that of English Protestants generally who thought they beheld in the Doctrine of Papal Infallibility only a new and bizarre offspring of the so-called "Papal Aggression" of twenty years before which in their eyes was to take the form of an abiding menace against the government.

It was part of Newman's genius that in this, as in every other case of the kind, he appraised the power of appeal which his opponent made to the prejudice and passion of his followers, and having once gauged the temper of the English people and appreciated how entirely it found its expression in Gladstone's pamphlet, he was in a position to decide upon the best method of answering it.

No point made by Gladstone was ignored. However

distorted a statement, however illogical a conclusion, however unwarranted a surmise, it was given consideration. Now and then there is a touch of irony, a moment's indulgence in the *argumentum ad hominem*, but the tone throughout is that of high seriousness—so different from many of the scintillating pages of *The Present Position of Catholics*—mingled with a certain gracious patience and restraint.

Time and again he makes concessions as when he says, "Assuredly there are certain acts of Popes in which no one would like to have part," but he never fails to insist on essential points, clarifying them as only he could and enriching his lucid exposition by perfect analogies.

Gladstone, in one word, maintained that since the Pope claimed infallibility in faith and morals, therefore "every convert and member of the Pope's church places his loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another."

Newman was a churchman, whose chief concerns were poles apart from politics, but he was an Englishman, proud of that fact, conscious of race, and with a drop of the Jingo in his veins. He had read the dispatches of the Duke of Wellington eagerly and had pined to be a soldier; during the Crimean War, he devoured the accounts of each day's action; he had made the celebrated declaration: "I had rather be an Englishman (as in fact I am) than belong to any other race under heaven." He yielded in loyalty to no man, not even to the former premier himself, and by sharply focussing the real issue he made it plain that his primary desire in answering Gladstone at all was not to explain the doctrine as such (for others had already done that) but to vindicate the loyalty of Catholic Englishmen. He proclaimed that the duty of Catholics to render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's could not conflict with infallibility rightly understood and he even dared to shock many of his coreligionists in a famous passage that, however

hazardous, carried conviction to minds from which no tamer words could have won a hearing:

"If I am obliged to bring religion into after-dinner toasts (which indeed does not seem quite the thing) I shall drink,—to the Pope if you please,—still, to conscience first, and to the Pope afterwards."

Perhaps the man in the street read no farther in this pamphlet; he left the merits of the theological questions to subtler minds. He was satisfied that the writer of that sentence was of the same stuff as they who had defeated the Armada, swept Holland from the seas, and gained the day at Trafalgar.

In this reply to Gladstone Newman secured a respectful and indeed a sympathetic hearing. He disarmed the fears of Protestants and won the gratitude of Catholics. In a word, he scored a new and brilliant success. He had comprehended perfectly the mental state of his audience and his method was adjusted to it with the unfailing nicety which only such insight as his could command. Here as always he was the psychologist first, the rhetorician afterwards.

[VIII]

Newman's *Apologia* became more than a piece of controversy, and we think of it today as the story of the high adventures of a soul. One can never forget, however, that it had its birth in controversy and that controversy showed Newman's powers of irony as they had never been shown in the thirteen years which had elapsed since the publication of his lectures on the *Present Position of Catholics in England*. The history of the *Apologia* has already been told and its place as a masterpiece of its kind will be discussed in a later chapter. We are now concerned with it from the point of view of the controversial skill of its author.

In the course of the exchange of letters between

Kingsley and Newman, Newman endeavors to make Kingsley appreciate the false position in which the Canon's charges have placed him. He finally succeeds in getting his accuser to write the following letter to *Macmillan's Magazine*:

"Sir:

"In your last number I made certain allegations against the teachings of the Rev. Dr. Newman, which were founded on a sermon of his entitled 'Wisdom and Innocence.'

"Dr. Newman has, by letter, expressed in the strongest terms his denial of the meaning which I have put upon his words.

"No man knows the use of words better than Dr. Newman; no man, therefore, has a better right to define what he does, or does not, mean by them.

"It only remains, therefore, for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him, and my hearty pleasure at finding him on the side of truth, in this, or any other, matter.

"(Signed) CHARLES KINGSLEY."

Kingsley sent his copy of this to Newman who rejoined that the letter failed utterly to meet his approval and, to explain why, he resorted to a method which he employed all too rarely, but which brings out strikingly his appreciation of the point of view of the "Tertium quid."

MR. KINGLEY'S LETTER

UNJUST, BUT TOO PROBABLE, POPULAR RENDERING OF IT

1. Sir,—In your last number I made certain allegations against the teaching of the Rev. Dr. Newman, which were founded on a sermon of his entitled "Wisdom and Innocence," preached by him as Vicar of St. Mary's, and published in 1844.

2. Dr. Newman has, by letter, expressed in the strongest terms his denial of the meaning which I have put upon his words.

3. No man knows the use of words better than Dr. Newman; no man, therefore, has a better right to define what he does, or does not, mean by them.

4. It only remains, therefore, for me to express my hearty regret at having so seriously mistaken him, and my hearty pleasure at finding him on the side of truth, in this, or any other, matter.

2. I have set before Dr. Newman, as he challenged me to do, extracts from his writings, and he has affixed to them what he conceives to be their legitimate sense, to the denial of that in which I understood them.

3. He has done this with the skill of a great master of verbal fence, who knows, as well as any man living, how to insinuate a doctrine without committing himself to it.

4. However, while I heartily regret that I have so seriously mistaken the sense which he assures me his words were meant to bear, I cannot but feel a hearty pleasure also, at having brought him, for once in a way, to confess that after all truth is a Christian virtue.

To this Canon Kingsley rejoined, expressing his confidence in the adequacy of his letter and concluding, "Having frankly accepted your assertion that I was mistaken, I have done as much as one English gentleman can do for another."

Newman rejoined with a pamphlet in which he published the offending article from *Macmillan's* and his correspondence with Kingsley to which it gave rise. These letters were interesting enough, but it was Newman's brilliant and ironic "Reflections" on them which have become a classic.

REFLECTIONS ON THE ABOVE

"I shall attempt a brief analysis of the foregoing correspondence; and I trust that the wording which I shall adopt will not offend against the gravity due both to myself and to the occasion. It is impossible to do justice to the course of thought involved in it without some familiarity of expression.

"Mr. Kingsley begins then by exclaiming,—'O the chicanery, the wholesale fraud, the vile hypocrisy, the conscience-killing tyranny of Rome! We have not far to seek for an evidence of it. There's Father Newman to wit: one living specimen is worth a hundred dead ones. He, a Priest writing of Priests, tells us that lying is never any harm.'

"I interpose: 'You are taking a most extraordinary liberty with my name. If I have said this, tell me when and where.'

"Mr. Kingsley replies: 'You said it, Reverend Sir, in a Sermon which you preached, when a Protestant, as Vicar of St. Mary's, and published in 1844; and I could read you a very salutary lecture on the effects which that Sermon had at the time on my own opinion of you.'

"I make answer: 'Oh . . . *Not*, it seems, as a Priest speaking of Priests;—but let us have the passage.'

"Mr. Kingsley relaxes: 'Do you know, I like your *tone*. From your *tone* I rejoice, greatly rejoice, to be able to believe that you did not mean what you said.'

"I rejoin: '*Mean* it! I maintain I never *said* it, whether as a Protestant or as a Catholic.'

"Mr. Kingsley replies: 'I waive that point.'

"I object: 'Is it possible! What? Waive the main question! I either said it or I didn't. You have made a monstrous charge against me; direct, distinct, public. You are bound to prove it as directly, as distinctly, as publicly;—or to own you can't.'

“‘Well,’ says Mr. Kingsley, ‘if you are quite sure you did not say it, I’ll take your word for it; I really will.’

“My *word*! I am dumb. Somehow I thought that it was my *word* that happened to be on trial. The *word* of a Professor of lying, that he does not lie!

“But Mr. Kingsley reassures me: ‘We are both gentlemen,’ he says: ‘I have done as much as one English gentleman can expect from another.’

“I begin to see: he thought me a gentleman at the very time that he said I taught lying on system. After all, it is not I, but it is Mr. Kingsley who did not mean what he said. ‘Habemus confitentem reum.’

“So we have confessedly come round to this, preaching without practising; the common theme of satirists from Juvenal to Walter Scott! ‘I left Baby Charles and Steenie laying his duty before him,’ says King James of the reprobate Dalgarno: ‘O Geordie, jingling Geordie, it was grand to hear Baby Charles laying down the guilt of dissimulation, and Steenie lecturing on the turpitude of incontinence.’

“While I feel then that Mr. Kingsley’s February explanation is miserably insufficient in itself for his January enormity, still I feel also that the Correspondence, which lies between these two acts of his, constitutes a real satisfaction to those principles of historical and literary justice to which he has given so rude a shock.

“Accordingly, I have put it into print, and make no further criticism on Mr. Kingsley.”

It was typical of Newman that, having pressed his indictment of his accuser to the point of calling him a hypocrite, he should leave that word unspoken.

This irony was perfect of its kind; it surpassed Addison on his own ground. It stung Canon Kingsley to anger and he replied in a pamphlet in which, flinging aside all consideration of the amenities, he scattered innuendoes and charges of “lying on system” with a reck-

lessness he was later to regret. But Newman's irony had done its work: it had brought into the open the charges which Kingsley had but insinuated before and which he considered true in common with the great majority of Englishmen.

Ten years later Newman was to reply to Gladstone on a matter vital to Catholics. Gladstone was to be the leader of hostile public opinion then as Kingsley was now. But in 1874 Newman treated Gladstone with every consideration; in 1864 he crushed Kingsley. Let us examine how and why.

Newman's reply to Kingsley's pamphlet formed parts I and II of the *Apologia* and the Appendix, and in them he considers not only Kingsley's charges but Kingsley himself. He remembers that brilliantly clever first chapter of his *Present Position of Catholics* which had won the applause of every reader, and he says: "Mr. Kingsley has read me from beginning to end in the fashion in which the hypothetical Russian read Blackstone; not, I repeat, from malice, but because of his intellectual build." There in one phrase Newman portrayed Kingsley to the life, not malicious but blundering, not dispassionate but vehement, not well-informed or scholarly but the victim of prejudice and a wayward imagination. He does not stop there. He dissects Kingsley's pamphlet and in the doing of it flays its author, passing over no single page without comments, sometimes serious, sometimes ironic, always acute.

One example must suffice. Newman is expressing his astonishment that Kingsley, having affected to regret his original charges in *Macmillan's*, should have reiterated them, and more broadly, in his subsequent pamphlet. "On Kingsley's original charge I am 'convicted of false witness by the voice of the world.' Well, I should have thought that he had now nothing whatever more to do. 'Vain man!' he seems to make answer, 'what

simplicity in you to think so! If you have not broken one commandment, let us see whether we cannot convict you of the breach of another. If you are not a swindler or forger, you are guilty of arson or burglary. By hook or by crook you shall not escape. Are *you* to suffer or *I*? What does it matter to you who are going off the stage, to receive a slight additional daub upon a character so deeply stained already? But think of me, the immaculate lover of Truth, so observant of "hault courage" and "strict honour," and (aside)—and not as this publican—do you think I can let you go scot free instead of myself? No; "noblesse oblige." Go to the shades, old man, and boast that Achilles sent you thither.'"

That "aside" was itself a stab, a thrust to the heart, one of those sudden and diabolically clever inspirations which come only to the born masters of controversy. Kingsley was helpless before Newman; the bludgeon had no chance against the rapier; and it was with a full realization that his accuser had been discredited that Newman disowned any personal animosity and entered upon the defence of his religious career after dismissing the Canon in these words:

"And now I am in a train of thought higher and more serene than any which slanders can disturb. Away with you, Mr. Kingsley, and fly into space. Your name shall occur again, as little as I can help, in the course of these pages. I shall henceforth occupy myself not with you, but with your charges."

[IX]

Why did Newman not treat Kingsley with more of the considerate patience with which he treated Gladstone? Why did he show respect for the one and contempt for the other? Did his usual coolness desert him under the personal attack of the Canon and was he thus led to deny

to one opponent the amenities he freely accorded to the other?

The difference in treatment lay in the difference between the two situations. Newman faced a psychological problem in 1864 as surely as in 1874, and in each instance he had to reach public opinion, appeal to it, secure a hearing, and win it over to his side. In the one case he was addressing the public on a question partly religious but primarily political, and, to that extent, detached from an intimate and uniquely personal application. Thus, the whole matter became one to be treated with candor but also with dispassion, especially as the spokesman of hostile opinion, however far misled, was recognized as a leader and justly held in high regard. To have made him the object of personal attack would have outraged public opinion and have tended to confirm the suspicion that personalities were being made a cloak to conceal the weakness of Newman's cause. In the case of Kingsley, however, lay this essential difference: the whole charge was a personal one in the most direct and intimate sense, and touched Newman in a delicate point of honor. For Newman to have ignored his accuser or to have treated him with courteous consideration would have been fatal to his cause. All England would have seen in such an attitude only the timidity of a man conscious of his own misconduct, who recognized the validity of his accuser's charges and cowered before them. In Newman's own words, to be calm meant thereby to be detected as a "smooth hypocrite." He had to get the ear of his public, a public whose judgment on him he felt that Kingsley had but too truly voiced; he had to win from it a sympathetic hearing as a man who, deeply misjudged, appealed to it to withhold condemnation and grant him fair-play. And to do this he was compelled in self-defense to play the part of anger and indignation. "No common denial,"

he wrote to a friend in after years, "would have put down the far-spread impression (that I taught lying on system). I took a course which would destroy it, and, as I think, which alone would be able to destroy it. It is little or nothing to me that people should think me angry, rude, insulting, etc. No common language would have done the work; I had to use language that was unmistakably my own and could not have been dictated to me." Newman read his public aright; he reached it and caught its ear; it stopped to listen and, like the wedding guest held fast by the gaze of the Ancient Mariner, it was unable to tear itself away until the whole tale was told.

That tale was the *Apologia*, itself a great autobiography. It is great—perhaps equally great—as a monument to Newman's controversial genius.

It is a truism that controversial writing is ephemeral. The problems or the causes in which it is enlisted have their day and are forgotten. Many an issue, which was attacked with virulence and stoutly defended while a nation looked on applauding the combatants, is now as dim a shadow as the ghosts of those who engaged in the battle. But some controversial writings will never die; partly because they are concerned with moral problems as old as the race in whose eyes honor and truth and fair play are sacred; partly because they possess those abiding qualities of what (for want of a better term) we call "form," which lift them into literature.

Men may differ as to the value of Newman's controversial writing who find it leaves them untouched in mind and heart; but if they seek skill and high artistry in this fascinating but dangerous kind of literature they will seek in vain for any examples in our language to surpass his. Here are resourcefulness, power, and uncanny appreciation of one's own weaknesses and one's opponent's strength; knowledge of every phase of the

question involved; perfect appraisal of the prejudices and mental attitude of the opposition; a persuasiveness which reaches the heart; a readiness to concede where concession is justifiable; a wealth of illustration to clarify an abstruse point and a telling analogy to drive it home; touches of humor; flashes of wit; an irony amusing, stimulating, deadly as the need may be; a patience and an infinite skill in exposition of which Newman was a past master; an invincible command of self, so that, should he for a moment fling aside the more rigorous restraints of temper or statement, he soon catches himself, toning down his utterances, introducing qualifying clauses, seeking a greater precision of word as if he feared that the tide of his feeling might sweep him away from the anchorage of exactitude and truth. And withal an abiding and pervasive grace, the grace of urbanity, of unfailing tact, of personal charm, of literary style.

To study his methods and apply them adequately would require high talent. To equal them would demand genius.

VII

NEWMAN'S IDEA OF A UNIVERSITY

ALL things considered, this would probably be the volume of Newman's which the majority of readers would be most loath to give up. Unlike the *Apologia* it does not have to do with a personal spiritual problem, nor does it, like *The Present Position of Catholics*, concern itself largely with a religious situation. It deals in the main with phases of higher education which were always close to Newman's heart, and the lectures which make it up were written when he was in the atmosphere of a University and charged with the task of organizing its various schools and establishing adequate curricula. The volume consists of two parts: the first embracing nine "discourses" on University teaching; the second made up of various lectures and essays on "University Subjects," the aim of the entire work being to define and illustrate Newman's conception of what the new institution at Dublin should be.

Newman was always a careful workman, and although his was the genius of art which conceals art, there is no mistaking the extraordinary care with which he prepared these University discourses, all of which seek not alone to disclose his own ideas but at the same time secure for them a favorable hearing before an audience not entirely disposed to let them pass unchallenged.

[I]

Newman's specific purpose in the nine discourses was fourfold: to indicate the part which theology should

occupy in a University curriculum; to justify knowledge as worth pursuing for its own sake; to prove that the aim of a University course should be the equipping of its students to be broad-gauged, well-poised, and cultured men; and to define what he conceived to be the duties of the Church toward science and literature.

The necessity of theology as a University subject would not, of course, be questioned by the Churchmen whose influence and authority were largely responsible for the establishment of the new Catholic University. In addressing them on the matter, accordingly, Newman was really addressing the non-Catholic world to whom theology was inexact and hence unscientific, and he was seeking to turn their arguments against themselves by showing that it was their own point of view which was itself unscientific. Newman's second proposition troubled him; he could not feel at all certain that it would receive a favorable hearing. The first four discourses are concerned with Theology and at no time in the course of them does he forget his second thesis; and he leads the way to it with the unfailing skill of one who had been in the past and was to be in the future the champion of challenged causes.

Never in the range of Newman's work are his wide sympathies more strikingly illustrated. He had an unfailing appreciation of types of mind quite foreign to his own and modes of thought from which he could not but dissent. The scientist, though he might disagree with Newman and refuse to concede that theology was more than a matter of sentiment and conjecture and hence no part of science, could not but admit that Newman yielded due importance to chemistry, physics, biology, and the rest; and that he appraised the scientific type of mind to a nicety.

To Newman science was not composed of unrelated parts; rather it was an organic whole, its parts com-

plementing one another, and rounding out, with theology, the perfect circle of universal knowledge. But if theology were excluded there could be only mutilated knowledge; for however far physics might go, and mathematics, and biology, and chemistry, they trespass sooner or later upon a province which is not rightfully theirs and in which, having no guidance, they lose their way and wander about in a thicket of contradictions, compromises, conjectures, and half-truths. This province, Newman maintains, is not devoid of map and guide. The difficulty is that the man of science, in the narrow sense, will not recognize the authoritativeness of either. As a matter of fact this province belongs to theology, and no man who has ever believed in it as an authentic science has explained its significance more eloquently and more brilliantly than Newman. His challenge is a bold one and yet it is adroitly made; for he concedes the importance of every form of science and pleads at the same time against that violation of truth of which they are guilty who allow it to encroach upon forbidden territory and fail to recognize its limitations. Ultimately, Newman was combating the notion which rejects religion, declares it to be merely a matter of feeling, and regards God and the future life as matters of conjecture regarding which one guess is as good as another. Here, as in the *Apologia*, he is battling against "liberalism," by which he meant "the tendencies of modern thought to destroy the basis of revealed religion and ultimately of everything that can be called religion at all."

By theology, Newman means something definite. He rejects the vague and many-sided meanings often attached to the word and says plainly: "I mean none of these things by theology. I simply mean the Science of God or the truths we know about God put into system; just as we have a science of the stars, and call it astronomy, or of the crust of the earth, and call it geology."

To him God is "in no sense a soul of the world after the analogy of human nature, but, on the contrary, is absolutely distinct from the world as being its Creator, Upholder, Governor, and Sovereign Lord. . . . I mean by the Supreme Being one who . . . has all the attributes of Good in infinite intenseness; all wisdom, all truth, all justice, all love, all holiness, all beautifulness; who is omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent; ineffably one, absolutely perfect." These and the other attributes of the Creator are among the things which theology teaches, and as Newman continues, his page glows with an eloquence which sweeps along at one with the rhythm of his majestic sentences: "The presence of this divine and all-perfect Being is shown in a thousand ways through all the long ages of history, and the blessedness of His gifts and the evidences of His wrath are known from generation to generation. Men's repentance for crimes and atonement, their revolt against sensuality and vice and wickedness, the outburst of self-sacrificing heroism and of instincts of natural virtue all betoken His presence. . . . Anticipations or reminiscences of His glory haunt the mind of the self-sufficient sage, and of the pagan devotee; His writing is upon the wall, whether of the Indian fane, or of the porticoes of Greece. He introduces Himself, He all but concurs, according to His good pleasure, and in His selected season, in the issues of unbelief, superstition, and false worship, and He changes the character of acts by His overruling operation. He condescends, though He gives no sanction, to the altars and shrines of imposture, and He makes His own fiat the substitute for its sorceries. He speaks amid the incantations of Balaam, raises Samuel's spirit in the witch's cavern, prophesies of the Messiah by the tongue of the Sibyl, forces Python to recognize His ministers, and baptizes by the hand of the misbeliever. He is with the heathen dramatist in his denunciations of

injustice and tyranny, and his auguries of divine vengeance upon crime. Even on the unseemly legends of a popular mythology He casts His shadow, and is dimly discerned in the ode or the epic, as in troubled water or in fantastic dreams. All that is good, all that is true, all that is beautiful, all that is beneficent, be it great or small, be it perfect or fragmentary, natural as well as supernatural, moral as well as material, comes from Him."

The ardor of Newman's eloquence in such passages as this, however exquisite in rhythm, copious in diction, and harmonious in phrasing, by no means cleared up all the difficulties of the task he had set himself. Catholic Ireland, which delighted in his beautiful exposition and accepted unquestioningly his plea for theology, was prone to inquire what he purposed to do as rector of its University and, admitting theology as a keystone of his curriculum, what other subjects he intended to offer and what type of graduate it was his ideal to produce. And now Newman was on delicate ground. He was liable to challenge not from the world outside but from his very auditors on whom the new University depended for existence. The Irish bishops were no respecters of Oxford, and yet its system, whatever its faults and defects, most nearly approached Newman's ideal of a University, just as the Oxford man, from the purely human point of view, most nearly approached his ideal of a University Graduate. The typical Oxonian might be, it was true, a polished and cultured man of the world, but none the less Newman's auditors challengingly asked, "What is he to us?" Here then was Newman's task: to plead for a curriculum which should be both rich and *unrestricted* and whose varied elements should become "the high ministers of the beautiful and the noble," partly by serving the authentic purposes of a University

and partly by ministering to the competent and polished gentleman he had set his heart on producing.

Time and again during the first four discourses he has given intimations of these conceptions and he has never wearied of turning his hearers' minds in the direction he is to take in the remaining lectures. Now at last, in Discourse V, he is ready to hazard contention: a University, he maintains, contemplates neither moral improvement nor mechanical production; it professes to exercise the mind in the arts, not in duty; its function is intellectual culture. In support of this conception Newman brings to bear his own wealth of information in education, in history, in biography. He summons his allies of old time, Cicero and Xenophon and Aristotle, the masters of those who knew. Indeed, the names of the great ones of all ages greet us on every page: Arcesilas, Lycurgus, Plato, Cato, Seneca, Anaxagoras, Bacon. Supported by such an impressive array of great names Newman moves forward with his unfailingly skillful exposition, now pausing to answer one objection, now to anticipate another; now conceding what a broken reed philosophy proved when it failed to support Cicero under the disfavor of the populace or to nerve Seneca to oppose an imperial tyrant. He sets us right on the meaning of knowledge; there is "liberal knowledge" and there is "useful knowledge," and he stops in his skillful treading of the mazes of his subject to pay tribute to the prophet of the philosophy of utility, Lord Bacon. But Bacon's philosophy did not preserve its high priest from pettiness and treachery; he remained, in spite of it, "the wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind." Turning back Newman reminds us that liberal knowledge is not designed to be the handmaid of temporal benefits, but the instrument for inculcating good sense, refinement, and largeness and justness of view.

Just what is the nature of the cultivation which "lib-

eral knowledge" aims to achieve? In what does this cultivation consist? In answering that question Newman is at his best. Exposition was a field in which his extraordinary powers of illustration and analogy found full play, and the subject he sought to clarify was one close to his heart. First of all, liberal knowledge, he maintains, is not the accumulation of a mass of facts nor the acquiring of accomplishments nor a superficial acquaintance "with chemistry, geology, and astronomy, political economy, modern history, biography, and other branches of knowledge which periodical literature and occasional lectures and scientific institutions diffused through the community." Twenty years before he had voiced a similar protest in the *Tamworth Reading Room* and he now diverges long enough to attack this fallacy again: "I will tell you, Gentlemen, what has been the practical error of the last twenty years,—not to load the memory of the student with a mass of undigested knowledge, but to force upon him so much that he has rejected all. It has been the error of distracting and enfeebling the mind by an unmeaning profusion of subjects; of implying that a smattering in a dozen branches of study is not shallowness, which it really is, but enlargement, which it is not; of considering an acquaintance with the learned names of things and persons, and the possession of clever duodecimos, and attendance on eloquent lecturers, and membership with scientific institutions, and the sight of the experiments of a platform and the specimens of a museum, that all this was not dissipation of mind, but progress. All things now are to be learned at once, not first one thing, then another, not one well, but many badly. Learning is to be without exertion, without attention, without toil; without grounding, without advance, without finishing. There is to be nothing individual in it; and this, forsooth, is the wonder of the age. What the steam engine does with matter, the

printing press is to do with mind; it is to act mechanically, and the population is to be passively, almost unconsciously enlightened, by the mere multiplication and dissemination of volumes. Whether it be the school-boy or the schoolgirl or the youth at college, or the mechanic in the town, or the politician in the senate, all have been the victims in one way or other of this most preposterous and pernicious of delusions. Wise men have lifted up their voices in vain; and at length, lest their own institutions should be outshone and should disappear in the folly of the hour, they have been obliged, as far as they could with a good conscience, to humor a spirit which they could not withstand, and make temporizing concessions at which they could not but inwardly smile."

There is another modern-day fallacy which Newman scores, not with a smile, but with high seriousness. It greets us in announcements of "five-foot shelves," and invitations "to be your own college," and promises to endow us with "a University education at home." These nostrums may fill the mind with facts; they do not educate. "I protest that if I had to choose between a so-called University, which dispensed with residence and tutorial superintendence, and gave its degrees to any person who passed an examination in a wide range of subjects, and a University which had no professors or examinations at all, but merely brought a number of young men together for three or four years, and then sent them away as the University of Oxford is said to have done some sixty years since, if I were asked which of these two methods was the better discipline of the intellect,—mind, I do not say which is *morally* the better, for it is plain that compulsory study must be a good and idleness an intolerable mischief,—but if I must determine which of the two courses was the more successful in training, moulding, enlarging the mind, which sent

out men the more fitted for their secular duties, which produced better public men, men of the world, men whose names would descend to posterity, I have no hesitation in giving the preference to that University which did nothing, over that which exacted of its members an acquaintance with every science under the sun."

Having thus protested against two outstanding fallacies in education, Newman returns to the question, What is the nature of the cultivation which liberal knowledge aims to produce? As Newman saw it, the mind must get from liberal knowledge no mere smattering of facts and dates and theories, but an "enlargement or enlightenment" which consists "not merely in the passive reception into the mind of a number of ideas hitherto unknown to it, but in the mind's energetic and simultaneous action upon and towards and among those new ideas, which are rushing in upon it. It is the action of a formative power, reducing to order and meaning the matter of our acquirements; it is a making the objects of our knowledge subjectively our own, or, to use a familiar word, it is a digestion of what we receive, into the substance of our previous state of thought; and without this no enlargement is said to follow." Note that though Newman did not use the term "apperception," coined by a latter-day pedagogy, he described the process with characteristic clearness.

He goes on, playing about this thought, putting it in various ways, that no phase of it may be missed, and no part of the rich significance he attaches to it may be lost. "That only is true enlargement of mind," he says, "which is the power of viewing many things at once as one whole, of referring them severally to their true place in the universal system, of understanding their respective values, and determining their mutual dependence. . . . Possessed of this real illumination, the mind never views any part of the extended subject-matter of knowl-

edge without recollecting that it is but a part, or without the associations which spring from this recollection. It makes everything in some sort lead to everything else; it would communicate the image of the whole to every separate portion, till that whole becomes in imagination like a spirit, everywhere pervading and penetrating its component parts, and giving them one definite meaning." To experience such enlargement of mind, to possess knowledge in so perfect a coördination, is an ideal the very thought of which must have proved an inspiration to Newman's hearers.

Newman set himself entirely at odds with Locke and his disciples who insisted that "no education is useful which does not teach us some temporal calling, or some mechanical art, or some physical secret"; for he held that the intellect should be "disciplined for its own sake, for the perception of its own proper object, and for its own highest culture."

And now he is ready to state the *purpose* of his University in inculcating in its students what he has just termed "enlargement of mind," and his declaration expresses to a nicety the ideal of those educational leaders who see in a University course something less deadeningly practical, less icily efficient, less measurable by yardstick and balance than an instrument for gaining bread and butter for its students. The materialist will scoff; the idealist will applaud; and as material things shift in their values from day to day and as the ideal alone remains constant, so Newman's pronouncement of the aims of a University course will have its devoted adherents as long as the challenge of idealism endures.

His conception is a noble one. He does not seek to turn out geniuses on the one hand nor mere money-getters on the other. Let him speak for himself, eloquently, persuasively as always: "If," he says, "a practical end must be assigned to a University course, I say

it is that of training good members of society. Its art is the art of social life, and its end is fitness for the world. It neither confines its views to particular professions on the one hand, nor creates heroes or inspires genius on the other. Works indeed of genius fall under no art; heroic minds come under no rule; a University is not a birthplace of poets or of immortal authors, of founders of schools, leaders of colonies, or conquerors of nations. It does not promise a generation of Aristotles or Newtons, of Napoleons or Washingtons, of Raphaels or Shakespeares, though such miracles of nature it has before now contained within its precincts. Nor is it content on the other hand with forming the critic or the experimentalist, the economist or the engineer, though such too it includes within its scope. But a University training is the great ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power, and refining the intercourse of private life. It is the education which gives a man a clear, conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant. It prepares him to fill any post with credit, and to master any subject with facility. It shows him how to accommodate himself to others, how to throw himself into their state of mind, how to bring before them his own, how to influence them, how to come to an understanding with them, how to bear with them. . . . He has the repose of a mind which lives in itself, while it lives in the

world, and which has resources for its happiness at home when it cannot go abroad. . . . The art which tends to make a man all this, is in the object which it pursues, as useful as the art of wealth or the art of health, though it is less susceptible of method, and less tangible, less certain, less complete, in its results."

Newman does not decry a technical education; he maintains that the function of a University is to provide a different type—a "liberal" education. That conception, alas! is now in eclipse. In the days of the medieval Universities a kind of free-masonry grew up among their students, however diverse in age or race. For centuries Latin was the common language of scholars, and the German, the Spaniard, the Frenchman, the Italian were at home with their brother scholar from England. The background of their education was the same; it was "liberal" and it freed them from both racial insularities and the confinements of a specialty whose demands would otherwise have kept them out of the main current of contemporary thought. But all that is rapidly changing; or rather it has already changed here in America. We are glutted with specialists, men who often know all there is to be known about something scarcely worth knowing; and boys and girls with red blood and eager minds spend four years in classrooms which are not made microcosms of the great world outside, but sterile corners of the desert of pedantry. What graduate of an American University today can boast of studying under a single professor of less than fifty years of age who equalled, or even gave promise of equalling, Child or Norton, Lounsbury or Sumner? What men of this type could do is implied in the well-known tribute to a great teacher of an older—and wiser—generation: "A college is a log with Mark Hopkins at one end and a boy at the other."

The President of one large American University has

recently lamented publicly that the studies which were liberalizing and which established a common ground whereon scholars from every nation might always meet have had their day and are being neglected on every side. A "liberal education" is scoffed at. It cannot be swiftly converted into dollars and cents; it can be converted into serenity of mind, and a sane outlook on life, and a discriminating sense of what things are of value and what are dross—but who is left to regard all these as precious or who now appraises the body as more than the raiment or the soul as more than the body?

Now and then a voice is raised unto sanity and the sanctity of mind and spirit. In a recent catalog of a great American University, which has not abandoned Newman's ideals without some anguish of spirit, the President printed in his report, with approval and with some regret for a less narrow and short-sighted day, one of the most eloquent and idealistic pages from the *Idea of a University*. And doubtless Philistinism winced!

[II]

Newman has talked of liberal knowledge, of enlargement of mind, of culture, and now he is ready to describe the University graduate, the discriminating and self-possessed man of the world—the "gentleman" Newman calls him—whom he has held in his mental eye, of whose type of mind he has a perfect understanding, whose religion is an invincible self-respect, and whom we of today think of when we speak the names of Walter Pater and Matthew Arnold, keen, fastidious, well poised, in whom the fires of the Oxford Movement paled and died away.

"It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly

occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature: like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast;—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ears for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he

submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful or useful, to which he does not assent; he honours the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration, and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling, which is the attendant on civilization. Not that he may not hold a religion too, in his own way, even when he is not a Christian. In that case his religion is one of imagination and sentiment; it is the embodiment of those ideas of the sublime, majestic, and beautiful, without which there can be no large philosophy. Sometimes he acknowledges the being of God, sometimes he invests an unknown principle or quality with the attributes of perfection. And this de-

duction of his reason, or creation of his fancy, he makes the occasion of such excellent thoughts, and the starting-point of so varied and systematic a teaching, that he even seems like a disciple of Christianity itself. From the very accuracy and steadiness of his logical powers, he is able to see what sentiments are consistent in those who hold any religious doctrine at all, and he appears to others to feel and to hold a whole circle of theological truths, which exist in his mind no otherwise than as a number of deductions." This portrait of a type of mind (a very triumph of *finesse*; no Victorian ever equalled it in prose and only Browning in poetry) is not purely imaginative. In every line of it one sees a living man, a Hurrell Froude, a Keble or a St. John, as he would have been had self-respect been his religion, whom Newman's eyes are fixed upon tenderly, understandingly, with an exquisite appreciation of every inner grace and outer charm which bound them to his heart.

[III]

It was not necessary for Newman to point out that the principles of the ideal graduate of his new University would be rooted, not merely in self-respect, but in something infinitely deeper, richer, and nobler. Hence he was free to devote his ninth (and final) discourse to a consideration of the attitude of the Church toward the two great divisions of secular knowledge—science on the one hand, and literature on the other. Both should be admitted to his curriculum in full measure; that is one of the propositions he has been at such infinite pains to show, explaining, conceding, anticipating objections, illustrating, ransacking history and literature in his effort to carry his point a little closer to the convictions of his listeners. In the field of science, he says, the Church should be the guide to check "the wild living intellect of

man from running to excess"; she must defend theology against so-called "men of science" who would gauge even things divine by human measuring rods, and whose sole tests of truth are observation and experiment; she must secure for theology a recognized place among the sciences and guarantee to it its own methods of study and its own criteria of truth; and finally, as a thing of cardinal importance, she must keep the domain of revelation free from the "insidious encroachments" of rationalism on the one hand, and of private judgment on the other.

In saying this, Newman was undoubtedly at one with his listeners, but, in defining the Church's attitude toward literature, he was called upon to exhaust his skill to overcome the prejudices of more than one influential member of his audience who, while conceding that literature might be, with science, "the other main constituent portion of the subject matter of a liberal education," regarded it none the less with suspicion, as "savouring rankly of the natural man," a thing to be admitted with caution and then only in part.

Newman meets the objection squarely. Literature has its dangers, he concedes, for it is, after all, "the manifestation of human nature in human language," not only of the best and noblest that is in men but of much that is rank and sordid and impure. "From the nature of the case," he declares, "if Literature is to be made a study of human nature, you cannot have a Christian Literature. It is a contradiction in terms to attempt a sinless Literature of sinful man. You may gather together something very great and high, something higher than any Literature ever was; and when you have done so, you will find that it is not Literature at all. You will have simply left the delineation of man, as such, and have substituted for it, as far as you have had anything to substitute, that of man, as he is or might be, under certain special advantages. Give up the study of

man, as such, if so it must be; but say you do so. Do not say you are studying him, his history, his mind and his heart, when you are studying something else. Man is a being of genius, passion, intellect, conscience, power. He exercises these various gifts in various ways, in great deeds, in great thoughts, in heroic acts, in hateful crimes. He founds states, he fights battles, he builds cities, he ploughs the forest, he subdues the elements, he rules his kind. He creates vast ideas, and influences many generations. He takes a thousand shapes, and undergoes a thousand fortunes. Literature records them all to the life,

Quicquid agunt homines, votum, timor, ira, voluptas,
Gaudia, discursus.

He pours out his fervid soul in poetry; he sways to and fro, he soars, he dives, in his restless speculations; his lips drop eloquence; he touches the canvas, and it glows with beauty; he sweeps the strings, and they thrill with an ecstatic meaning. He looks back into himself, and he reads his own thoughts, and notes them down; he looks out into the universe, and tells over and celebrates the elements and principles of which it is the product.

"Such is man: put him aside, keep him before you; but, whatever you do, do not take him for what he is not, for something more divine and sacred, for man regenerate. . . . The elect are few to choose out of, and the world is inexhaustible. . . . Not till the whole human race is made new will its literature be pure and true. . . . If you would in fact have a literature of saints, first of all have a nation of them."

In this passage, you hear the voice of that Newman who was the man of the world no less than the great churchman, who looked at life "right forward, steadily and truly," who realized the limitations of men and beheld in them, not merely so many souls to be saved,

but so many fascinating psychological problems to be studied and understood and lived among, urbanely, tactfully, peacefully, and yet bravely, as they must do whose perception of high truth is undimmed and unwavering, and to whom compromise or concession in matters which concern "the one thing necessary" is impossible.

All this was very well. But after all was not Newman's University a place of shelter from even incidental corruptions, a refuge so remote from the noise and din of life that even the vagrant echoes of the market place died before they reached its cloisterlike halls of learning?

Newman sensed this unvoiced objection and he met it candidly and convincingly as became one who had viewed it from every angle and was certain of his ground:

"Nay, I am obliged to go further still; even if we could, still we should be shrinking from our plain duty did we leave out Literature from Education. For why do we educate, except to prepare for the world? Why do we cultivate the intellect of the many beyond the first elements of knowledge, except for this world? . . . Let a University be what it professes. It is not a Convent, it is not a Seminary; it is a place to fit men of the world for the world. We cannot possibly keep them from plunging into the world, with all its ways and principles and maxims, when their time comes; but we can prepare them against what is inevitable; and it is not the way to learn to swim in troubled waters, never to have gone into them. Proscribe (I do not merely say particular authors, particular works, particular passages) but Secular Literature as such; cut out from your class books all broad manifestations of the natural man; and those manifestations are waiting for your pupil's benefit at the very doors of your lecture room in living and

breathing substance. They will meet him there in all the charm of novelty, and all the fascination of genius or of amiableness. To-day a pupil, to-morrow a member of the great world: to-day confined to the Lives of the Saints, to-morrow thrown upon Babel;—thrown on Babel, without the honest indulgence of wit and humour and imagination having ever been permitted to him, without any fastidiousness of taste wrought into him, without any rule given him for discriminating ‘the precious from the vile,’ beauty from sin, the truth from the sophistry of nature, what is innocent from what is poison. You have refused him the masters of human thought, who would in some sense have educated him, because of their incidental corruption: you have shut up from him those whose thoughts strike home to our hearts, whose words are proverbs, whose names are indigenous to all the world, who are the standard of their mother tongue, and the pride and boast of their countrymen, Homer, Ariosto, Cervantes, Shakespeare, because the old Adam smelt rank in them; and for what have you reserved him? You have given him ‘a liberty unto’ the multitudinous blasphemy of his day; you have made him free of its newspapers, its reviews, its magazines, its novels, its controversial pamphlets, of its Parliamentary debates, its law proceedings, its platform speeches, its songs, its drama, its theatre, of its enveloping, stifling atmosphere of death. You have succeeded but in this,—in making the world his University.”

And now as a last word what shall be the policy of the Church?

“Difficult then as the question may be, and much as it may try the judgments and even divide the opinions of zealous and religious Catholics, I cannot feel any doubt myself that the Church’s true policy is not to aim at the exclusion of Literature from Secular Schools, but at her own admission into them. Let her do for Litera-

ture in one way what she does for Science in another; each has its imperfection, and she has her remedy for each. She fears no knowledge, but she purifies all; she represses no element of our nature, but cultivates the whole. Science is grave, methodical, logical; with Science then she argues, and opposes reason to reason. Literature does not argue, but declaims and insinuates; it is multiform and versatile: it persuades instead of convincing, it seduces, it carries captive; it appeals to the sense of honor, or to the imagination, or to the stimulus of curiosity; it makes its way by means of gaiety, satire, romance, the beautiful, the pleasurable. Is it wonderful that with an agent like this the Church should claim to deal with a vigour corresponding to its restlessness, to interfere in its proceedings with a higher hand, and to wield an authority in the choice of its studies and of its books which would be tyrannical, if reason and fact were the only instruments of its conclusions? But anyhow, her principle is one and the same throughout; not to prohibit truth of any kind, but to see that no doctrines pass under the name of Truth but those which claim it rightfully."

[IV]

In the second part of the *Idea of a University* Newman presents various lectures and essays which for the most part are lighter in tone than the carefully organized "Discourses" and contain some of the most celebrated and brilliant passages he ever wrote. In one lecture he presents again his plea that science should not be permitted to trespass on the domain of theology and reiterates that the principle of the Church is "not to prohibit truth of any kind but to see that no doctrines pass under the name of Truth but those which claim it rightfully."

In another lecture he discusses University preaching

and in one virile sentence points out the ideal aim of the preacher, an ideal, by the way, which he himself never forgot to follow: "Talent, logic, learning, words, manner, voice, action, all are required for the perfection of a preacher; but 'one thing is necessary,'—an intense perception and appreciation of the end for which he preaches, and that is, to be the minister of some definite spiritual good to those who hear him."

Newman is not always grave in these lectures; in one at least he relaxes entirely. He calls it "Elementary Studies," and in it you can get charming glimpses of the Newman who was to establish his own school for boys at Edgbaston five years later. He does not trouble himself about the niceties of exposition but gives way to delicate irony and broad humor as he depicts a typical graduate of the secondary school taking his examination for entrance to college, a portrait that is all too pathetically true to life even in the present year of grace. Who can repress a smile at the dialogues, the correspondence among Messrs. Black, White, and Brown, the thoughts on Latin composition, the absurd essay, and the no less absurd poem? The reader who would like to know Newman in those rare moments when he smiles will find this address a real delight.

Interesting and brilliant though these essays and lectures are (every one thoughtful, carefully worked out, perfect in style) it is the lectures on literature that charm us most. In the earlier of the two, that on "English Catholic Literature," Newman allowed himself some of that freedom which belonged to his tutorial days at Oxford and scattered his literary judgments, his critical *obiter dicta*, with open hand. Here are a few, taken at random: Addison's "writings educated his own generation and have delineated it for all posterity after him." He and Swift "are the most native and natural of all writers, Hooker and Milton the most elaborate." In

Shakespeare, he says, we find "neither contempt of religion nor skepticism, and he upholds the broad laws of moral and divine truth with the consistency and severity of an Æschylus, Sophocles, or Pindar." He has fine things to say about Walter Scott, about Southey and Crabbe (both of whom seem flat and unprofitable to our day), about Pope and Bacon and the style of Gibbon, and best of all, about the Roman Horace and the imperial Cicero.

He does not confine his survey to English or to Latin literature, but includes the great names of French and Italian letters as well; for all literature is of the rankness of men and the world's great classics speak with a living voice. These are thoughts which he has already expressed in his earlier discourses and which he repeats here with equal vividness and even greater vigor. He thought that the day of great classics had passed (it is consoling to disagree with him here) but that the era of general good writing had arrived. It seems odd to find this admirer of the Latin style of Cicero and the English styles of Addison and Gibbon, who has himself been generally thought of as indifferent to contemporary letters, expressing an opinion which Frederic Harrison echoed forty-odd years later in his essay on Matthew Arnold: "While our literature," said Newman, "in this day is rich and various, its language is elaborated to a perfection far beyond that of our Classics, by the jealous rivalry, the incessant practice, the mutual influences, of its many writers. In point of mere style . . . many an article in the *Times* newspaper, or *Edinburgh Review*, is superior to a preface of Dryden's, or a *Spectator*, or a pamphlet of Swift's, or one of South's sermons."

Of all Newman's lectures and essays, popular judgment has given the foremost place to the lecture entitled "Literature." So typical is it of Newman in thought and style that it has found its way into countless anthologies and

probably represents as nothing else might its author's thoughts on a great subject. "Literature" is too well known to require analysis. It is enough to say that Newman takes pains to make clear the ways in which literature is distinct from science, and that he insists on the personality of the writer as the soul of literature.

Then he speaks of style. In our own day the discussion of style has gone merrily on, and, whatever has been said about it, style is generally supposed to be a matter of picking and choosing; of finding the archaic word, the unusual turn of expression; of implying by deviousness and indirection, with as many tricks to avoid plain statement as characterized the versifiers of Pope's generation. Style must be applied no longer to the straightforward, the simple, the unaffected, but must be reserved for such language as is tricked out with the gems—whether paste or real—that are filched from the works of others. How deliciously Newman ridicules all this! How rich is the passage in which he makes us laugh at the notion that thought and style are not wedded in an inseparable alliance: "We read in Persian travels of the way in which young gentlemen go to work in the East, when they would engage in correspondence with those who inspire them with hope or fear. They cannot write one sentence themselves; so they betake themselves to the professional letter-writer. They confide to him the object they have in view. They have a point to gain from a superior, a favour to ask, an evil to deprecate; they have to approach a man in power, or to make court to some beautiful lady. The professional man manufactures words for them, as they are wanted, as a stationer sells them paper, or a schoolmaster might cut their pens. Thought and word are, in their conception, two things, and thus there is a division of labour. The man of thought comes to the man of words; and the man of words, duly instructed in the thought, dips the pen of

desire into the ink of devotedness, and proceeds to spread it over the page of desolation. Then the nightingale of affection is heard to warble to the rose of loveliness, while the breeze of anxiety plays around the brow of expectation. This is what the Easterns are said to consider fine writing; and it seems pretty much the idea of the school of critics to whom I have been referring."

Newman the man possessed no characteristic which was not obvious in his writings. The qualities of his pervasive personality are everywhere in his printed pages. We can no more mistake a work of Newman than a Greek could mistake a work of Plato, a Latinist a work of Cicero, a German a work of Goethe. "Le style, c'est l'homme," said Buffon, and Newman subscribed to the truth of that epigram and pointed out its numerous implications as only he could. He had never written a volume except from a sense of duty; nor allowed the importance of the things to be said (however vital) to excuse a lack of precision, grace, or clearness. He had made his style, by tireless patience and care, the perfect image of his mind as well as of his subject; and for all these reasons literature and the art of letters were rightly invested in his eyes with an inalienable dignity.

"The art of Letters," he says, "is the method by which a speaker or writer brings out in words, worthy of his subject, and sufficient for his audience or readers, the thoughts which impress him. Literature, then, is of a personal character; it consists in the enunciations and teachings of those who have a right to speak as representatives of their kind, and in whose words their brethren find an interpretation of their own sentiments, a record of their own experience, and a suggestion for their own judgments. A great author is not one who merely has a *copia verborum*, whether in prose or verse, and can, as it were, turn on at his will any number of splendid phrases and swelling sentences; but he is one who has something

to say and knows how to say it. I do not claim for him, as such, any great depth of thought, or breadth of view, or philosophy, or sagacity, or knowledge of human nature, or experience of human life, though these additional gifts he may have, and the more he has of them the greater he is; but I ascribe to him, as his characteristic gift, in a large sense the faculty of Expression. He is master of the two-fold Logos, the thought and the word, distinct, but inseparable from each other. He may, if so be, elaborate his compositions, or he may pour out his improvisations, but in either case he has but one aim, which he keeps steadily before him, and is conscientious and single-minded in fulfilling. That aim is to give forth what he has within him; and from his very earnestness it comes to pass that, whatever be the splendour of his diction or the harmony of his periods, he has with him the charm of an incommunicable simplicity. Whatever be his subject, high or low, he treats it suitably and for its own sake. If he is a poet, '*nil molitur inepte.*' If he is an orator, then too he speaks, not only '*distincte*' and '*splendide*,' but also '*apte.*' His page is the lucid mirror of his mind and life. . . .

"He writes passionately, because he feels keenly; forcibly, because he conceives vividly; he sees too clearly to be vague; he is too serious to be otiose; he can analyze his subject, and therefore he is rich; he embraces it as a whole and in its parts, and therefore he is consistent; he has a firm hold of it, and therefore he is luminous. When his imagination wells up, it overflows in ornament; when his heart is touched, it thrills along his verse. He always has the right word for the right idea, and never a word too much. If he is brief, it is because few words suffice; when he is lavish of them, still each word has its mark, and aids, not embarrasses, the vigorous march of his elocution. He expresses what all feel, but all cannot say; and his say-

ings pass into proverbs among his people, and his phrases become household words and idioms of their daily speech, which is tessellated with the rich fragments of his language, as we see in foreign lands the marbles of Roman grandeur worked into the walls and pavements of modern palaces.

"Such pre-eminently is Shakespeare among ourselves; such pre-eminently Virgil among the Latins; such in their degree are all those writers who in every nation go by the name of Classics. To particular nations they are necessarily attached from the circumstance of the variety of tongues, and the peculiarities of each; but so far they have a catholic and ecumenical character, that what they express is common to the whole race of man, and they alone are able to express it."

The *Idea of a University* touches literature and science, education and life illuminatingly on many sides. Walter Pater characterized it as "the perfect handling of a theory." He might have added with equal truth that it was the perfect expression of the convictions of a deep thinker and a great man of letters.

VIII

THE APOLOGIA

IN a previous chapter I have touched on the origin of the *Apologia* and on its masterly character as a piece of controversy. No work ever written had a more immediate effect in revolutionizing public opinion; no vindication from damaging suspicions ever proved so striking and so complete.

[I]

The world has seen many great autobiographies. Cellini, self-conscious, fervid, egotistical, unfailingly in the right, swayed by violent passions and sudden gusts of emotion, always a great artist and always a great rogue, felt moved to tell the world how he had made his way up to the mountain top where dwell the supreme artists of all time, and how in the course of it he had encountered jealousy and hatred, unscrupulous opposition, knavery, and deceit, not only among his fellows but among those who sat in the seats of the mighty. He had been imprisoned in a loathsome dungeon but managed to escape. The daggers of more than one assassin just failed to find his heart. Driven by fear and allured by the promise of honors and gold he left one court after another, content to dwell among strangers if only Cellini the man might be given emoluments and Cellini the artist be granted a chance to execute in peace the artistic conceptions of his brilliant fancy. His autobiography throbs with life. Kings and princes, cardinals

and popes move before our eyes, not only in splendid procession but in the immediate intimacy of everyday life. Around us are amazing contrasts, for we pass from the glitter of a court into a mean and dusty chamber, out of whose squalor and bareness was to issue the clean-limbed, godlike Perseus, the story of whose creation has about it all the golden glory of romance. We visit the Coliseum at moonlight with Cellini and a handful of his ilk and take part in unhallowed incantations to which the spirits of evil must answer, and we tremble with dread in the fitful light that shines upon the faces of this impure crew. We breathe the air of more than one foul haunt, catch the gleam of daggers plying in the night, stifle in the dungeon of St. Angelo, and watch Rome writhe in agony in the raid of the Constable of Bourbon. Then by a dizzying and sudden turn of the wheel we are at liberty again with fine clothes on our backs, our pockets heavy with gold, free once more to follow the beckoning of those adventurous stars which ruled the fate of Benvenuto.

Casanova had a different purpose. He had given up his life to the enjoyment of forbidden fruit and wanted with the joy of a satyr in springtime; but spring could not endure forever and in the winter of his days Casanova had little left but his memories. Sensualist to the end, he found in them some renewal, however pallid, of the joys of his earlier years and he wrote his memoirs to recover, so far as might be, the gratification of old desires.

Alfieri, too, gave us his *Memoirs*, Alfieri the emotional, now victim of passion and now of remorse, who filled his plays with windy denunciations of Kings only to transfer his hate to the French who dethroned them; who scorned Metastasio for dropping on his knees before his Empress at Schönbrunn; who played like a moth about many a candle of desire only to marry in the end the widow of the hapless young Pretender, and who

finally, after a restless life, crowned by dramatic successes, died in his bed as a Christian should.

Then there was the French Marmontel whose *Memoirs* are filled with fascinating pictures: his schooldays with the good Jesuit fathers at Mauriac who might have made a priest of him only that his head was turned when he won a literary prize at the Academy of Toulouse and got into correspondence with one François-Marie Arouet; said Arouet called from the Duke of Sully's table to be cudgelled by the bravos of the Chevalier de Rohan; the comfortable and likeable Marmontel himself consigned all of a sudden to the Bastille for an alleged lampoon against a nobleman, the Bastille proving anything but the grim dungeon of popular tradition; the great whom men of letters had to court and flatter and fawn upon and to whom, save for such adulation, they were as the dust; vividly drawn portraits of Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, D'Alembert, Mme. Geoffrin and the rest; the frenzied days of the Revolution when Terror stalked abroad on the ruins of that glittering, careless, dissolute society on the fringes of which he had clung and which, like Goldoni, he seems never to have thought could fall. He was a good man, was Marmontel, no genius to be sure, but thought well of in his day, whose tragedies and moral tales and the rest have long since been forgotten but whose *Memoirs*, written to point out the follies and pitfalls of life to his children, promise him an abiding fame.

That clever woman, the Margravine of Baireuth, has made imperishable the brutalities of her father, who openly reviled his wife and starved and beat his children with cane and fists and whose pleasures were as bestial as his temper; the follies of an indiscreet and intriguing mother; the long days of terror and sadness under paternal tyranny, and the qualities of lion and serpent which even as a youth were growing up in the heart of the boy, her brother, who was afterward to be Frederick the Great.

There are many more, of course, each with its fascinating pages, like St. Simon's volumes, with their picture of princesses snowballing one another, set in the midst of the gossip of the court of Louis XIV grown rigorist and that of Louis XV, the roué; and Goldoni's with its joyous days in seventeenth century Venice and its odd adventures such as Goldsmith must have met with and must have told about if only he had blessed us with an autobiography! But the catalogue is too long to recount even though one must pass over Gibbon who, when bidden by his father to give up his French fiancée, "sighed like a lover but obeyed like a son"; and De Retz with his intrigues and his Fronde; the English Mill, and a host of others.

All these books have won the admiration of men. All of them appeal to that side of human nature which knows by instinct that the greatest romance in the world is the romance of an individual's life. Dynasties rise and fall; armies fight and perish, but we turn away from the great panoramic vision to the sight of a conqueror reading to his little son perched upon his knee; or of a poet starving in an attic; or of a dramatist sitting with bursting heart in the box of a theater, his fame resting upon the judgment of the first night's audience; or of a great churchman after the nervous strain of a long day toying with a kitten before the fireplace.

[II]

Cosmic happenings are too remote from us to hit home closely; they are too titanic to fit within the range of our everyday imaginations. Should we be caught in the toils of an epoch-making event we should hardly be conscious of it but, like Stendhal's hero at Waterloo, should be aware only of our personal emotions and the narrow field of incidents in which we chanced to be en-

gaged. Every man is his own Robinson Crusoe; his moral life through his round of days is passed on some far-off island where, with the shouting and the tumult far removed, he finds himself alone with temptations to fight, dangers to face, challenges to take up, fears to conquer, duties to perform, decisions to come to, in a word, his life to make livable, whatever its fears or sorrows or disappointments.

For not a few men the scene of life changes. Like Cellini and Casanova and Alfieri they play their parts on many different stages, "among new faces, other minds," but for most of us the stage of life is set with but one scene and our part must be played, as far as its outer appearances go, in narrow ways and through monotonous years. We are glad to have Xenophon's record of the raid of the ten thousand, for the shifting scenes of that gallant march make his cold recital more than once blaze with splendid color. But how we should like to have the diary of some soldier who took part, not to give us a record of events for the whole contingent, but his own personal story which might have many different things to record from those which met the eye of the Greek student turned soldier. But let us suppose some youthful brother Greek who had never stirred away from the scenes of his boyhood but who sat at the feet of Plato and felt his heart swell within him at the musical words of the poet-philosopher and his soul kindle at the vision of a noble idealism undreamed of before; surely he might have given us a record more fascinating than that of any warrior who had passed through camp and battlefield and laughed in the face of death; for, after all, the adventures of the body are as nothing compared to the adventures of the spirit.

Of the millions who have felt their souls a stage on which were played unending struggles between good and evil, duty and desire, selfishness and abnegation, restraint

and passion, how few have left a record! Beyond the passive face or the laughing eyes of another, how far do we see? How can we guess what thoughts sweep across the surgeon's mind as he bends over his clinical table, scalpel in hand, while life and death hover at his side? How much we should give to know the thoughts of the statesman whose jewelled fingers have played with the destiny of a nation, when, repudiated by his people, broken in spirit and in fortune, he finds himself an outcast, execrated by the living, his nights haunted by the spirits of the dead. We wonder what emotions stir the general who from his point of vantage with levelled glasses watches ten thousand men go cheering up a ridge into the very jaws of death, knowing that every one who falls is sealing the fate of a great cause. What emotions stir the orator as he watches men swaying like bending corn before the magic of his eloquence, and knows that he is stirring them for good or ill to surrender their wills to his and do his bidding!

These are things we should like to know but never can, except in a few instances, and in those, imperfectly. Men do not make us the confidants of their innermost thoughts unless they are decked out in some conventional or attractive garb. How far do Cellini and Alfieri, De Retz and the others admit us into the inner sanctuary of their thoughts? How often they are playing to the gallery—perhaps unconsciously—making, as the result of the mental habits of a lifetime, the worse appear the better cause. Do they want us to know, would they *permit* us to know, the real dramas being played upon the stage of their innermost souls?

After all, why should they? To throw aside the veil which hides one's soul from the world, the veil which perhaps for years has been weaving that prying glances might not penetrate it, is too terrifying even to think of. To permit a myriad eyes to be levelled upon one, hostile,

or critical, or amazed, or horror-stricken; to feel that they are gazing into the recesses of one's soul which only the eye of Omniscience itself had penetrated before; to confess from one's own lips the story of surrender and compromise, of struggles and victories won only to be lost, of cowardice that yielded without a struggle, of envy and bitterness, of falsehood and base desires—surely this is enough to daunt all men, save only the saint and the charlatan.

Three men have attempted it; three men have declared that the world might see their souls naked as their Maker saw them, St. Augustine, Rousseau, and Newman.

[III]

St. Augustine poured out his heart in a book so lyrical, so simple, so burning in its fervor, that it has all the exaltation of poetry. Every phase of his life, its deceits, its lusts, and its willfulnesses, is told with a simplicity which conceals nothing. With a childlike candor he even tells us that he stole pears as a boy, and as he laments this as a great wrong there comes to mind Newman's lamentation in the *Apologia* that at fifteen he had written "vile epithets" for the Pope in his "Gradus." In this confession, we see the whole attitude of both minds: life is an empty thing except as seen in its relation to the Divine, and in a world that dwells under the eye of God and in the hollow of His hand nothing of spiritual significance can be trivial.

At sixteen the gusts of passionate desire swept over Augustine's soul; Newman at fifteen had decided that he was ordained for celibacy. In the pride of his young manhood Augustine "hated safety and a way without snares," and as we read we recall one who "loved to choose and see his path" but whose wandering was not far nor for long.

As Augustine pours out the stories of his misdeeds from boyhood on he is confessing to God and permitting the world to overhear. Suddenly as if in scorn he asks: "What have I to do with men that they should hear my voice—as if they could heal my infirmities? Are they so curious to know the lives of others, so slothful to amend their own?" Slothful they may be, O great Confessor; curious they have always been and must be forever! Did he mind, the great Augustine, that men should overhear? No; for he cared nothing for their condemnation or their applause. To him, as to Newman, there were two and two only luminously self-evident beings, himself and his Creator.

In the light of eternal things he regards the ambitions of his youth as petty; his pride, his joy in success, as well as the satisfaction of his desires, as sinful, and he fills his pages with lamentations over his life of such utter vanities. What a rending of bonds when at last he resolves with iron will to abandon them! What subtlety no less than anguish is revealed when, on the threshold of renouncement, his earthly love wells up within him and he cries brokenly, "Give me chastity,—but not yet."

At last the struggle is over, the bonds are broken, and even the insurgent memories of dead days full of the ardor of illicit love and the satisfaction of academic successes are repressed into humility by his stern will. The flesh and the pride of life knew him no more and with eyes which saw no longer the joy of living, the incense of the multitude, and the allurements of sense, he beheld one only love, "the Father of all the brethren of thy Christ."

His great renunciation did not chill his heart. To human tenderness it was always open. As Newman loved Ambrose St. John so he loved his Nebridius, at whose death he cries: "And now he lives in Abraham's

bosom: whatever that be which is signified by that bosom, there lives my Nebridius, my sweet friend." Somehow the thought of Thomas More comes to mind and we think of him, with his fine capacity for friendship, writing like that of some one loved and lost.

Of his mother Augustine speaks with exquisite tenderness, recalling her prayers and tears that he might abandon his ill-living. "The son of those tears shall not perish," she had once been told, and now that son ministers to her dying needs. When the end comes he can tell himself truly that what he has renounced means naught to him compared with the joys of that life to which she has gone, "where beyond these voices there is peace."

And how much he renounces! not merely human desires and the yearnings for the fleshpots of Egypt but even the beauty of sea and sky, and the harmonies of music, save where alone they indicate the resplendent beauties which he shall know who seeks God with all the ardor of his heart. Not that Augustine lacked the seeing eye, for only by possessing it could he have written: "At dusk I saw between the olive branches the sea put on fluctuating shades like veils of a thousand colours, sometimes green, a green of infinite tints; sometimes purple; blue sometimes. . . ." Nor did he lack the hearing ear else he could not be troubled lest "Those melodies which Thy words breathe soul into when sung with a sweet and attuned voice," may come to move him "more with the voice than with the words sung."

Once in young manhood Augustine dreamed such dreams as did Thomas More in *Utopia*, and the founders of Brook Farm, and Coleridge and Southey in their plans for an Altruria on the banks of the Susquehanna, but "God derided these plans and did prepare His own." "Many of us friends conferring about and detesting the turbulent turmoil of human life, had debated and now almost resolved on living apart from business and the

bustle of men; and this was to be thus obtained: we were to bring whatever we might severally procure and make one household of all, so that, through the truth of our friendship, nothing should belong especially to any; but the whole, derived from all, should as a whole belong to each and all to all."

Verily God did deride Augustine's plans and prepare His own; and when this willful, buoyant lad; this youth proud of his fine mind, his learning, his magnetism; this man of vehement emotions could become at last the penitent and saint, all his gifts of mind and heart and body were caught up and held enthralled before the beauty of One to whose service he gave himself with a very passion of self-surrender. Augustine was poet no less than saint and it is both poet and saint who voices his love of God in this superb outpouring in the very gold of poetry: "But what do I love when I love Thee? Not beauties of body, nor the fair harmonies of time, nor the brightness of the light so gladsome to our eyes, nor sweet melodies of varying songs, nor the fragrant smell of flowers, and spices, not manna and honey, not limbs acceptable to embracements of flesh. None of these I love when I love my God; and yet I love a kind of light and melody and fragrance and meat and embracement when I love my God, the light, melody, fragrance, meat, and embracement of my inner man: where there shineth unto my soul what space cannot contain and there soundeth what time beareth not away, and there smelleth what breathing disperseth not, and there tasteth what eating diminisheth not, and there clingeth what satiety divorceth not."

[IV]

At the opposite pole from Augustine stands Rousseau, the lymphatic sentimentalist, the self-deceiving poseur, the neurasthenic, whose senses were so delicately alive to every reaction that he became a creature of poignant

delight, and of no less poignant pain. The keenness of his senses he deliberately incited, not by indulgence that was gross but by indulgence that was fastidiously discriminating until he became an epicure of sensations, an exquisite in the sensuality of the mind. And he paid the price. He cut the middle ground from beneath his feet and, like De Quincey with his opium, he dwelt either among the fragrance and splendor of a dream paradise or in the agonies of nethermost hell.

Augustine suffered as men of poetic souls always suffer at beholding beauty stricken, life turned to death, and loveliness, even the loveliness of flowers and music, doomed to end. But Augustine found one way which, dolorous though it was, led to an Infinitude of Beauty where the glory and the joy and the loveliness of earth were centered and became divine. The *via dolorosa* led through the dark forest of renunciation and he came to know that he who loses himself shall find himself. Such a journey, such a discovery, such a renunciation were impossible to Rousseau. Jean Jacques was a sensualist, not a saint; and he was not a saint because with all his passion he was not passionate enough; with all his openness to impression he was too dull to receive those which came from a nobler place than the valley of the shadow; because with all his professed candor with the world he was not candid with himself.

To read Rousseau's *Confessions* is to learn how sordid, how unhappy, how despairing and, above everything else, how self-deceiving the human soul may be. Rousseau makes a great show of frankness: "I am a bad man," he cries, "I have done shameful things. Listen, and I will tell you all." Of course he does not tell us all, but he tells enough to prove his weaknesses and his baseness. He proclaims them while he sheds tears of shame and wrings his hands and beats his breast, but he does not forget to keep his eyes on his listeners, and when he surprises them in a fit of astonishment or disgust his powers

of self-hypnosis quite transform him. He steps out of himself and, leaping over the footlights, becomes a part of his own audience. Jean Jacques the spectator looks upon Jean Jacques the performer at first with surprise and then with admiration, until, all of a sudden, he bursts into applause at his other self arrayed in sackcloth and ashes and tearfully proclaiming his weaknesses to the world. But stop! What is this? Jean Jacques becomes dismayed; he alone of the audience is applauding. His *nunc plaudite* has failed of effect; something is wrong. Jean Jacques grows angry. Who are these Pharisees, this spawn of self-righteousness whose faces betray amazement and disgust instead of admiration? Jean Jacques forgets that he is baring his breast to the multitude, he forgets his sackcloth and his tears, and he cries out: "Good people, hear my warning. Do not be Pharisees; do not pretend to be more righteous than I. As a matter of fact you all have committed the same sins as I. You, too, are envious and slothful and sensual. But you are cowards and will not confess. If it happens (which I don't believe) that you are as yet innocent, that is a mere accident. Wait until you have been tempted as strongly as poor Jean Jacques."

Herein lies Rousseau's fatal weakness. He is not talking to God and permitting men to listen like Augustine; he is not telling all the world of his struggles and his doubts and his searchings for truth as God knew them like Newman; he is proclaiming to all mankind that he is debased because he wants their applause for his candor. Says Lowell: "Rousseau cries, 'I will bare my heart to you!' and throwing open his waistcoat, makes us the confidants of his dirty linen."

It was, after all, a question not of intellect but of soul. The souls of Augustine and of Newman were great; the soul of Rousseau was small. Had it been otherwise it would have given a touch of the divine fire to his pas-

sions until breaking free they might have swept him out of the dark cave where he dwelt alone with his monstrous egotism, naked and unashamed, into the vision of more noble things than his sensuality and selfishness and morbidity had ever dreamed of. But Rousseau's passions were petty and his emotions too delicately organized to be stable except where the will of an Augustine or a Newman might control them.

But as I have already said, it was a question of soul. Had Rousseau a great soul, he might, with his other endowments, have realized from the broken harmonies of earth the more sublime and perfect harmony which belonged to "the consecration and the poet's dream." Had he a great soul he would have first convinced himself of sin in his own heart before attempting to indict his fellows, and in doing this he might have lifted himself out of the valley of humiliation to that high plane in which bitterness of spirit, the agony of blighted hopes, and the pathos of madness do not abide.

[V]

Like St. Augustine and Rousseau, Newman was a poet. Possibly that was his ultimate gift. Music was one of his loves. "Perhaps," he says somewhere, "music is thought." It could awaken emotions that were buried deep and stir him to tears. He could be tender with that delicate tenderness which belongs to all women and to those men who are poets at heart. From the lips of the warm-blooded African came these sentences on the death of a youthful friend, of which the Englishman's tribute to Ambrose St. John at the close of the *Apologia* seems like a distant echo. "At this grief my heart was utterly darkened; and whatever I beheld was death. My native country was a torment to me and my father's house a strange unhappiness; and

whatever I had shared with him, wanting him, became a distracting torture. Mine eyes sought him everywhere, but he was not granted them; and I hated all places for that they had not him; nor could they now tell me, 'he is coming,' as when he was alive and absent. . . . Only tears were sweet to me, for they succeeded my friend, in the dearest of my affections." On reading that one recalls that Newman wept at the bier of his friend Bowden and that when Ambrose St. John died he spent the night in the deathroom holding the body in his arms.

Supersensitive and highly poetical, all three men were doomed to suffer. Rousseau's sufferings were rooted in his enormous egotism: he saw himself a great man, a rare soul, born out of his due time, whom the baseness and blindness of men sought to destroy. Newman's suffering was due to the long struggle, the details of which he recounts so minutely and so vividly in the *Apologia* when he was stirred by doubts about the sanctity of his Father's House and beheld truth glittering like a star in the bosom of her he had often called the "scarlet woman." Augustine's suffering came from the world-old conflict between the flesh and the spirit, and, torn by conflicting emotions as Newman was torn, he suffered as only men of great soul can suffer. "When a deep consideration had from the secret bottom of my soul drawn together and heaped up all my misery in the sight of my heart, there arose a mighty storm bringing a mighty shower of tears. . . . I cast myself down, I know not how, under a certain fig tree, giving full vent to my tears; and the floods of mine eyes gushed out an acceptable sacrifice to Thee."

In the *Apologia* Newman tells us of his tears and we know how upon leaving Littlemore his feelings overcame him and he kissed the books and the very furniture in his study, which had witnessed so much of his suffering and his desolation of spirit. We recall that he

had planned to pass his life at Oxford, to become a very part of it like the snapdragon on the walls of Trinity, but (Augustine is speaking now) "God derided these plans and did prepare His own."

Beneath the restraint of the Englishman lurks the passionate fervor of the African, smouldering out of sight, it is true, but, now and then, at unexpected moments, bursting into flame and leaving us mute with surprise at its intensity. In the long centuries between Augustine and Newman, men had learned to conceal their emotions but they had not learned to quench them.

In the *Apologia*, indeed, there are passages as tender and as passionate, though more restrained in expression, as the one I have just quoted from Augustine. The Englishman bares his heart and for him, self-conscious from habitual repression as Augustine never was, it was an even harder task. He says, in the beginning of Part V of the *Apologia*:

"And now that I am about to trace, as far as I can, the course of that great revolution of mind, which led me to leave my own home, to which I was bound by so many strong and tender ties, I feel overcome with the difficulty of satisfying myself in my account of it, and have recoiled from doing so, till the near approach of the day, on which these lines must be given to the world, forces me to set about the task. For who can know himself, and the multitude of subtle influences which act upon him? and who can recollect, at the distance of twenty-five years, all that he once knew about his thoughts and his deeds, and that, during a portion of his life, when even at the time his observation, whether of himself or of the external world, was less than before or after, by very reason of the perplexity and dismay which weighed upon him,—when, though it would be most unthankful to seem to imply that he had not all-sufficient light amid his darkness, yet a darkness it emphatically

was? And who can suddenly gird himself to a new and anxious undertaking, which he might be able indeed to perform well, had he full and calm leisure allowed him to look through everything that he has written, whether in published works or private letters? But, on the other hand, as to that calm contemplation of the past, in itself so desirable, who can afford to be leisurely and deliberate, while he practises on himself a cruel operation, the ripping up of old griefs, and the venturing again upon the 'infandum dolorem' of years, in which the stars of this lower heaven were one by one going out? I could not in cool blood, nor except upon the imperious call of duty, attempt what I have set myself to do. It is both to head and heart an extreme trial, thus to analyze what has so long gone by, and to bring out the results of that examination. I have done various bold things in my life: this is the boldest: and, were I not sure I should after all succeed in my object, it would be madness to set about it."

How deep the feeling is here in spite of its restraint! And as you read between the lines you come to understand why Newman wasted away to a shadow as he wrote this book and why its pages were often wet with tears.

[VI]

When Newman said in dismissing Mr. Kingsley, "I am in a train of thought higher and more serene than any which calumniators can disturb," he indicated in one sentence a great and significant truth. Here is a personal record from which gossip and animosities are equally banned and indeed neither they nor any thing else that was petty or merely mundane could survive in the altitudes among which the Newman of the *Apologia* had his dwelling. From youth to middle life we see him, not

afar off or tricked out in the showy colors with which celebrity, reminiscing, bedecks its early years; but into the very soul, as this master of psychological penetration saw the being he knew best in all the world—himself. We see that soul set apart as it surely was from the beginning—yearning always to know the will of God, and highly resolved always to fulfill it, conscious of His presence, loving all His ways, fearful of His displeasure, eager for His approbation, and beholding in the ordinary circumstances of everyday manifestations of His wishes, His anger, His approval.

Early in his teens he felt himself called apart from the multitude and he dedicated himself to celibacy without ever again experiencing a change of inclination save once and that but for a day. Whenever THE VOICE called him he answered, whether it spoke through the pages of some forgotten volume of theology, or out of the silence of a sickroom in a foreign land, or in some pregnant phrase of a religious foe unexpected as a sword-thrust from the dark. Wherever THE VOICE summoned him he went, to the ministry, to St. Mary's, to the forefront of a great cause, to Littlemore and its loneliness, to the Great Renunciation. Always his motives were unselfish, his thoughts noble, his eagerness to please God abiding, and as we read, the world and its pettiness seem far away and we thrill to the heroism of this strange man who sought opportunities of self-surrender and, though reticent in every fiber, is here baring the secrets of his soul which before he shared only with God,

[VII]

Between Newman and St. Augustine are many striking parallels. Both were churchmen; both reached that goal only after years of doubt and anguish. Both devoted their supreme gifts of heart and intellect to the cause of

religion; both were in the forefront of the defensive struggles waged by the Church against the hostile forces of their day. For while Augustine attacked Manicheans and Donatists in whom he beheld the most potent foes of Christianity, Newman had ever in his thoughts the menace of what he termed "liberalism"—the tendency of modern thought to destroy the basis of revealed religion—and against it devoted much of his literary labor.

Both Augustine and Newman were prolific writers in the field of controversy; both were masters of pulpit eloquence; both were outstanding figures among the ecclesiastical leaders of their day; both, in consequence, drew the fire of enemies who were eager to destroy their influence.

As men, both were marked by an unfailing human sympathy which made them the confidants of more than one perplexed soul, and the letters of both are full of persuasive calls to saintliness and of answers to spiritual difficulties. Both were extremely sensitive and suffered at the hands of those who, from jealousy or inability to understand them, misjudged their motives and denounced their acts. Both, though dwelling on intellectual heights, kept close to the hearts and aspirations of the people. Both were capable of almost feminine tenderness, and Augustine's love of Nebridius has its counterpart in Newman's love of St. John. Both had a magnetism which could convert enemies into friends and friends into disciples. To both even in young manhood the noise and din of the market place was a weariness of flesh and spirit; Augustine dreamed of a distant Utopia, and Newman of the peaceful seclusion of Oxford, but both took up their burdens as they found them and bore them through the heat and weariness of the day without complaint.

The peace of Cassisiacum was dear to St. Augustine as that of Littlemore was dear to Newman, and the presence of loving friends was as the balm of Gilead to their

craving for affection. But Cassisiacum like Littlemore beheld a yearning of spirit for a more perfect comprehension of truth and a higher life that was to come. They were but milestones on the journey to the heights. Augustine's Tagaste was Newman's Edgbaston with sacred joys abiding there once those two great souls had found a peace unknown before. The "pitfalls of intellectualism" never menaced Newman except for a single hour at Oxford; while Augustine, having forgotten them at his conversion, recaptured, for all his keen intellect, the confident simplicity of a child. To neither one nor the other was life an easy matter; rather, it was filled with innumerable complexities which were a maze unto the feet of all men save theirs alone to whom the supreme quest was the will of God and the supreme task its fulfillment. Each stands out as the embodiment of a lofty and unconquered faith, never doubting, abiding always.

To few men as to Augustine and Newman have the unseen realities ever been so tremendously real. Though all the world might be but the shadow of a dream, there remained to each himself and his Creator; and the very stir of the air about them was to both, as Newman so beautifully said, "the waving of their robes whose faces see God in Heaven."

Augustine could not know Newman but Newman could and did know Augustine, not merely through his studies of the Fathers but best of all through the divination of a perfect sympathy. In his early thirties Newman had pictured Augustine as he was in those hectic years that preceded his conversion and he read aright his "fierce fevers of the mind" and his pitiful cry for light. And when the vision of peace dawned at last for Augustine, Newman took leave of him in words that have a strange sound as of prophecy, as if a glance into his own heart had given him thus early a premonition of the desolating uncertainty that was to come and of the com-

pleteness of the final renunciation. "He had 'counted the cost,' and he acted like a man whose slowness to begin a course was a pledge of zeal when he had once begun it."

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And of the three great autobiographies, what? St. Augustine's is a lyric; Newman's, an elegy; Rousseau's, a tragi-comedy.

IX

NEWMAN AS A MAN OF LETTERS

[I]

As a man of letters Newman's chief endowment was threefold, a mastery of rhetoric, a perfect style, and psychological insight. This insight has been touched upon in every chapter of the present study, especially in those which were devoted to Newman as preacher and as controversialist.

And now is the time to say once for all that Newman's preëminent gift both as man and as writer was psychological insight. Had he never written a line, that extraordinary power must inevitably have made him great. Insight is a rare thing, rarer perhaps than that supremest of all things, common sense. The man who possesses it has a great work to do in the world, and Newman would have found a hundred ways aside from literature and the church in which he might have left an indelible impress upon his generation. Having psychological insight of a high order he had the essential gift of the great writers of all times, Dante, Shakespeare, Cervantes, Goethe. Men of Newman's own day were endowed with it in varying degrees, some slightly like Macaulay, others to the point of genius like Thackeray and Browning. Ruskin had it in those moments when he did not stand in his own light and Carlyle when his sympathies were afire. But Newman's was as steady as Thackeray's and as subtle as Browning's. This does not mean that Newman had the creative imagination any more than Sainte-

Beuve had it, but Sainte-Beuve's insight was amazing even though he could not create *Les Misérables*, and Newman's amounted to genius even though he could not write *The Newcomes* or *The Ring and the Book*.

It was no doubt a matter of wonder to those who knew Newman best where he had met those manifold experiences which gave him his keen and at times almost terrifying insight into the human heart, for his life had been a sheltered one and passed almost entirely within the walls of Oxford. Doubtless the contemporaries of Shakespeare inquired, as we do today, how he could have crowded into his life those experiences which would seem to underlie his infinite knowledge of the human heart. It may well be that Shakespeare possessed, and perhaps in the fullest of human measure, the power of introspection. Looking into his own heart and perceiving there impulses of good and evil, the craving for love or sympathy, strivings of ambition and desire, torments of conscience, the strange joy of abnegation, Shakespeare could understand through the power of imaginative insight such diverse types as Antonio and Brutus and Regan and Lady Macbeth. With something of that same power Newman, the introspective, with his imaginative sympathy, could understand the inner workings of men's hearts, their craving for light, their yearning for all that was noble and high, their moments of self-abasement and almost of despair. So keen was his psychological insight that he could picture even the mind and heart of the agnostic and read the bigot, the bully, and the Jingo.

[II]

Newman was a great rhetorician, not merely in the Oxford Movement but in all his prose writings. To say this is not to imply that he was superficial or depended on the juggling tricks that we associate with

“spinners of words.” The rhetorician may know how to stir up a mob or how to make the worse appear the better cause before a jury, but if he is a *great* rhetorician his aims will be higher than these. He will seek how to win over men of discrimination and sound judgment, how to secure a hearing from the reluctant, and how to overcome prejudice and win acceptance for painful truths. He will never descend to the tricks of the charlatan nor treat the truth with indignity nor split the ears of the groundlings with empty declamation, although popularly the word connotes all this, so long and so badly has it been abused. Newman was a great rhetorician as were Gibbon and Burke and Macaulay, and from the works of any of the four you can compile splendid examples (enough for a dozen textbooks) of grace, power, and effectiveness in presenting things to the reader in a way that gains a hearing even when (as must sometimes happen) it may fail to convince or even to persuade.

To do this is no superficial task. You recall that Newman in his essay on “Literature” ridiculed the notion that style was a mere matter of words or a kind of veneer to be spread over the coarse-grained language of everyday, and that he held it to be something infinitely deeper than this, the very outflowing, in fact, of the mind and personality of the writer. Rhetoric similarly is of the essence, for it does not depend for its power upon the mere tricks of verbal construction, but upon the acumen and the insight of the writer.

Newman’s great aim in life was to present to the world the truth as he saw it. Other men differed from him, often militantly. To get them to the point of tolerating his views, to impress them, to bring them over to his side was a task which, in one guise or another, confronted him all his life, in *Anglican Difficulties*, in the *Present Position of Catholics*, in the *Apologia*, in the *Reply to*

Gladstone and indeed in *Loss and Gain*, the *Idea of A University* and the *Grammar of Assent*, to say nothing of his sermons and tracts.

Newman then, as a rhetorician, was essentially the persuader. He realized, none better, that all the argument in the world does not "carry" to any but the open mind, and that the open mind was never perhaps more rare than in the England of his day.

A comparison between the method of Newman and that of Carlyle is worth making for there was a real and not a merely fanciful likeness in their aims. Stated broadly each sought to awaken the soul of England from its lethargy. Carlyle and Newman had a high purpose and an unquenchable zeal, and for audience, the same body of men in essentially the same generation. And now before them stands the fortress of British complacency, stolidly facing the world, as secure as roast beef and ale and material prosperity could make it. All of a sudden Carlyle begins his attack and the booming guns of his scorn and denunciation and sarcasm break the quiet of the day. The gray old fortress is thrown into a panic of surprise; it had never dreamed of attack, and the sunshine that had long played about it had shone on grassy slopes with hardly a cannon in sight. The cannon were there, however, though threatening to fall into disuse, and now the startled garrison pull themselves together and prepare to withstand this unexpected assault. Who is the leader of the attackers? Has he a white flag? Will he offer terms? The garrison would like to have a breathing spell, an hour for parley in which to learn what the din is all about and why the peace of generations is thus rudely broken. But their fear and their curiosity alike must wait for a quieter day; for the air all about is dense with the smoke of the attacking artillery and those heavy guns that had first startled the garrison keep up their roar. Scorn,

denunciation, sarcasm; sarcasm, denunciation, scorn,—the bursting shrapnel is all about them and havoc is being wrought on every side. The artillery of the fortress barks out a defiance but it sounds hollow enough in the mighty boom of Carlyle's great guns. Sometimes there is silence for a moment, but those moments are soon filled with the rattle of his musketry. And soon again his great cannon are roaring and the air is filled with the smoke of an even more determined bombardment. Of course the fortress holds out; so traditional an institution must not surrender while a gun still remains unsilenced; but what bizarre warfare was this which had never so much as displayed the corner of a white flag nor spoken a word about compromise! Once in a momentary lull in those infernal big guns, a face had been visible across the drifting smoke, a square, hirsute face with blazing eyes and beetling brows and iron jaw like one of Cromwell's troopers, and the garrison heard the mutter of ominous words, "How long, O Lord, how long, before this abomination ceaseth to mock Thy Justice!" Then the cannonading began again with a more savage roar and redoubled violence. . . . "And all this," grumbled the survivors of the garrison, "all this without a word of warning or a chance to parley!"

Newman's method of attack was entirely different. He sought to parley but though he was given a brief hearing it came to naught. The garrison smiled at the thought of so unwarlike a foe doing any damage and besides he had no heavy artillery planted on a commanding height but only a handful of sharpshooters scattered about in a hollow, below the citadel. And so, with a smile, they watched him depart for they knew as well as he that his forces could not batter down those stolid walls nor take the place by storm. Perhaps they even felt a little sorry for him, for he was the gentleman *par excellence*, and after all a cause is a cause, even though a

hopeless one. Of course it was barely possible that they underestimated him: and there *was* that in his eye which men have who mean business (Wellington had it when he beat the Corsican); and besides a gentleman *could* be a soldier; there was always Wolfe. So the garrison wondered a bit and pondered and finally sent a message to this strange, scholarly looking soldier that went like this: We like you and your gentlemanly ways and we shouldn't be unwilling to accept your suggestion of a parley if there were anything to parley about. Anyhow you really are not a soldier; and you see (not intending to hurt your feelings too deeply) we've heard strange things about you—"lost causes" and something about "double dealing," and, candidly, if that flag of yours has crossed keys on it (as one of our spies reports) you have no right to carry a Union Jack alongside of it. That's unthinkable! But to make a long story short, we'll be good sportsmen (for really, to be candid, you *were* sportsmanlike, the way you talked to us this morning) and if you promise to remove yourself and your handful of sharpshooters for good, we shall allow you half an hour's grace before turning our guns on you. . . . The tall, suave soldier gravely declines and retires once more to his place of vantage. What smiles of disdain go around the garrison! What wagers are laid that no shot from the attackers will come within a hundred feet of its mark. But what's that? There is a sharp report, a rending of wood, the flag which floated over the citadel but a moment before totters and falls, shattered by the very first shot. What consternation! It was so swift, so unerring—and with smokeless powder, too! But perhaps it was only mere chance, casual good luck, you know; one sees that sometimes. Ah! there's a cry! Some one is hit. A commissioned officer at that; none of your callow subalterns, but a seasoned old-timer! And right through the breast! Good heavens! this is terrible and

quite uncanny. Only the Devil himself could have an aim like that! . . .

At the parley they looked at him with a new interest, and his clear gray eyes, his calm voice, and his urbane confidence in his cause impressed them deeply. They were a little afraid of him at first, not knowing what surprise he might spring by which they would be turned out of their citadel, but there was something in his manner that made them ashamed of having ever entertained a suspicion of him. He did not demand of them to surrender their fortress. Not at all. But he told them what a worn-out work it was, how ridiculous it appeared standing there and flaunting the colors of a mistaken cause to the sky. Why not give it up, this old bulwark of bitterness and prejudice, and let the garrison enlist in a nobler cause than ever found refuge here?

[III]

In his Oxford days Newman came directly within the influence of two great academic rhetoricians, Dr. Coppleston and Richard Whately of Oriel College. Of Whately, Newman said in the *Apologia*, "He emphatically opened my mind and taught me to think and to use my reason." There can be no doubt but that contact with such able professors had a powerful influence on Newman in his most impressionable days, and that from them he learned the wisdom of trying out one's adversary, of getting at precisely what he sought to say, of establishing the exact point in controversy, of tempting him to a far-fetched statement or an untenable position, of getting him off his guard so that the vulnerable spot in his armor might be open to a deadly shaft of irony; and they taught him so thoroughly that their names are known today, less because one wrote *Advice to a Young Reviewer* and the other *Historic Doubts Con-*

cerning Napoleon Bonaparte, than because they were the teachers of one of the greatest rhetoricians in the language.

Newman handled exposition and argumentation with a finesse beyond anything which Whately and Copleston had ever attained and indeed his powers of exposition are incomparable. The *Idea of a University* is filled with it and so is the *Development of Christian Doctrine*, while the *Grammar of Assent*, trunk, branch, and twig is one long and inexhaustibly brilliant exposition. In discussing Newman as Preacher I have touched on this gift, and given examples of his unerring instinct for making a difficult matter clear by employing analogies that are strikingly apt, illuminating, and so skillfully carried out that the reader is surprised to find himself accepting them without question and with them the point which Newman is seeking to make. He employs analogy unwearyingly, I should be tempted to say unrelentingly, were it not for the fact that he is always so gracious, and urbane, and patient. He insists on being clear but he never has to sacrifice elegance, and in fact his analogies, blossoming out in the midst of what we expected would be abstract and difficult pages, are like flowers along the roadside.

[IV]

Newman was a great stylist. Not a single page that he wrote failed to be perfect of its kind, graceful, restrained, rhythmic, and as clear as if bathed in noonday sunlight. "Easy writing," Sheridan once said, "is d—d hard reading," and the reverse is as emphatically true. As we read Newman and become aware of the limpid flow of his style and the endless variety and grace of his sentences, we experience a pleasure so satisfying that no thought of effort or painstaking comes to mind. How

could a style so perfect be the result of anything but spontaneous genius? And yet, as a matter of fact, the very measure of our delight at its ease and grace is the measure of the infinite pains he lavished upon it.

Newman hated to write. He could not take up his pen except to meet a slur against truth, but once he did, he could not perpetrate a slovenly sentence any more than he could tell a lie. And if the exactness of a statement was a matter of conscience, so, too, were the simplicity and the grace and the rhythmic beauty of the form that statement took. It is a common thing in Newman's letters to find that he, like Carlyle, suffered under the slavery of composition. On one occasion he wrote, "The composition of a volume is like gestation and childbirth." And again, "Every book I have written has been a sort of operation, the distress is so great." He writes the *Grammar of Assent* "more times than I can count," and again he tells us that this is true of most of the books he has published. This stylistic conscience was no late growth; in fact, we find him at sixteen "seldom writing without an eye to style." He is almost pathetic when, at thirty-seven, while slaving away at his book on *Justification* he wrote to his sister, "I write, I write again; I write a third time in the course of six months. I literally fill the paper with corrections, so that another person could not read it. I then write it out fair for the printer. I put it by; I take it up; I begin to correct again; it will not do. Alterations multiply; pages are rewritten, little lines sneak in and crawl about. The whole page is disfigured; I write again; I cannot count how many times this process is repeated." It is harrowing, this ceaseless polishing process, but what perfection when it is finally over and the finished page is before us!

It was one of the many ironies of Newman's life that he, who complained at thirty-four that the pen was scarcely out of his hand for half an hour together and

who echoed that complaint twenty years later, should have all his life to undergo the "wear and tear on the mind forced constantly to write under pressure."

The familiar, almost conversational tone which is a hall mark of most of Newman's prose is no more a happy accident than his exquisite finish. Far from it. His was a studied ease like that of the Roman Horace whom he loved or that of Cicero in his familiar letters—which never falls into the slipshod nor is wanting in dignity.

As early as 1838 he gave this advice to J. B. Mozley: "In what you write, do not be too essayish; be somewhat conversational, and take a jump into your subject. But on the other hand avoid abruptness or pertness. Be *easy* and take the mean." Newman did not dash off this admonition in an idle hour. He took it resolutely to himself and followed it.

Newman's smoothness, grace, and ease of tone did not make him any the less a member of that class of writers whom he referred to in the *Idea of a University* as remarkable for "*copia verborum*" and whose ideal exemplar was Cicero. His sentences are opulent, flow out from one another with perfect naturalness, and are closely interwoven in meaning; there are no breaks in the continuity; you look in vain for "purple patches." The texture keeps fine even through the almost endless variations of his sentences and their often extraordinary length.

Newman, as a matter of fact, was fond of long sentences: they went with the *copia verborum*. You will find them frequently running above one hundred and fifty words, to two hundred or even three hundred, and at least one extends to four hundred and eighty words.¹ Ruskin also frequently employs long sentences, but they are seldom free from rhetorical faults. For his imagination kindled as he went on and every new fancy,

¹ *Historical Sketches*. Vol. III, p. 88-89.

like a bright-colored butterfly, beckoned him into new and alluring byways down which he plunged breathlessly until at the end he almost forgot his first destination and the reader with him. Newman resolutely curbed his imagination and kept it as well under control as Macaulay whom he rivaled in the deliberate care he lavished upon the formation and arrangement of his sentences. Every one is shaped to a precise and definite form of its own and is fitted into the structure of the whole paragraph. Every clause and phrase has its proper place; there is no jostling, no duty of one forced upon the other; every element is carefully aligned before a word is committed to paper. Only in this way was it possible for Newman to organize with unfailing nicety those long and leisurely sentences which he took delight in and which, as by a miracle, never give the impression of artifice. And yet every one is a triumph of artifice, ribbed through, when lengthy, by parallel structure though varied so infinitely and so skillfully that you are scarcely aware of it. This is his favorite form of construction, the parallelism lending cohesion and stability to every part like the steel rods that reinforce concrete. Notice how admirably the elements of the following sentence are ribbed through by parallel structure. Newman is speaking of Athens as the site of a University and he says:

"Hither, then, as to a sort of ideal land, where all archetypes of the great and the fair were found in substantial being, and all departments of truth explored, and all diversities of intellectual power exhibited, where taste and philosophy were majestically enthroned as in a royal court, where there was no sovereignty but that of mind, and no nobility but that of genius, where professors were rulers, and princes did homage, hither flocked continually from the very corners of the *orbis terrarum*, the many-tongued generation, just rising, or just risen into manhood, in order to gain wisdom."

Notice the succession of clauses (adverbial of place), with "where" employed in the initial clause and omitted in the following parallel ones, in order to render the mechanics of constructions less obvious. Notice too that "where" is resumed again when emphasis is needed for clearness, and retained in the two following longer clauses, each of which in turn is split, the first into two antithetic phrases, "no sovereignty but that of mind," and "no nobility but that of genius," and the second into two antithetic clauses, "professors were rulers," and "princes did homage."

In the case of these last clauses, a less clever master of variation in rhythm would have yielded to the temptation to do the obvious thing and would have written, "princes were subjects": Johnson, for example, and Macaulay, and perhaps even Burke and Gibbon. Notice the repetition of "hither" (after the succession of interpolated clauses), which serves to focus the reader's attention again on Athens as merely a geographical objective, now that her attractions as an intellectual center have been recounted. Observe still further how the backbone of the sentence, its main clause, is held in abeyance almost to the last, is then allowed to descend slowly, is arrested after "generation," where it starts to ascend again through "manhood," and finally flows steadily, not abruptly, to the end. We have travelled a long way before we reach our main verb "flocked," but how clear everything is up to that, and how adroitly that main clause, held back until late and then doled out, as it were, with cautious hands, is managed in every detail; so adroitly in fact, that we are quite unaware of those insistent "where" clauses, and come to the end unconscious that we have just read a sentence as fundamentally artificial as anything in Gibbon or Johnson or Macaulay.

There is not a single authentic device which this mas-

ter moulder of sentences does not know and press into service. An admirable textbook might be compiled without ever turning to another author. Here are the skillful interweaving of comparisons with contrasts; the most adroit accumulation of substantives, descriptive phrases, or what you will; repetition employed for emphasis or for retarding the flow of the sentence or for contrast or for any other of half a dozen purposes; inexhaustible variation in the length of clauses; climactic moments when the sense must be driven home inexorably; telling antitheses which have the merit, as Coleridge said of Junius, of presenting an opposition of ideas and not merely of words.

Of course a similar proficiency might be claimed for other masters of prose. And when we think of Gibbon and Johnson and Burke and Macaulay and Carlyle we are bound to admit the claim. But Newman's distinction, none the less, is unmistakable. Read him when and where and as long as you like, he is always graceful, flexible, and varied and—so admirable is his art of concealment—unfailingly *natural* even when most artificial in structure. But in justice to Newman read him in lengthy passages or entire chapters, for only then can he fairly be studied; only then can you see the infinite modifications and variations of his sentences where his genius is taxed to escape the monotonous and the artificial; and only then at the same time can you appreciate how his paragraphs and pages are of thought and imagination all compact.

Perhaps you anticipate weariness. You have memories of being cajoled or dragooned into reading chapters of "great books" and you were disappointed, perhaps, or bored. "You might have liked them if you could have made yourself keep at them long enough."

The reader of Newman finds to his surprise that he reads page after page and chapter after chapter without

weariness. He cannot do this with Gibbon, with Macaulay, with Carlyle, with Ruskin. One might attempt to account for this in various ways. One might say that Ruskin, by the very tumultuous unrestraint of his imagination, wearies the reader with crowded images; that Carlyle in his typical work is too theatrical (as in the *French Revolution*), too insistent in tone (as in *Heroes*), too wrapped up in the repellent complexities of *patois* (as in *Sartor*). One might find Gibbon too self-conscious, his undercurrent of irony too wearisome, and his variety too deliberately calculated. Macaulay is too hard and glittering for constant reading with enjoyment; his pages are like an endless procession of soldiers in smart uniforms with the regimental band playing "Rule Britannia." The reader who loves music may desire something softer and more harmonious than the strains of that eternal band. He may remember the pealing organ tones of Milton's prose (but whoever reads Milton's prose now?) or the music of Jeremy Taylor (who can forget the full-throated notes of his skylark soaring to greet the dawn?) or the harmony of Sir Thomas Browne or the mighty music (but too insistently sonorous at times) of Burke at his best, and he may wish instead for a rich and infinitely varied cadence like that of a violin in a master's hands and then he turns to Newman.

Open Newman where you will and you find that perfect rhythm, just as you find it in Thackeray, with whom fundamentally, just as with Newman, the rhythmic sense in prose was an unfailing instinct. In fact, Newman and Thackeray were the two greatest masters of rhythmic prose in the nineteenth century. All great prose of course has rhythm but only in Newman and Thackeray can you find it everywhere, as pervasive as their personalities, and everywhere as beautiful and satisfying as if it lay at the very heart of their language.

Here are the closing paragraphs of the *Apologia* which

have been called the finest piece of prose that Newman ever wrote. You may disagree with that judgment but you cannot refuse to concede its beauty, its tenderness, and its exquisite cadences that are a very triumph of prose.

"I have closed this history of myself with St. Philip's name upon St. Philip's feast-day; and, having done so, to whom can I more suitably offer it, as a memorial of affection and gratitude, than to St. Philip's sons, my dearest brothers of this House, the Priests of the Birmingham Oratory, Ambrose St. John, Henry Austin Mills, Henry Bittleston, Edward Caswall, William Paine Neville, and Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder? who have been so faithful to me; who have been so sensitive of my needs; who have been so indulgent to my failings; who have carried me through so many trials; who have grudged no sacrifice, if I asked for it; who have been so cheerful under discouragements of my causing; who have done so many good works, and let me have the credit of them;—with whom I have lived so long, with whom I hope to die.

"And to you especially, dear Ambrose St. John; whom God gave me, when He took every one else away; who are the link between my old life and my new; who have now for twenty-one years been so devoted to me, so patient, so zealous, so tender; who have let me lean so hard upon you; who have watched me so narrowly; who have never thought of yourself, if I was in question.

"And in you I gather up and bear in memory those familiar affectionate companions and counsellors, who in Oxford were given to me, one after another, to be my daily solace and relief; and all those others, of great name and high example, who were my thorough friends, and showed me true attachment in times long past; and also those many younger men, whether I knew them or not, who have never been disloyal to me by word or by

deed; and of all these, thus various in their relations to me, those more especially who have since joined the Catholic Church.

"And I earnestly pray for this whole company, with a hope against hope, that all of us, who once were so united, and so happy in our union, may even now be brought at length, by the Power of the Divine Will, into One Fold and under One Shepherd."

You cannot miss the magic of the modulations of this passage, that in some strange manner suggest the tears of things, as if Newman's heart were touched to its depths and his eyes dim as he said "Hail and Farewell" once more to the vanished years whose inner soul he has been revealing. The rhythm is managed exquisitely. You are reminded of a slowly swaying censer, fragrant with incense. Liquids prevail, and softer vowel sounds lend the passage something of their music, their subdued tone color, and their pathetic impressiveness. You cannot fail to notice the prevalence of liquids: there is one for almost every word; or how they are gathered up in such phrases as "history of myself," "more suitably offer it," "memorial of affections," and "indulgent to my failings." The sentence devoted to Ambrose St. John flows along so musically that the words seem to form one long liquid, while the cadence of the passage has about it an almost tearful tenderness which eludes analysis.

This same subtlety of modulation that breathes of tears, so subdued it is and so mournful, is evident in that exquisite passage of farewell which has been quoted elsewhere from the "Parting of Friends." In some subtle way sense and sound are one, and feeling and rhythm; and from the solemn cadences there breathes an air of languor, as of a man whose days have known trials and who wonders if he shall ever find peace again.

Newman's rhythmic instinct never deserted him and in his seventieth year this wonderful old man could achieve

such cadenced miracles as this from the *Grammar of Assent*:

"Let us consider, too, how differently young and old are affected by the words of some classic author, such as Homer or Horace. Passages, which to a boy are but rhetorical commonplaces, neither better nor worse than a hundred others, which any clever writer might supply, which he gets by heart and thinks very fine, and imitates, as he thinks successfully, in his own flowing versification, at length come home to him, when long years have passed, and he has had experience of life, and pierce him, as if he had never before known them, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness. Then he comes to understand how it is that lines, the birth of some chance morning or evening at an Ionian festival, or among the Sabine hills, have lasted generation after generation, for thousands of years, with a power over the mind, and a charm which the current literature of his own day, with all its obvious advantages, is utterly unable to rival. Perhaps this is the reason of the mediæval opinion about Virgil, as of a prophet or a magician; his single words and phrases, his pathetic half-lines, giving utterance, as the voice of Nature herself, to that pain and weariness, yet hope of better things, which is the experience of her children in every time."

Here again are the skillfully marshalled liquids (no three consecutive words are without them), and the subtle and musical consonance, with the broader vowels lending the passage a certain solemnity just as they did in the "Parting of Friends" and in Newman's tribute to his brothers of the Oratory. He avoids alliteration which is only effective when strong emotion robs it of all appearance of artificiality; perhaps he thought it too obvious. But colliteration with its partly veiled sequences appealed to him, for it makes a less direct approach to the readers' attention and pleases the ear while concealing the

source of the gratification. Read again the closing paragraphs of the *Apologia* and you will see colliteration in the prevalence of the dentals "t" and "d" in the first dozen words; and of "p" (though cleverly veiled) in the second sentence, as in "passages," "commonplaces," "supply," and after a little lapse, in "passed" and "experience" and "pierce." Again in the last sentence "p" appears again, sometimes masked but none the less unmistakable in "perhaps," "opinion," "profit," "phrases," "pathetic," "experience." In this passage is an unbroken current of harmony without a single obvious trick to secure it. There is no word one would wish to change, no word one could change without a loss of precision, not a single unnatural inversion or artificiality in sentence arrangement. It is a perfect thing as well in what it says, as in the way it says it.

Such passages as these I have been quoting make us wonder how a man could write at all whose mind was so taken up with the choice of language, the intricacies of form, the varieties of sentence structure and of rhythm; but this is the mystery of all great prose writers, of Browne, of Burke, and of Gibbon no less than of Ruskin, Carlyle, Thackeray, and Newman. It is to be explained partly as an acquirement, largely as an instinct, a secret of the writer's individuality too elusive to be run to earth, and so recalling us to Newman's belief that style is not an extraneous thing but the outflowing of the very mind and personality of the writer, or as Buffon put it, "*Le style, c'est l'homme.*"

[V]

It would be a mistake to suppose that because Newman belongs to the group of writers that is admirable for a *copia verborum* he cannot be vigorous and terse when he wishes. There are splendidly vigorous pages in the

Present Position of Catholics, in the *Tamworth Reading Room*, and *Who's to Blame*, all three of which were addressed to popular audiences, the two latter through the medium of newspapers. Without regretting that Newman did not devote his life to journalism, we realize here what a great journalist was lost in this man of letters. In these works he is always vigorous, frequently terse, and occasionally laconic; and no shaft fails to strike home. "Many a man," he says in the *Tamworth Reading Room*, in which more than one of his cleverest shots was made, "many a man will live and die upon a dogma; no man will be a martyr for a conclusion." Again: "No one will die for his own calculations; he dies for realities." And again: "After all, man is *not* a reasoning animal; he is but a seeing, feeling, contemplating, acting animal." In *Who's to Blame*, written at fifty-four, we find, "England surely is the paradise of little men, and the purgatory of great ones"; in the *Apologia*: "In the present day mistiness is the mother of wisdom"; "Ten thousand difficulties do not make a single doubt"; "Great acts take time." From *Historical Sketches*, "Great things are done by devotion to one idea"; "Society begins with the poet and ends with the policeman." From the *Development of Christian Doctrine* "Calculations never made a hero"; "Here below to live is to change, and to be perfect is to change often."

Perhaps you sniff a little. How colloquial all this sounds! What has become of our "elegant" Newman? Our elegant Newman is still with us, in all his inalienable dignity, not the oppressive sort that weighs equally upon possessor and beholder, but the gracious, inborn kind that belongs to the truly great and is a part of them like the timbre of their voices or the color of their eyes. They do not "lay aside" their dignity but are always natural, devoid of self-consciousness, entirely free of the affectations of the "grand manner" either in conduct or in

writing, and can *desipere in loco* without ever losing their power to hold the respect of men or even running the risk of forfeiting it. In writing Gibbon had the consciously grand manner and so did Johnson and Burke and, in Newman's time, Macaulay, and sometimes Carlyle. Ruskin had it often, and at times slipped from it; but was at his worst when he descended to such bathos as he was guilty of in his description of Turner's Slave Ship. Matthew Arnold approached Newman and so did Froude, but Arnold was too unctuously "superior" and Froude was not always above a good grade of journalese.

Newman can speak of "seeing where the hitch lay," and of "sneaking impossibilities," and of being "taken off his legs," and the presence of such homely and colloquial expressions in his carefully wrought pages indicates not only the unliterary nature of his vocabulary, surprising in a scholar, but his abiding desire to make himself clear to the many. To achieve this end his style was toned down and restrained and so closely woven that it is its general texture and no single part of it which the reader is aware of. It is for this reason that you find no purple patches in his work, as you find them in Carlyle and Macaulay and especially in Ruskin. If you discover a passage which is particularly striking you cannot *lift* it out of its context, you have to *tear* it out, and the shreds of the warp and woof still cling to it.

Newman's style is almost devoid of color and in this respect it stands in striking contrast to both Carlyle's and Ruskin's. Even that famous and beautiful description, Athens as the ideal site of a University, is no exception, and as we read it and become aware of the city's possibilities we realize how far he has failed to make his pages glow as Ruskin would have done. Once indeed Newman yields, for a moment, and then he speaks of the "dark violet billows with their white edges down below," and the "graceful, fan-like jets of silver upon

the rocks." How Ruskin would have revelled in all this and would have made that "confined triangle" a glory of color and sunlight till both he and we too were breathless with so much beauty! How he would have shaken his head in despair as he read of "the distinct detail, the refined colouring, the graceful outline and roseate golden hue of the jutting crags, and the bold shadows cast from Otus or Laurium by the declining sun" and would have yearned to let *his* imagination play about that scene and give free rein to his abundant and glorious fancies! You have only to re-read his description of St. Mark's or of the Mediterranean in *Stones of Venice* to surmise how gorgeous a thing his description of Athens would have been.

And Carlyle! He would have wrested from the city of the violet crown what he conceived to be the secret of her beauty and would have given it to us in half a page that blazed with radiance.

But after all, would either Ruskin or Carlyle have caught the spirit of Athens? Her grace, her loveliness, above all, her serenity? Ruskin's pictures would have stirred us to wonder and delight and Carlyle's to a startled admiration, but neither would have caught for us the "tone" of her that Newman called the "city of the mind" or have realized it in a style which is itself Attic, delicate and brilliant and clear, like the very air of Athens. Carlyle would have given us a cartoon, Ruskin a detailed canvas from which not a single tint would have been missing. But Newman has given us an impression, superimposed upon that crude "confined triangle," with its limestone hills and ungenerous pasturelands; and the impression grows into a thing less of objective beauty than of suggested loveliness that stirs the imagination and lures it on to dream of other endless beauties still unveiled, whose appeal is worthy the queenly dwelling place of intellect and spirit.

Newman can always do that: he can awaken the imagination and allure it by hints of unsaid things, sad or joyous, awesome or beautiful, and convey impressions of far more than he has uttered. This is partly due to his restraint, partly to an artistic "economy" (for true art never tells all), partly to his style which is sensuous and saturated with imagination through and through. Here is a typical example of what I mean:

"Though of the same stock as the Saxons, the Northmen were gifted with a more heroic cast of soul. Perhaps it was the peculiar scenery and climate of their native homes which suggested to them such lofty aspirations, and such enthusiastic love of danger and hardship. The stillness of the desert may fill the fierce Arab with a rapturous enjoyment, and the interminable forests of Britain or Germany might breathe profound mystery; but the icy mountains and the hoarse resounding waves of the North nurtured warriors of a princely stature, both in mind and body, befitting the future occupants of European thrones. Cradled in the surge and storm they were spared the temptation of indolence and luxury; they neither worshipped the vivifying powers of nature with the Greek, nor with the Sabeian did they kiss the hand to the bright stars of heaven; but, while they gave a personal presence and volition to the fearful or the beautiful spirits which haunted the mountains or lay in ambush in the mist, they understood by daily experience that good could not be had by the mere wishing, and they made it a first article in their creed that their reward was future, and that their present must be toil."

How much that passage tells and how poetically; how richly it suggests! The "stillness" of the desert, the "fierce" Arab, the "rapturous" enjoyment,—right there is ample material for a dozen pages of Ruskin. Then there are "the icy mountains," the "hoarse resounding waves," and no living imagination but responds to their allure-

ment. And when he comes to, "Cradled in the storm and surge," (note the undulating rhythm and the numerous liquids) the reader's own fancies begin to race and Newman is clever artist enough to give them free play.

[VI]

The imaginative quality of Newman's prose is not reserved for sermons or novels or historical sketches, but abounds in such works of exposition as the *Idea of a University*, the *Grammar of Assent*, and the *Development of Christian Doctrine*. His verbs and adjectives are rich in their implications and quite casually you come upon such sentences as these: "A great idea is *elicited* and *expanded* by trial, and *battled* into perfection and supremacy"; "Scarcely had Universities risen into popularity, when they were found to be *infected* with the most *subtle* and *fatal* forms of unbelief"; "A University is the place where the catechist *makes good his ground* as he goes, *treading* in the truth day by day into the ready memory, and *wedging* and *tightening* it into the expanding reason"; And again, speaking of Knowledge, he says it was "first carried forth upon the *wings* of genius and *disseminated* by the energy of individual minds."

His figures, as is clear from these instances, are never far-fetched, but seem to occur naturally, as if springing of their own accord from the body of the text. You never feel as you sometimes do in Froude that they have been arranged beforehand, and planted carefully like rare flowers in a garden. This does not mean that Newman is incapable of extended and unusual figures. In an earlier chapter I have touched on his unfailing skill in employing analogies, every one a thing of beauty and a light in the dark places of the abstruse and the difficult. He is given to implied similes and to metaphors which he can weave with infinite skill into the texture of his

prose, like transverse threads of gold. Here is a typical instance from the *Development of Christian Doctrine*: "It is indeed sometimes said that the stream is clearest near the spring. Whatever use may fairly be made of this image, it does not apply to the history of a philosophy or belief, which on the contrary is more equable, and purer, and stronger, when its bed has become deep, and broad, and full. It necessarily rises out of an existing state of things, and for a time savors of the soil. Its vital element needs disengaging from what is foreign and temporary, and is employed in efforts after freedom which become more vigorous and hopeful as its years increase. Its beginnings are no measure of its capabilities, nor of its scope. At first no one knows what it is, or what it is worth. It remains perhaps for a time quiescent; it tries, as it were, its limbs and proves the ground under it, and feels its way. From time to time, it makes essays which fail, and are in consequence abandoned. It seems in suspense which way to go; it wavers, and at length strikes out in one definite direction. In time it enters upon strange territory; points of controversy alter their bearing; parties rise and fall around it; dangers and hopes appear in new relations; and old principles reappear under new forms. It changes with them in order to remain the same. In a higher world it is otherwise, but here below to live is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often." How unobtrusively yet how effectively the image of the river winds through the passage, bearing us along insensibly with its flow, while our acquiescence in the justice of the figure runs imperceptibly along like a hidden current.

The imaginative quality of Newman's prose and its suggestiveness make up for its lack of color. It has besides an elasticity (like the air of Athens), and a buoyancy that finds no subject too heavy, and (again like the

air of Athens) it is a medium so clear that the thought shines through it pure and unbroken.

[VII]

Only once did Newman show original pictorial power to any striking degree—in his description of the locusts in *Callista*. But this was a *tour de force*, brilliantly successful though it proved to be, and by no means typical. Newman himself confessed his weakness in one of his letters, though strange to say, it is in those same letters that his all too rare touches of color and pictorial skill are to be found. He had in fact latent powers at thirty-one that he professed to lack at forty-five, and in his early twenties he could write, quite in the Thackeray manner, of a call that his friend, Bowden, made on Rosini: "Bowden found him, surrounded in a low dark room, by about eight or nine Italians, all talking as fast as possible, who, with the assistance of a great screaming macaw, and of Madame Rosini, in a dirty gown, and her hair in curl papers, made such a clamour that he was glad to escape as fast as he could." He wrote his mother, while in the Mediterranean: "At the same time, the day cleared and the sea, which had been very faint, now became of a rich indigo color; and, the wind freshening, was tipped with white edges which broke into foam and turned into momentary rainbows." Such picturesque touches as these may be found frequently in letters written from the Mediterranean, but they occurred seldom before, and alas! almost never thereafter.

Carlyle loved to describe the persons of men, their faces especially (as Dante's in *Heroes and Hero-worship*), but you will look in vain for anything like this even remotely satisfying in all Newman's pages. This lack is of a piece with his want of color and picturesqueness (which he referred to once with a touch of irony as

"a nineteenth century fashion") and has been ascribed by one critic to Newman's near-sightedness. But the explanation lies deeper than this. The plunge into the Tractarian Movement and the momentous events of the years that followed, with Newman's constantly deepening introspection and absorption in spiritual matters, gave a permanent cast to his thought and inevitably as a consequence to his style. His real interest was in men rather than in things, and it seemed an idle frivolity to devote a moment to picture them in the flesh when the primary thing—the *only* thing—was to present a picture of their minds. We come back here, as we do so often in discussing Newman's work, to his belief that style in literature is the overflowing of the mind and personality of the writer. As was Newman the man, so was Newman the writer, and the measure of the one is, in a very real and intimate sense, the measure of the other. Had Newman permitted himself to visualize men for us as he visualized the swarm of locusts (he could have done so had he wished) he would have added to all his work, viewed merely as literature, elements of a different power and a more universal appeal, but he would have ceased to be Newman.

[VIII]

When Macaulay at twenty-five wrote his dazzling paper on Milton for the *Edinburgh Review* Lord Jeffrey declared in admiration, "The more I think, the less I can conceive where you picked up that style!" Macaulay's seemed a brilliant style in 1825 and it seems a brilliant style now although a change in taste makes it appear artificial and lacking in flexibility and suggestiveness. The highest of all qualities of style, after all, is simplicity, that simplicity which is the child of naturalness, for it survives the "mutabilities of litera-

ture" and appeals abidingly by a certain unconscious grace. This is true of the prose of Dryden and of Cowley, the first of the moderns, and of Addison and of Swift, of Sterne (never half appreciated), of Goldsmith and, in the nineteenth century, of Thackeray and Newman. There are styles whose diction is so far-fetched that, as Addison said quaintly of Duf  , "Words are brought together that, without his good offices, would never have been acquainted with one another." But while they attract some they repel others and in time will probably be known only to the curious, like the mincing and artificial sentences of Lyly and his school.

Where did Newman get his style? Who were the great classic writers of prose who influenced him and from whom, consciously or unconsciously, his style took something of its tone? He tells us in the *Idea of a University* that a great style draws men to copy it, for its fascination appeals to them. "For myself," he says, "when I was fourteen or fifteen I copied Addison; when I was seventeen, I wrote in the style of Johnson; about the same time I fell in with the twelfth volume of Gibbon, and my ears rang with the cadence of his sentences and I dreamed of it for a night or two." Many years later, when Newman was sixty-eight in fact, he confessed his obligations to one of the born men of letters of all time: "The only master of style I have ever had (which is strange considering the differences of the languages) is Cicero. I think I owe a great deal to him, but as far as I know, to no one else. His great mastery of Latin is shown especially in his clearness."

Here was a model, and one of the greatest in prose in any tongue, of those qualities which Newman praised so highly in his lecture on "Literature" and so deliberately made it his own aim to acquire that they are the sign-manuals of his work in the latter half of his career: richness and copiousness of style; ease and lucidity of ex-

position; and, pervadingly, grace, naturalness with distinction, and urbanity.

It seems strange that Newman acknowledged no debt to Gibbon, for it is evident that he owed him much. The music of Gibbon's cadences did not cease ringing after a mere "night or two" and they as well as Gibbon's diction left their marks on his prose indelibly. The *Arians*, written when he was thirty, is saturated, as I have pointed out in an earlier chapter, with Gibbon's style. The voice is Jacob's voice but the hands are the hands of Esau. It has been said that Newman read the *Decline and Fall* once every year, a fact which, if true, probably accounts for his remark in the *Idea of a University* that he seemed to trace Gibbon's "vigorous condensation and peculiar rhythm at every turn in the literature of the present day." Certain it is that Newman's diction and rhythm even in his later work are often reminiscent of Gibbon. But after all, Newman's instrument was the violin, not the organ, and as he grew away from Gibbon, as he did after the publication of the *Arians*, he came to surpass Gibbon in the variety and delicacy though not in the opulence and stateliness of his cadences.¹ Open Newman almost at random and we come upon echoes of the older writer's diction. We read: "They were spared the temptation of indolence and luxury"; "The scenery and climate of their native homes suggested lofty aspirations"; "The gloom of the Northman character"; "There was a melancholy grandeur about his last days"; and this, nothing, if not typical of Gibbon: "He was not, we may well conceive, to be a spectator of their barbaric festivities, or to be a listener to their licentious interludes."

Another influence to which Newman owed much, again both in diction and rhythm, was the Jacobean Bible.

¹ Passages such as that already quoted on page 135 give evidence of Gibbon's influence in rhythm and diction and are worth re-reading.

We have Mozley's word for it that Newman knew it by heart and his saturation with its music and phrasing is obvious even from a casual study of his work. In his *Parochial Sermons* especially, as one would expect, this is strikingly true and when he bade farewell to Oxford and to the Church of England it was in this lyric passage whose mournful solemnity he was never to surpass and in which his passionate lament can find no adequate outlet save in biblical phrasing:

"O mother of saints! O school of the wise! O nurse of the heroic! of whom went forth, in whom have dwelt, memorable names of old, to spread the truth abroad, or to cherish and illustrate it at home! O thou, from whom surrounding nations lit their lamps! O virgin of Israel! wherefore dost thou now sit on the ground and keep silence, like one of the foolish women, who were without oil on the coming of the Bridegroom? . . . How is it, O once holy place, that 'the land mourneth, for the corn is wasted, the new wine is dried up, the oil languisheth, because joy is withered away from the sons of men?' . . . O my mother, whence is this unto thee, that thou hast good things poured upon thee and canst not keep them, and bearest children, yet darest not own them? Why hast thou not the skill to use their services, nor the heart to rejoice in their love? How is it that whatever is generous in purpose, and tender or deep in devotion, thy flower and thy promise, falls from thy bosom and finds no home within thine arms? Who hath put this note upon thee, to have 'a miscarrying womb and dry breasts,' to be strange to thine own flesh, and thine eye cruel towards thy little ones? Thine own offspring, the fruit of thy womb, who love thee and would fain toil for thee, thou dost gaze upon with fear, as though a portent, or thou dost loath as an offence;—at best thou dost but endure, as if they had no claim but on thy patience, self-possession, and vigilance, to be rid of them

as easily as thou mayest. Thou makest them 'stand all the day idle,' as the very condition of thy bearing with them; or thou biddest them to be gone, where they will be more welcome; or thou sellest them for nought to the stranger that passes by. And what wilt thou do in the end thereof?"

[IX]

In the *Idea of a University* Newman points out that the distinguishing thing about the man of letters is the gift of expression. He may not surpass his fellows in wisdom or insight or vision but what he does seize upon he can present to others so that they may see as with his eyes. But all expression is not the same. Virgil did not write like Homer nor Shakespeare like Dante nor Goethe like Cervantes. And yet in all great writers the soul of their gift of expression is the same—in Newman's fine phrase, "vivid exactness." It is that which recalls the words of a great writer to our memories long years after we have first heard them, when we have been ripened by the experience of life and are grown weary of rhetorical commonplace.

Of Newman's own style "vivid exactness" is the essence. "Words have a meaning," he says earnestly in one of his Oxford sermons, "whether we intend that meaning or not," and in the sphere of letters no less than in matters spiritual he had no patience with those who played with the edged tools of false profession. His moral conscience followed him in literature; he never knowingly misstated a fact or distorted an opinion or voiced a false sentiment.

As a stylist he has been accused of being "cloyingly explicit" and "inconsiderately generous" to the reader. Newman errs, if err he does, in the interest of a high purpose. He marshals examples and illustrations,

employs adroitly managed metaphors and elaborate imagery, and has recourse to idiomatic and even colloquial phrasing, all for the purpose of realizing for us the abstruse and the difficult with the most nearly perfect adequacy. He is always patient with his reader, always thoughtful, never weary. He anticipates difficulties and concedes objections that he may get things within their exact focus. He tells us what he does *not* mean as well as what he does, repeats, restates, reiterates, each time making ideas and issues clearer and always in the interest of exactness. His resourcefulness is of genius and so too is that pervadingly sensuous quality with which he invests his prose and which makes it live to the eye of the imagination.

No other prose writer of his century has invaded the world of subjective things with senses as alert as his nor more completely realized in his own work his conception of the power and dignity of literature.

X

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF NEWMAN

[I]

THE critics of today, however they may fail to agree on secondary matters, are for the most part at one in assigning to Carlyle, Ruskin, and Matthew Arnold their places in nineteenth century literature. In the case of Newman, however, things are different. He is treated by minor critics as one of the lesser lights, usually under the general head of theologian, and his virtues are considered as stylistic only. The chief interest of even the major critics is not centered upon his qualities as a man of letters but upon a recital of his influence in the Oxford Movement, his secession to Rome, and the significance of his *Apologia*, culminating in a more or less unamiable expression of regret that Newman, despite his early promise, "did so little."

The general tone of the criticism of forty years ago may be discovered in Shairp's essay on Newman in *Aspects of Poetry*. He was looked upon as a great man who had, in an eminently personal way, been in the public eye of England for almost three-quarters of a century and about whom there had gathered a kind of aura which had distinguished him in the heyday of his influence at Oxford and which, though dim for a time, endured through all his years. Criticism looked upon him with eyes of reverence and admiration. His life, his writings, his place in the forefront of the spiritual life of England—all conspired to make him a man apart.

The critics treated him with open deference, glorying in his rhythmic skill, in his many-sided powers of mind, in the gifts of style which placed him almost alone among Victorian masters for precision, clearness, elegance, and unfailing grace. They pointed out the spiritual significance of his poetry, the imaginative appeal of his prose, and they took care to add that his was the voice of other-worldliness which called men to believe in a "better world than this they see and a higher life than this they know."

In the course of a generation things changed. The men who had seen Newman, who had known him, who had felt the magic of his voice, to whom his personality made an appeal they could not resist, were gone, and the younger generation who professed to see things with the superior wisdom that is the child of a more "scientific" age have sought to appraise Newman, his work, and his influence with measuring rods of a strange fashioning. Those who have studied nineteenth century Romanticism profess to see in the Oxford Movement merely one phase of it. They point out that the influence of Shelley and Keats and Byron was in the air, and while they have seen no evidences of any special interest on Newman's part in these poets they have found proof aplenty of his love of Walter Scott. Ignoring, just as Taine did, factors difficult to perceive and too subtle to analyze, they have discounted personal elements of vital importance and sought to "explain" Newman in their own fashion. He was aroused, they say, to an interest in the middle ages by the fascinating portrayals of Scott and from that conceived a love of mediaevalism especially on its ecclesiastical side. In consequence there came a coloring of his thought that made him a kind of modern-day anchorite who found the great world no place for him and who turned away in fear to seek a refuge, "where beyond these voices

there is peace." All this may be comfortable as a theory; I trust this study has not failed to indicate that it has many shortcomings as a fact.

For the most part present-day critics have clung to the judgment of Newman as a great stylist, and finding nothing novel or fresh or illuminating to say about his work as literature, they have taken him as a striking example of a reactionary and have professed to see in him the leader of a lost cause. His type of mind eludes them completely and they naturally fail to feel sympathy for what they cannot understand. The result is a kind of resentment as if he had been guilty of unfairness in abandoning what he considered uncertainty for what he deemed certitude. They fail to understand that Newman would pronounce their attitude towards life and its meaning a "merely literary philosophy" and that he could find no footing with them in what were to him the shifting sands of spiritual dilettantism. It is unfortunate that, lacking so fatally, they should venture to write of him at all. It is idle to set up a straw Newman and then come prancing, plumed and panoplied, into the lists, like so many Don Quixotes of "modern truth and scientific method," to demolish him. Their immense valor is thrown away; they but tilt with shadows. The spirit of the real Newman still abides, a vital force beyond their reckoning.

[II]

When due allowance is made for difference of epoch, types of mind, and dissimilarities of temperament and viewpoint, the tasks attempted by Ruskin, Carlyle, and Matthew Arnold were ultimately ethical and strangely alike. Carlyle's opinions, often contradictory and more often both confused and confusing, are not always easy to get at. Behind his odd fancies about Deity, his per-

ilously absurd notions of "great men," his contempt of the "common herd," his bullying and denouncing, there lie the noble aims of a man who had moments of divine vision clouded over again too often by what was "fuliginous" and dyspeptic. But undeniably Carlyle belonged to the prophets of the nineteenth century. He was not a prophet of joy or optimism or always of hope, but a prophet he was, none the less. The question, "What's wrong with the world?" knocked incessantly at brain and heart for an answer, and would not be denied. He could not dwell in peace with himself nor turn his mind to serenity nor sleep at ease until he gave utterance to the thoughts that burned within him. He found his star risen upon a strange epoch, an age of complacency, in which machinery had facilitated production just as the wider suffrage was facilitating the carrying out of the will of the masses. Mechanical production was deemed a blessing and so, too, was democracy (to Carlyle, "the rule of the worst"); the age was one of "enlightenment" and "advancement"; the world was getting on famously, and of course was bound to continue, for had it not railroads and ballot boxes, and did not every political leader proclaim that this was the best of all possible worlds, and that England was the happiest spot upon it?

As Carlyle beheld all this, he was filled with moral indignation; for he saw beneath the surface of this boasted prosperity the squalor and misery and vice of the masses; the weakness and pretended omniscience of political leaders; the enormous selfishness of captains of industry; the prevalence of sham and cant; the universal blindness to the meaning of life and its mysteries. He would not be silent; he could not, even though he would. He called on men to cast aside their folly and selfishness, to look upon life with seeing eyes, to hold honesty and sincerity and justice and truth in deepest reverence,

to find the work fitted to their hands, and to do it manfully and with all their might, to seek out those leaders who had virtue and intelligence and yield them obedience. This was a great gospel to preach and Carlyle preached it mightily as became a prophet who hated hypocrisy, laziness, and selfishness; and, whether he denounced or exhorted, his voice had in it those ringing notes that are not easily forgotten. As you read his pages you can hear more than once far-off echoes, like thunder among the distant mountains, of those mighty voices which of old spoke of the wrath of Jehovah to a people that were turning away from Him. "It is mysterious, it is awful to consider that we not only carry a future ghost within us but are in very deed ghosts. These limbs, whence had we them? This stormy force, this life blood with its burning passion? They are dust and shadow. . . . Still men tread the earth, as if it were a firm substance. Fools! the earth is but a film; it cracks in twain." No wonder men harkened to such clarion tones, and though in the strife of tongues his voice was not always clear they knew that a great seer was risen among them, that he was summoning them out of their unmanly lethargy and bidding them to bestir themselves and perform in honor and truth the tasks of the day before the night should come when no man might work.

Ruskin, who boasted himself a disciple of Carlyle, hated a commercialized society as deeply as his master. His voice was less thunderous and for the most part his tones less bitter; exhortation rather than denunciation was his weapon even though he could call London "that great foul city, rattling, growling, smoking, stinking, a ghastly heap of fermenting brickwork, pouring out poison at every pore." He proclaimed that society however commercialized could not put aside its moral obligations. Those relations between capital and labor were not valid which left the Ten Commandments out of the

reckoning. There was no such thing as an "economic man," a creature conceived of by capitalism as capitalism conceived of its looms and shuttles, as things of gears and pulleys which operated in response to some outer impulse and had no heart to feel or brain to think or soul to save. Capitalism dealt with men of flesh and blood who had faculties, desires, and moral instincts, and who had a right to see beautiful things, enjoy nature, live in decent homes, and receive a living wage. Ruskin looked upon captains of industry and beheld them coldly indifferent to the men who labored for them, and living in a luxury enervating to bodies and souls, and he preached against such selfishness and folly with the zeal of a lay apostle. There were a thousand ways in which men might help their fellows, not by passing Corn Laws, but by giving them a chance to do the kinds of work which let their brains think and their hands be skillful, and permitted them a pride in their product.

Perhaps, as Saintsbury says, Ruskin as a political economist would bankrupt El Dorado and unsettle Sparta; but out of his manifold vagaries, his foibles, and crochets, out of his strange and impractical dreams, his Guilds of St. George, his prodigal expenditures, and even the menace of a decaying intellect, the figure of Ruskin stands out with the light of a prophet upon his brow and the authority of a prophet thrilling in his voice. Men might laugh at him and denounce him when living, and speak of him deridingly in death, but Ruskin has left behind him a heritage that shall not fail: a belief in the sanctity of personal obligation and in the holiness of duty to one's fellow men which wealth and the pride of place and the remoteness of riches from poverty cannot destroy. "The only possible condition of peace and honor, for low and high, rich and poor, together, lies in the holding of that first Estate, under the only Despot, God, from which whoso falls, angel or man,

is kept, not mythically, nor disputably, but here in visible horror of chains under darkness to the judgment of the great day: and in keeping which service is perfect freedom, and inheritance of all that a loving Creator can give to His creatures, and an immortal Father to His children."

Matthew Arnold in his own way, no less than Carlyle and Ruskin, was a prophet. He, too, lifted up his voice unto righteousness as he saw it and left an indelible mark upon his generation. Where Carlyle and Ruskin had been a moral stimulus, Matthew Arnold was an intellectual one but with moral implications as decisive as theirs. Where Carlyle had preached the gospel of doing, Arnold preached the gospel of thinking. Just as certainly as Carlyle and Ruskin he believed in the need of reaching the conscience of Englishmen, of awakening them to higher thoughts than those of railroads, and cotton looms, of mere material prosperity and machine-made success. With his keen and ironic humor he pictured the Philistine, the man to whom the things of the spirit and the intellect are as nothing, who as Ruskin saw him, revelled in enervating luxury produced by "economic men" and who, as Carlyle beheld him, left his less fortunate brothers to toil and rot in the dark bowels of London or Liverpool while in lordly wise he trod the earth, unconscious that it was cracking beneath his feet.

Arnold was a prophet of a different type. Restrained, suave, ironic, a bit consciously superior, he did not stir men in the same way as the others because the intellect does not respond to appeals with the same fervor as the emotions. He was not blind to the selfishness and greed which aroused the ire of Carlyle and Ruskin, but he felt that these things could be destroyed only when men's minds were illumined by culture. He detested prejudice, selfishness, and narrowness, and he would banish them by

turning men's ideas into the strong, clear current of the great thoughts of the world. Reluctance to act may often prove tragic, but to Arnold's eyes inability to see clearly was even more of an obstacle to righteousness. To him even as much as to Carlyle and Ruskin the responsibility of the privileged, the wealthy, and the intellectual cannot be gainsaid and will never be removed until the realizable joys of life—decent living, a clear mind, and a heart that knows how to hope, become the common heritage. "He who works for sweetness and light works to make reason and the will of God prevail. He who works for machinery, he who works for hatred, works only for confusion. Culture looks beyond machinery, culture hates hatred; culture has one great passion, the passion for sweetness and light. It has one even greater!—the passion for making them prevail. It is not satisfied till we all come to a perfect man." It would be a mistake to think of Arnold as stressing the intellect to the exclusion of the spirit. He was an unrelenting opponent of the materialistic conception of life and Disraeli said everything in his famous phrase, "Arnold is on the side of the angels."

In a sense all three were in the world but not of it, and either with the blows of a Thor or the lance thrust of a Galahad or the urbane irony of an intellectual aristocrat each assailed what was wrong in his day with a moral earnestness that nothing could daunt.

When all is said, the ultimate aim of these three men points in the same direction. Each sought in his own fashion to awaken the souls of men. On the lips of all and borne along on their clarion tones was the age-old admonition, "*Sursum Corda*": lift up your hearts to nobler things than sham and injustice, and luxury and idleness, than selfishness and material gain, than blindness of intellect and spirit until you are kindled by a divine enthusiasm for "whatsoever things are lovely,

whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good report."

[III]

What Newman aimed to do must be evident to a considerable degree from the foregoing chapters. He no less than Carlyle, Ruskin, and Arnold sought to arouse men from their lethargy of mind and soul. He, too, believed that spiritual forces were greater than mechanical ones and he flung down the gauntlet to all the devotees of mere materialism. Like them he also was an idealist as great spiritual teachers have always been. Like Carlyle he decried, though not in the same terms, "our rag-gathering age . . . these trivial, jeering, withered, unbelieving days."

To him, even more perhaps than to Carlyle, life is full of mystery, but while Carlyle saw at the center of his universe a something which he called God, but thought of as a vital Force, as unlimited Energy, Newman's world was upheld neither by Carlyle's "Force" nor by Arnold's "stream of tendency, not ourselves, which makes for righteousness," but by a Being who is all tenderness and love and yearning, who broods over us like a father, who sympathizes with us like a brother, who knows every thought of our mind and every pulsing of our heart.

In certain ways and at certain times Ruskin approached Newman in this vision infinitely more closely than Carlyle or Arnold could ever do.

Newman beheld in the past much that we of the present might study to our profit. So, too, did Carlyle. Newman looked back upon it kindly, like Carlyle, though not because material conditions were less oppressive, but because to him it was the age of faith, when oneness of belief was a kind of spiritual *lingua franca*, and all the world knelt at the same altar, bowing its head before

the same Great Mystery, and lifting up its voice in the same prayer. So seemed the past to Ruskin and so to Matthew Arnold. Ruskin felt something of Newman's yearning, but the spark which kindled in Newman never flamed into fire in him; the age of faith lived again in the eyes of his imagination, never in the eyes of his soul. As for Arnold this same past stirred him also with a strange longing until he cried at La Grande Chartreuse:

Oh, hide me in your gloom profound
 Ye solemn seats of holy pain!
 Take me, cowed forms, and fence me round
 Till I possess my soul again.

But now that belief is gone, he finds the world a sad and empty place. Once the sea of faith girdled it,

But now I only hear
 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
 Retreating, to the breath
 Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear,
 And naked shingles of the world.

[IV]

As an influence in the moral and personal life of today Newman far outruns any of the other three. *Sartor Resartus*, *Unto This Last*, and *Culture and Anarchy* are great books which are landmarks in the history of the literature and thought of the nineteenth century. They deserve careful study today and they receive it, not, however among mature men as a relief from trouble of spirit, but as classroom texts whose standing is assured only because they are examples of "fine literature." The *Apologia* was, no less than these, an epoch-making book because it performed the near-miracle of revolutionizing

the opinion of a nation, and because it is the record of a great spiritual adventure. Men turn to it now who find Arnold's solution of the problem of spiritual difficulties "frankly impossible," Ruskin's fanciful and illogical, and *Sartor Resartus* no lamp unto their feet but the mingled gloom and lightening that heralded an uncertain dawn.

I do not mean to imply that the men and women who find assuagement of spirit in the *Apologia* are certain to assent to Newman's answer to the problem which beset him. We know that to be contrary to fact. But they find in it a trumpet-call to courageous striving which no one can hear without a stirring of heart and a quickening of his moral pulse. The suffrage of the world has voted *Robinson Crusoe* a great story. It tells a tale of which the world has never grown weary. And why? Because one man, all alone—unwittingly the representative of the race—did battle for his life against nature and a thousand opposing elements. Newman's struggles in the moral order were not dissimilar; and he, too, was alone, unknowing that his battle was that of countless others, and against him were forces which held him back because they appealed immeasurably to his heart and his traditions. *Crusoe* battled for the life of the body; Newman for that of the spirit; and who shall say that the one is comparable to the other either in the bitterness of the combat or the glory of the victory! The one is a story for youth, the other for manhood when ties have been formed and customs and habits of mind; and when ambitions have become potent and dreams dear; and friendships too sacred to risk, and memories woven into the very fibers of the heart.

The *Apologia* has found its way into inner lives and at solemn moments little dreamed of; and among countless men and women, whether or not they accept its conclusions, it is held as one of the handful of the world's

great spiritual classics. The fact that to many minds what he discovered was not the truth no more detracts from the nobility of Newman nor the incalculable influence of his autobiography than it lessens the reality of his suffering of mind to say that what were vital difficulties to him were not difficulties at all to others.

[V]

And now we have another question. Apart from Newman's abiding spiritual influence what does he mean to us today? What is his significance to our generation? What does he stand for, not as an historical figure but as a living voice, not to men of his creed alone but to men of all creeds? It seems to me the answer is not far to seek.

If Newman were to be summed up in one phrase it would be this: "To me there are two and two only luminously self-evident beings, myself and my Creator." Everywhere in his writings that idea is to be met, in one guise or another. It implies Newman's conception of duty in an unmistakable way, as something direct, individual, insistent. It is not to be avoided or delegated to others or compromised with. We cannot merge in large, vague obligations to society the transcendent duty of finding out the Divine Will and obeying it.

Today more than ever before emphasis is laid upon the social; we hear much of "social studies," "social service," "social contacts," "social obligations," and we have made these things a fetish and are turning the good in them to evil. Hence we are being menaced by that subtle and dangerous form of Pharisaism which permits us to justify the neglect of personal duties on the plea that we are taking part in a movement for "social" betterment. From that the next step is easy and we are not hesitating to take it. If I am to be the

keeper of my myriad brothers, am I not thereby released from the irksome and often difficult business of first being my own? And if only I help to make vices impossible to "these others," who can ill afford to indulge them, may I not retain one or two myself? If my "social" conscience is alert, may not my personal conscience have a well-earned rest? Meanwhile I (and the rest of the elect) will perform our duty to our weaker brothers and put wickedness beyond their reach—by statute, if necessary. Do they object? Ah! that has always been the way with the masses; they never know what is for their own good. History is full of examples of their perversity. But the law will fix all that. They will *have* to obey its mandates and won't be able, will or nill, to indulge their "vices" much longer. *Their* vices? Ah! vices is a relative term in this case. What is a vice to the many may be no vice for me. You see my position permits certain "indulgences" (I am sure no one would be so ungracious as to question that) and besides I have a sense of dignity and self-restraint. I know how to keep my occasional lapses to myself and as nobody is scandalized where is the wrong? As for the masses—they should thank Heaven that I and others of the elect are so interested in keeping them from harm even against their will.

Present-day Pharisaism does not stop there. Still wearing the mask of Duty it has pushed its logic forward to another conclusion equally subtle and even more sinister. Having once decided that the masses must be helped, *shall* be helped, Pharisaism feels no scruple as to means *since the end is so excellent!* Verily, here is the flower of a logic that has learned to shoot around corners. Here is the cunning cant of casuistry upon the lips of what masquerades as Duty. Here is Puritanism's mainspring of action when Puritanism, overwise in its own conceit, becomes perverted.

Assuredly Duty has been made to assume strange guises since Wordsworth named her "Stern daughter of the Voice of God!"

Amid this confusion of standards, this wanton illogic, this ethical chicanery, these strange perversities of motive and action, Newman's gospel points the only way out, and his declaration that duty is a sacred and *personal* thing, which cannot be set aside or vicariously performed, summons our generation back to sanity and sanctity.

One of the favorite texts of Newman concerned the unreality of our world. To him the only realities are those we cannot see and our life is but a shadow of the nobler life which lies beyond our ken. There are limitations, he insisted, to human vision, and there are higher mysteries than those we boast that science can penetrate. Material success, whether for men or for nations, is not the be-all and the end-all; for it belongs to the world of shadows and grows pale in the presence of such abiding realities as generosity and righteousness, honor and truth and faith. The world needs that lesson. It is only a short time ago that a great leader in political life voiced the same gospel and from out the valley of the shadow warned his people that only by observing it could they hope to endure.

The ideals of education are exercising the minds of scholars today as they never have before. Higher education has grown in favor with amazing swiftness, but its ideals and aims have become little short of chaotic. American higher education has taken free rein until now many Americans are joining Europeans in wondering if it retains any significance and if so what that significance may be. Reason and tradition are summarily dismissed and the end is not yet. Into our perplexity Newman's conception of the aims of a University comes as on the voice of one having authority; and reason and calm

thinking and logic and the wisdom that is unhurried because the experience of centuries is behind it all speak convincingly through his lips. The aim of a University course, he says, is to make good and worthy members of society, and he developed that conception with a clarity, an eloquence, and a ripe wisdom that have made the *Idea of a University* a classic in the science of education.

One more of Newman's lessons for our generation remains. It is the lesson of tolerance. In picturing his ideal University graduate, Newman insists that he is guilty of no discourtesy, no injustice, no lack of candor; he never ridicules things which others regard as sacred; he has deep respect for the honest opinions of his fellows. Not being narrow-minded he has power to throw himself into the minds of others; he "looks into the world right forward, steadily and truly." In a word he is *tolerant*. Newman never grows weary of exalting tolerance, in pleading for it, in proclaiming it the mark of a gentleman, an unfailing evidence of culture, one of the most sacred aims of a highly civilized society. The *Present Position of Catholics in England*, in the last analysis, is a plea for it—the most eloquent and effective ever uttered in the last four hundred years in England, beside which the *Areopagitica* is dehumanized and smells mightily of the lamp. In the *Reply to Gladstone*, Newman again pleads for tolerance, and the very *Apologia* would never have been evoked had not the abuse of tolerance proved at once a sinister and a happy "open sesame." Spiritual blindness never fails to bring intolerance in its wake as Ruskin and Matthew Arnold knew no less than Newman. In 1851 Newman started it on its way to banishment; in 1864 he saw it in exile. Macaulay said of Addison that he made the open violation of decency the mark of a fool, and it would be equally within the truth to say of Newman that he

made intolerance the mark of an ignoramus and a cad.

This generation owes Newman much. He has lessons for us beyond any of the "prophets" of his age. His is a living voice, and in the world of letters, of education, of culture, and of the noblest things of the spirit it was always raised for sweetness and light that reason and the will of God might prevail.

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